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THE GARDEN CITIES OF ENGLAND

By Frederic C. Howe

BELATED transit facilities made the city what it is. The 'bus, horse-car, electric trolley, and suburban train failed to keep pace with urban growth. Men had to live near their work. The city grew in the only direction open to it, toward the heavens. It assumed a perpendicular instead of a horizontal form. Inadequate transit intensified high land values. Bad means of transit and high land values made the slum. The city would have been a very different thing had transportation permitted it. It would have spread over a wide area.

Transit has begun to catch up with the city. It has opened up the country. In consequence the city is again being transformed: in this country by the suburban communities which encircle it; in Belgium by the sale of cheap workingmen's tickets on state-owned railroad lines which enable the workingman to travel twenty-four miles for two cents and live on the farms and in the far outlying villages.

In England improved transit has given birth to the garden suburb. It has made possible the garden city. This is England's latest, possibly her greatest, contribution to the city problem, to the housing of the workingman, the clerk, and the moderately well-to-do classes of the great cities. The discovery came none too soon. For the city is sapping the vitality of Great Britain. In that country four people out of five live under urban conditions. And statesmen and reformers have stood aghast at the decay in the physical and moral fibre of the nation, due to the disease-breeding condition of the tenements and slums. London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Sheffield, all the large cities of Great Britain, have vainly struggled with the housing problem. They have built municipal dwellings, have tried to control private tenements, but the inrush of people swamped their most ambitious efforts.

The garden city made its appearance about eight years ago. It marks the beginning of a change in the industrial, social, and domestic relations of society. It means that cities are to be rebuilt, that civilization is to change its forms, that the city of the future will be a far different thing from what it is to-day. It will occupy a very wide area. It will be beautiful, healthy, comfortable. It will urbanize the country. This in turn will ruralize the city.

The garden city, too, is a shifting of emphasis from property to people, from the individual to the community. The motive which inspires it is the maximum of comfort, convenience, and happiness at the minimum of financial and personal cost. It marks a widening of community rights and an enlargement of community services. It means the building of the city by the city itself, from the foundations upward and from centre to circumference.

The garden-city idea has developed with great rapidity. It has not yet solved the city problem, nor has it stamped out the slum. It has shown how this can be done however. And that is the first step to the solution of the problem. Birmingham is planning a suburb of three thousand seven hundred acres. Manchester has offered prizes for the best plans for developing a large outlying area and the building of cottages to rent from seven and one-half to ten dollars a month. Forty architects and landscape gardeners submitted plans to this

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competition. Suburban-building and garden-village projects are being carried out at Romford, a suburb of London, at York, Liverpool, Bristol, Hull, Rochdale, Ilford, Harborne, Ealing, Earlsworth, and elsewhere. These projects are being promoted by cities, co-operative companies, and private individuals. They have been made possible by the success of the garden city and the enactment of a national town-planning law in 1909, which empowers local authorities to develop the territory surrounding a city as a comprehensive whole. The helplessness of the English cities, baffled for years by the tenement problem, by high disease and mortality rates and increasing poor taxes, has been changed to hope and enthusiasm. In a few years' time a score of public and semi-public garden developments have sprung up in various parts of the country. Most of these undertakings are tributary to a city. But all of them mark an abandonment of the barrack-like tenements and monotonous cottages of a few years ago and the substitution of beautifully planned suburbs, designed by landscape artists, out in the country where land is cheap and generous provision for health, recreation, and beauty is possible. For the housing of a people is a land as well as a transportation problem. A recognition of these economic foundations underlies all of the new housing projects.

The garden communities of Letchworth, Hampstead, Bournville, and Port Sunlight have demonstrated that clean, wholesome, comfortable cottages are possible for everybody and at the very low rent of from five dollars a month upward. They have demonstrated too that life is lengthened, the death and infant mortality rate is reduced, and labor is more efficient in these open-air communities than in the cities, and that working people gladly follow their employers to these more attractive surroundings.

In the building of garden villages three things are recognized as fundamental: one, the purchase of a large area of low-priced agricultural land in advance of any development; two, the permanent control of the whole area, as well as of streets, open spaces, and building regulations by the corporation or the city; and three, the reservation by the community, through the private corporation promoting the enterprise, of the increasing land values which the building of the community creates. The garden city is in effect its own ground landlord. Indirectly it is a house-builder and house-owner. It operates through a private corporation which owns the land, pledged by its charter to limit its dividends to five per cent on the capital actually invested, and to use the speculative increase of land values for the community.

These are the physical foundations of the garden city. To these are added, where necessary, the adjustment of transit to near-by cities so that rapid communication will be possible, as well as the ownership or a close working arrangement with the water, gas, and electricity supply. These form the plumbing of the city. They are essential to the life, comfort, and convenience of the people and the promotion of industry.

The main difference between the ordinary city and the garden city is this: the former is left to the unrestrained license of speculators, builders, owners, to a constant conflict of public and private interests; the latter treats the community as a unit, with rights superior to those of any of its individual members. One is a city of unrelated, and for the most part uncontrolled, private property rights; the other is a community intelligently planned and harmoniously adjusted, with the emphasis always on the rights to the community rather than on the rights of the individual property owner.

There are three types of garden cities: one, the self-contained industrial community like Letchworth; two, the garden suburb, like Hampstead; and three, the factory village built about a manufacturing plant by some large employer. Port Sunlight and Bournville are the best examples of the latter. All have the same underlying features of control by some superior community authority.

The idea originated with Mr. Ebenezer Howard, who published a book on garden cities in 1898 entitled "To-Morrow." From this dream the garden city took form, and finally, in 1903, Letchworth was incorporated. It differs from the other garden cities in being an independent city with a complete municipal life of its own. It is an industrial city like Gary, Ind., with all the functions and activities of a self-contained community. And just as Gary was built by the United States Steel Corporation

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as a convenient place for the making of iron and steel products, just as it was planned in detail with reference to water and rail transportation, with provision for the needs of mills and furnaces, so Letchworth was planned as the home of all kinds of industries, with provision for the needs of workingmen, so that they would be healthy, and in consequence, efficient, so that well-to-do people would want to live there, so that manufacturers would find cheap building sites with cheap light, power, water, and fuel. Unlike Gary, Letchworth was planned for all its people, for the factory-worker as well as the factory-owner; for dividends in human health and happiness as well as on property. There was this difference, however. In Gary all the land values created by the city went to the promoters of the city. In Letchworth they go to the city itself.

Letchworth lies thirty-four miles to the north-west of London. It is but fifty minutes from the city by train. It was promoted by a private corporation, like any other land company. Shares of stock were sold, but with the provision that the returns of shareholders should be limited to five per cent on the capital outlay. Three thousand eight hundred and eighteen acres of farming land were acquired, of which one thousand two hundred acres were laid out as a town. The remaining two thousand six hundred acres are for small agricultural holdings.

The entire area of Letchworth was planned by expert architects and landscape artists. It was designed as L'Enfant planned Washington before a house was erected or a road was built. It was planned as German cities lay out their suburbs, as Louis XIV and Napoleon III planned the outskirts of Paris. The railway station opens into a plaza which opens again into a broad roadway, with the town square and city hall in the distance. Shops, hotels, churches, and clubs are located near the city's centre on streets planned for the purpose. Out from the town square broad roadways radiate each with a vista of the public buildings.

Factories are located by the railway tracks. They are distant from the residential area and are shut off from the rest of the town by the contour of the ground. They are located away from the direction of prevailing winds so that the dust and smoke will be carried away from the city, while gas and electricity are furnished at such a low cost as almost to dispense with coal as a fuel. Electricity for power is sold at a flat rate of three cents per unit and at two cents after the first hundred hours of maximum demand has been reached. The price for light is sixteen cents per unit for the first hundred hours and three cents thereafter. Gas is sold for domestic purposes at seventy-two cents per thousand cubic feet, and for fuel at from sixty-six to forty-eight cents, according to the amount used.

Manufacturers are lured to Letchworth by cheap land. Factory sites are leased rather than sold, the leases running for ninety-nine or nine hundred and ninety-nine years and at from fifty dollars a year per acre upward. This enables one-story factories to be erected with ample light. The annual ground rent for factories in London frequently amounts to five thousand dollars an acre, with taxes amounting to from thirty to fifty per cent of the annual assessed value of the factory. Four thousand dollars a year ground rent per acre is moderate in London, while in some sections it rises to twenty-five thousand dollars a year. Here is an economic motive of the most potent kind to attract manufacturers to Letchworth. In four years' time thirty acres have been built upon by factories, many of which have been brought from London. The industries established are for the most part printing and publishing, the manufacture of hardware tools and agricultural implements. There are some potteries and engineering contractors.

Letchworth has grown with great rapidity. In seven years' time the population has increased from four hundred to seven thousand. There are fifty shops and over twelve hundred houses, with hotels, clubs, churches, banks, etc. Many persons have adopted Letchworth as a retired place of residence, while a few commute back and forth to London each day. Rents are cheap, while houses include the charm and beauty of a country estate.

Town-planners unite in treating the streets as fundamental to proper city building. And the roadways of Letchworth (there are no streets) are comfortable, tree-lined, and of the greatest variety. Open spaces greet one at intervals. Not as arti-

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ficial afterthoughts, but as perfectly natural places of rest, recreation, and play. Many of the cottage streets are narrow. They are not designed for traffic; they are planned rather for quiet, retired living. There is generous provision for play. There is a golf course of sixty-nine acres and half a dozen greens, suggestive of the village greens of old. There are tennis-courts, cricket-fields and commodious sites for school-houses. There is an open-air swimming-pool, while orchestras, choral societies, dramatic and debating societies have been formed.

Building restrictions are imposed by the corporation on the style of houses that may be erected. Their distance from the street is also fixed. This is not done arbitrarily; there is no real interference with personal liberty. But each house must conform to the whole. It must harmonize with its surroundings, must be an integral part of the town rather than architecturally at war with it. This protects property instead of injuring it. It prevents the intrusion of alien business, the erection of barracks or monotonous speculative houses designed only for sale or rent. There can be no slums or overcrowding in Letchworth, for the maximum number of houses is limited to twelve to the acre, while the larger houses have from one-half to two and one-half acres about them. In the industrial cities houses are built thirty, forty, and even fifty to the acre.

Surrounding the town are two thousand six hundred acres of land owned by the corporation, to be rented for truck gardening, poultry and fruit farms, and agricultural purposes. This, as the builders say, is "a lung around the town." It will serve to keep down the cost of living; it will offer small farms to those who desire them. This is the only conscious attempt by any of the garden cities to co-ordinate rural life and agriculture with the city.

Provision is made for workingmen's houses, which are erected by the corporation or by co-operative tenant societies. These cottages, which are wonderfully artistic, rent at from $4.64 to $10 a month. Each cottage has a garden and is supplied with plumbing and other conveniences. They are far different from the workingmen's cottages of the industrial city, far different even from the model dwellings erected by the municipal authorities. It is amazing how cheaply and how well people can be housed where land is cheap and construction work is done at wholesale by persons interested in good workmanship and the building of homes rather than in speculation.

So rapid has been the growth of Letchworth that men are now dreaming of the possibility of a tax-free city, the expenses of the town to be paid out of the increasing value of the land. The land cost but two hundred dollars an acre, or seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the total estate. In seven years the value of the land has increased by one million one hundred and forty thousand dollars. And after deducting the cost of road building, water plant, sewers, and all other capital expenditures, there is still an unearned increment of six hundred and sixty thousand dollars, and only a small part of the land is developed. This increase does not go to the corporation, it does not go to private stockholders at all; it goes to the community for the reduction of rates or the promotion of various community undertakings.

Hampstead Garden Suburb, another garden city, is not an industrial community. It is a suburb not unlike Brookline, Mass., Germantown, Pa., Evanston, Ill., or any one of the exclusive residential suburbs which surround our larger cities. It is neither an exclusive suburb nor a housing experiment for the very poor. It is a residential community designed for government employees, clerks, mechanics, carpenters, and persons of substantial means. The suburb is located close by Hampstead Heath, an easy half-hour's ride by the tube from the centre of London. Train service is frequent and rapid, so that the community is in fact a part of London.

Mrs. Canon Barnett conceived of the Hampstead suburb in 1905. She interested as incorporators Earl Grey, the Earl of Crewe, the Bishop of London, Sir John Gorst, Sir Robert Hunter, and others in the project. They acquired two hundred and forty-three acres of land from Eton College for a garden suburb "to preserve for London, unspoiled by vulgar houses and mean streets, the foreground of the beautiful country that forms the western boundary of the heath, and to create a residential quarter for Londoners where the comfort of the inhabitants and the beauty of their surround-

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Leys Avenue, a typical shopping street, Letchworth.
Old English village type preserved.

ings should not be sacrificed to the greed of the land-owner or the necessities of the speculative builders."

Two thousand two hundred dollars an acre was paid for the undeveloped land. It was planned by expert landscape gardeners and architects for a community of from ten to twelve thousand people. The village has grown so rapidly that in 1909, one hundred and twelve additional acres were secured, and now the whole territory lying about the historic Heath is being developed into a model garden community.

A visit to Hampstead is a challenge to our ideas of city building and architecture. It is a commentary on our intelligence in the most important of all industries, the building and making of homes. The promoters were not actuated by the desire for commercial profits, although there is no charity, no philanthropy about the enterprise. Nor is there any interference with the free life of the people. The Garden Suburb is the substitution of a community for a property sense, of a city interested in comfort, convenience, beauty, and happiness rather than in the industrial license of individual builders. Hampstead is an example of co-operation as opposed to individualism in city building.

It is amazing what a beautiful thing a city can be made, amazing how the sixteenth-century village can be brought back to life and its charm reproduced. The roadways in Hampstead ignore right angles. They avoid regularity in every way. They meander about aimlessly, comfortably, following the natural contour and advantages of the land. Nor are they of equal width. The residential streets are narrow. They are designed to discourage traffic and keep it on the main thoroughfares. The roadways curve or come to a sudden stop. They open into unexpected places, and are so arranged that one always secures a vista of some attractive cottage or garden. Many of the streets are closed. They come to an abrupt end in a little enclosed square. They are all lined with shade trees—cherry, acacia, maple, and birch. There are no fences or back walls in front or in the rear. The gardens are surrounded by hedge-rows of sweet briar, yew, holly, and wild rose. Every garden in the place is filled with the greatest variety and profusion of flowers. The owners all seem to be in competition

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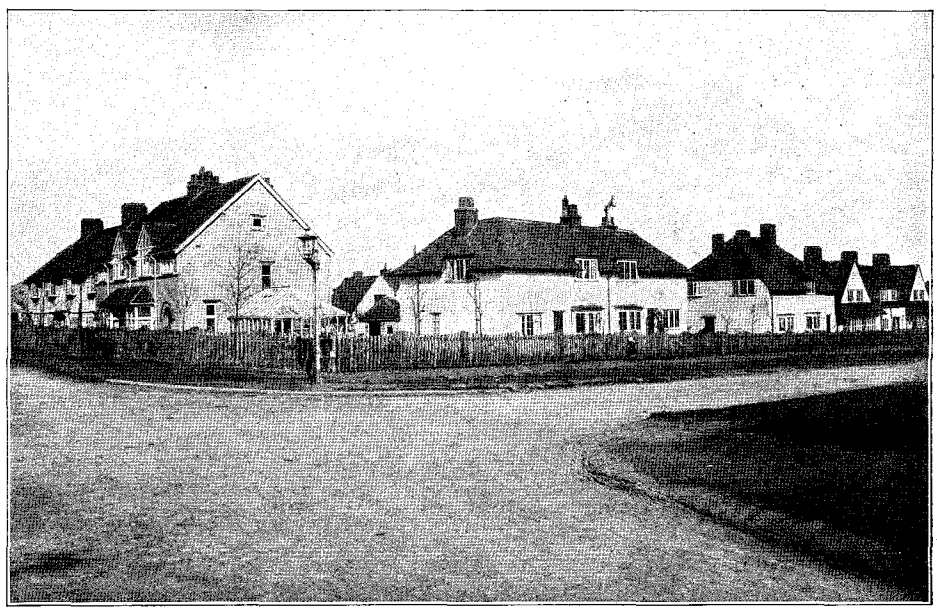
with one another. The name garden city is no exaggeration.

The architecture is an abrupt change from the monotonous rows of close-built barrack-like cottages of the north of London. The variety, the color effects, the beauty of the individual cottage and of the group are all a commentary on the assumption that architecture is bound up with individual freedom. Cottages costing from one thousand five hundred dollars and upward and that rent for eight dollars a month compare in beauty and comfort with those that rent for fifty or sixty dollars a month with us. They are designed with the utmost care by the best of architects and in harmony with the village idea. The beauty of these garden cottages with their stuccoed walls and gray and orange tiles, with porches and projecting eaves, compels one to question if ordinary house-building is not a neglected art and whether we are not on the threshold of a new development in domestic architecture. It may be that architecture is by nature a public rather than a purely private function and that some sort of State supervision or public direction of buildings may do for it what it does for music, the opera, the drama, and the fine arts in Europe. Each street is different from the other. There is the greatest variety in styles of cottages as well as in building material. Some of the cottages are connected. Others are semi-detached, while others are isolated villas. All are in harmony, just as are the flowers which grow in greatest profusion in the rear gardens and the front yards.

Building restrictions are fixed in perpetuity by the corporation. It retains title to the land so as to be able to control the nature and style of building. This would be difficult if it parted with the title. Permanent tenure, however, is secured to builders by leases which run from ninety-nine to nine hundred and ninety-nine years. Rentals are very reasonable. All of the street-planning and street-building work, including sewers, pavements, sidewalks, water, gas, and electric-light connections, is done by the corporation when the streets are originally built. In this way the cost is kept at a minimum and the nature of the construction is controlled. The width of roadways is fixed in harmony with the general plan. So is the location of business and possible factory sites. Provision is made for out-of-door recreation and play, while every natural beauty or vista is preserved for the community itself. There is an open-air natatorium in the centre of the town. It is banked on all sides by



Workmen's cottages, Tylton Avenue, Letchworth.

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Workmen's cottages, Gix Road, Letchworth.

masses of flowers. There is a community club, with opportunity for all kinds of indoor and outdoor sports. An institute for lectures, classes, and educational purposes is being constructed, while a beautiful village inn is planned for the near future. These are treated as part of the city, to be done by it as a matter of course. Shops are located on the main highway. They are detached from the village proper. All of these provisions are made by the garden city in advance of any building and in contemplation of future growth.

Girl's club, Letchworth.

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Hampstead has grown rapidly. It is but six years old, but already has a population of five thousand people. The value of the improvements amount to three million dollars, while the land has advanced in value from five hundred and thirty-four thousand dollars to seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. As in Letchworth and Port Sunlight, the death rate is very low, being but 4.2 per 1,000, while the infant mortality rate is but 66 per 1,000 as compared with 140 per 1,000 in the near-by London tenement suburbs.

Hampstead Way and Finchly Road, Garden City, Hampstead.

The garden city is planned to make the most of all the natural advantages of the site. The best views are retained as common views. Lots and streets are planned so that each house will command the greatest amount of sunlight, while sites for parks, playgrounds, the locations of schools, public buildings, clubs, etc., are selected so that the whole community can enjoy them.

Just as the garden city corporation protects the community from the land speculator, so a similar kind of co-operative corporation, the "copartnership tenants," so-called, protects the community from bad buildings and undesirable tenants. Experience shows that some individual on a street or in a community will sell or lease his property to undesirable people. He will permit it to decay, or, as frequently happens, he builds an apartment house, a garage, stable, or factory which ruins the neighborhood. Home owners would be glad to pay for insurance against this sort of thing, against a slovenly or indifferent tenant, against unfair use. The loss in values in every American city due to changes of this kind are incalculable. It is this that keeps residential values in a constant state of transition. Protection from this sort of thing is a community concern.

Individuals too, especially workingmen, are deterred from becoming home owners because of the uncertainty of employment and residence. Individual architecture, building, and financing is difficult and costly. Even in America we have become a nation of city tenants.

The copartnership tenants corporation is a device for making home ownership easy, for protecting the tenant as well as the community, for securing the highest talent and most economical method of building and for insuring the workman, when he moves to another town, that he will not lose his investment. It is also a guarantee against depreciation and changing use. For the copartnership tenants is a house-building and house-owning and house-managing corporation. It builds houses by wholesale. It can employ the best of talent and plan its building with the same vision of the rights of the community that the garden city does.

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Asmuns Place, Garden City, Hampstead.

Showing serpentine road closed at end to discourage traffic and insure quiet.

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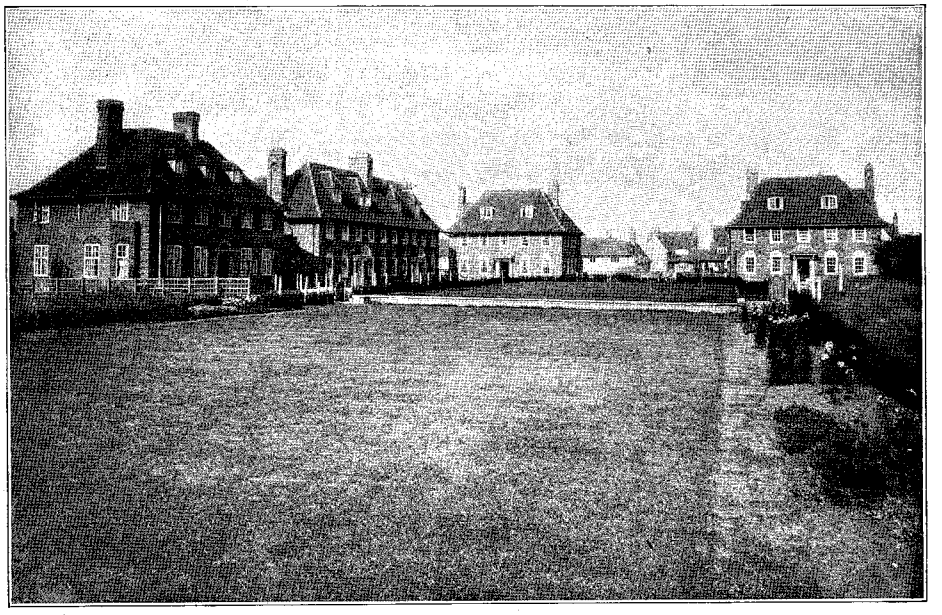
The Haven of Rest.

Quadrangle designed by Parker & Unwin for aged poor. Built by Hampstead tenants, Rent of small apartment 78 cents per week.

The values of its houses are community values. Tenants do not own the particular house they happen to live in, but a share in the entire group. They are tenants in a copartnership series of houses, in which their rent is fixed and their stockholdings are salable the same as in any other corporation. This gives the tenant-owner a pecuniary interest in the whole village.

These tenant corporations sell stock to tenants, who must subscribe for at least two hundred and fifty dollars, which is pay-



Linnel Close, Garden City, Hampstead.

Showing emphasis on village green idea and generous provision of open spaces.

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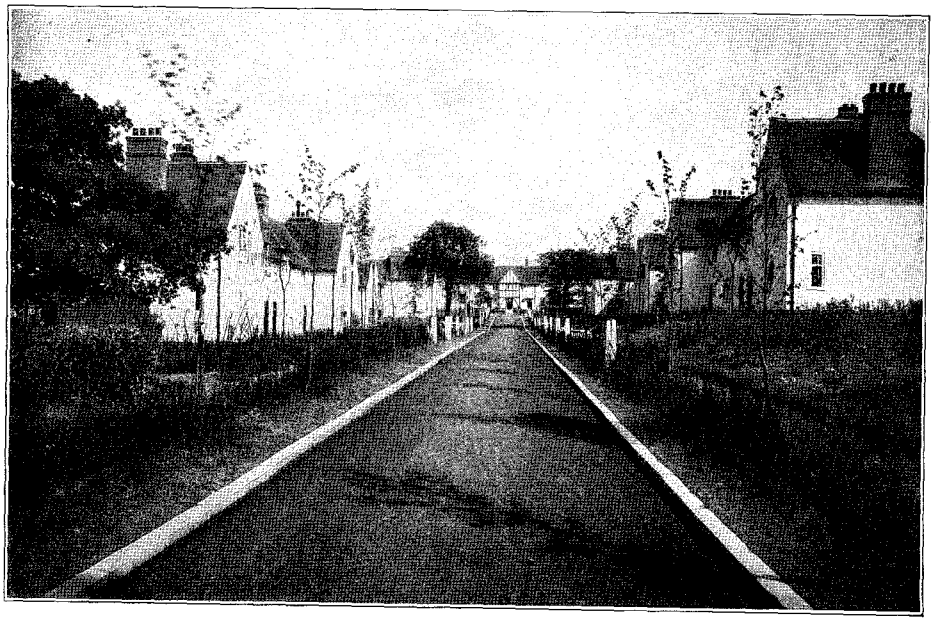
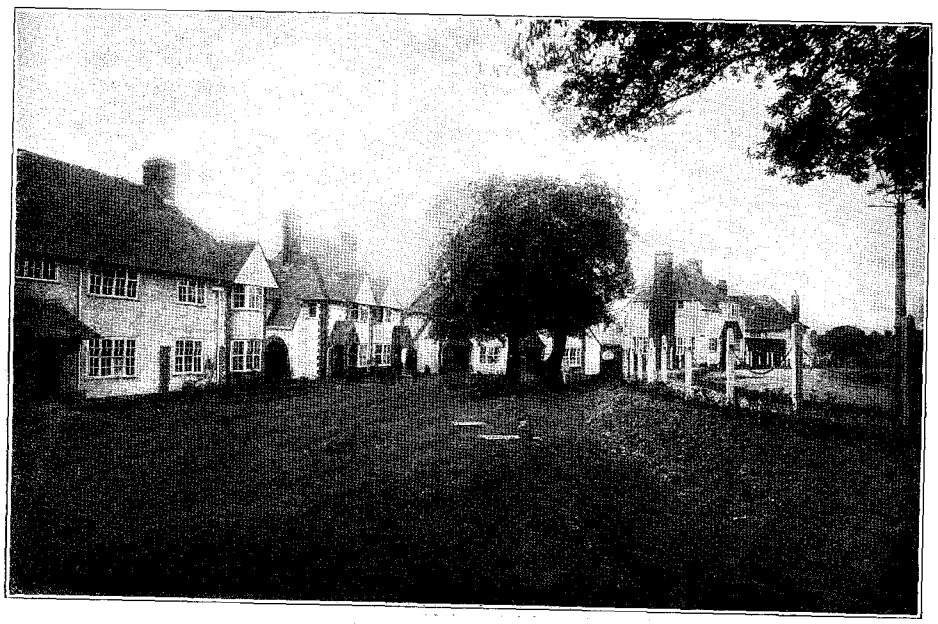


Wordsworth Walk, Garden City, Hampstead.

able in instalments. Stock is also sold to outsiders. The houses rent at a price sufficient to yield five per cent on their cost, while any surplus earned goes back, not to the stockholders, but to the tenants in proportion to their rent. These earnings are credited on the tenants' stock subscription until it is paid up.

By this arrangement the tenant enjoys every advantage of ownership, and at the same time is protected from many risks. Capital is obtained at low cost. So is pro-



Guy Dawber's houses on Willigied Way, Garden City, Hampstead.

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The Park, Bournville.—There is play in the

Front gardens, Bournville.
Gardens everywhere.

fessional, managerial, and building skill. Investment in a house becomes like stocks or bonds. In addition, the interest of the tenant in the whole corporation leads to a watchful care of the entire community.

The first copartnership tenants was that of Ealing Tenants Limited, organized in 1903, with sixty acres of land and fifty thousand dollars capital. In seven years' time the movement has grown until in 1910 there were fourteen such societies, owning six thousand six hundred houses with an investment of four million dollars. When the present estates are completed the companies will have an investment of ten million dollars.

Many of the dwellings of Hampstead Garden city were built by tenant companies. In three years four hundred and fourteen cottages had been erected at a cost of one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The demand for houses cannot be satisfied. Tenant investors are compelled to wait as much as six months for houses.

From the outset the number of houses has been limited to not more than twelve to the acre, or from one-half to one-fourth the number usually built by speculators. Where possible, houses are built with a southern

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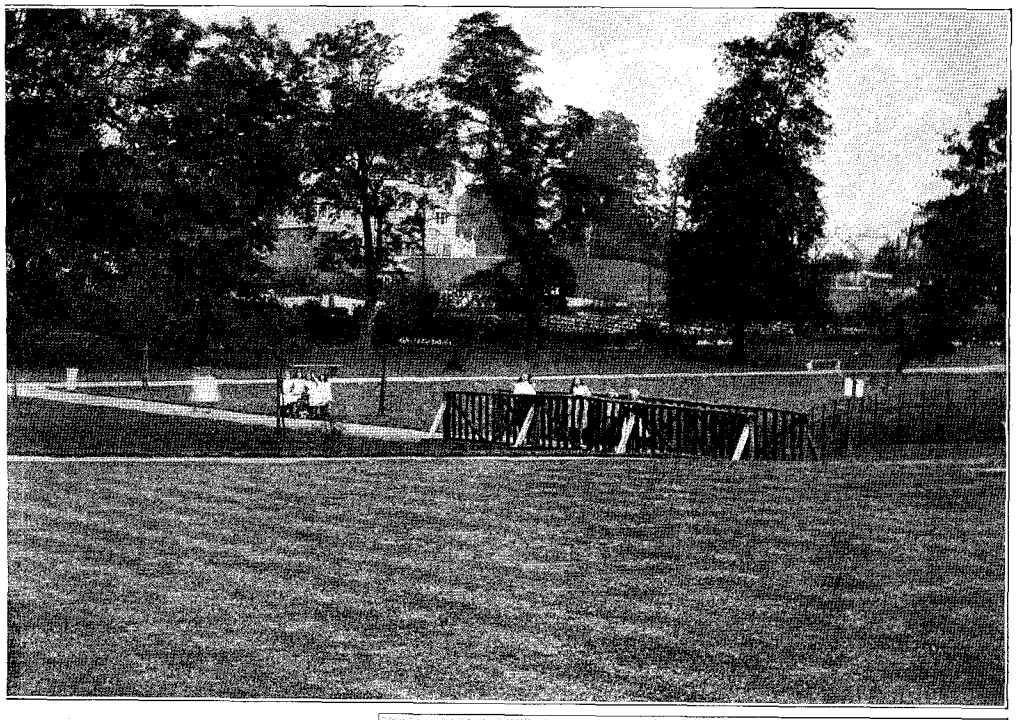
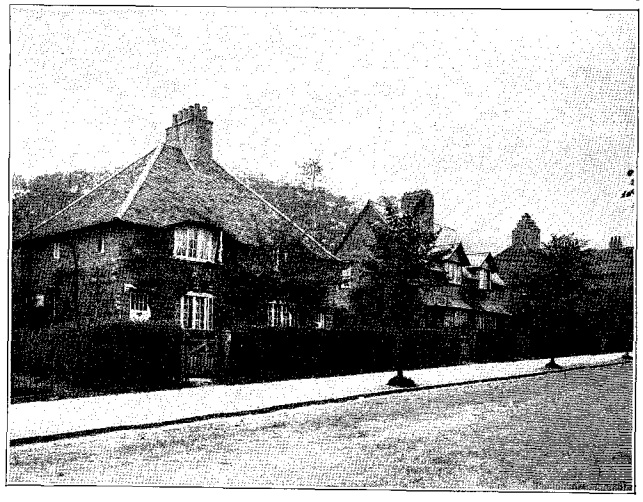


the most generous provision for garden city.



Small semi-detached cottages, Bournville.

exposure so as to insure every bit of winter sunshine. This is also followed in the arrangement of rooms. Cottages rent at from five dollars a month upward, while some expensive villas are planned to rent for as high as six hundred and fifty dollars a year. In 1910 the tenants of the Hampstead Tenants Corporation received back as co-operative dividends about seven per cent on their rental. This was after the payment of all dividends, provision for depreciation, and maintenance, and the setting aside of a substantial reserve fund. Tenancy is permanent at the rent fixed on entrance, but the management reserve the right to exclude any tenant who is disorderly or otherwise mismanages the estate.

Port Sunlight differs from Letchworth or Hampstead in being a purely private business enterprise. It is an expression of *noblesse oblige*, of benevolent industrial feudalism on the part of Lever Brothers, manufacturers of soap. The village, which has a population of three thousand, lies about five miles from Liverpool, across the river Mersey, near the city of Birkenhead.

The company loses one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars a year upon the undertaking. The cost of the village

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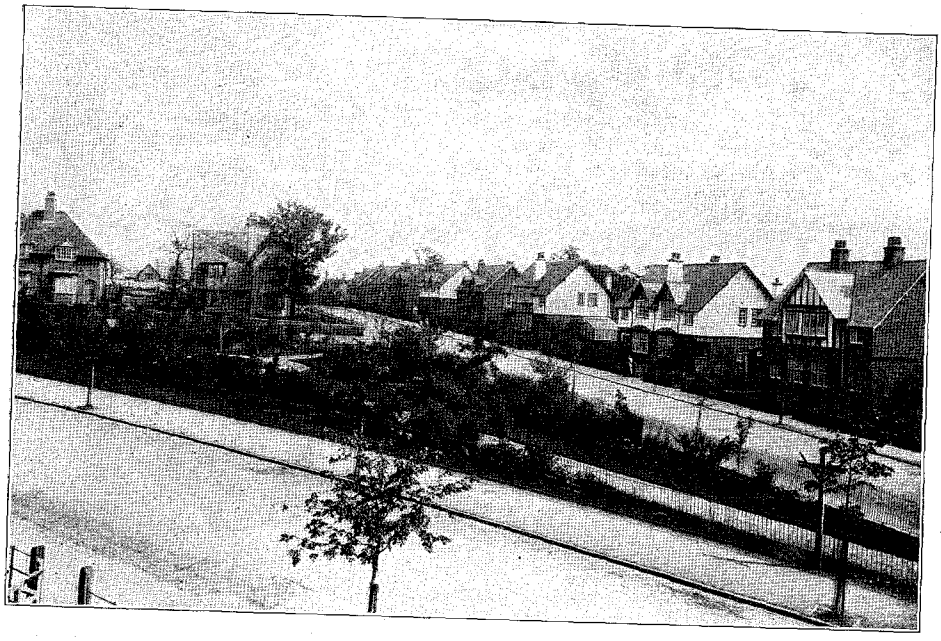

"The Triangle," Bournville.

was about two million five hundred thousand dollars, upon which investment the company receives no return, the rents being only sufficient to maintain the cottages, streets, grounds, and activities of the village. This loss is a contribution by the company to efficiency; for the improved health and condition of the employees, due to better homes and the open-air life, yields a return that of itself pays for the investment.

Port Sunlight is in some ways the most beautiful of all the garden cities. Possibly

Shopping centre, Bournville.

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it is the contrast with the tenements of the near-by cities of Liverpool and Birkenhead that makes it appear so. The effect of the village is apparent in the men, the women, and the children, and especially in the children. The people of Port Sunlight are clean, healthy, strong, and happy. The cottages are surrounded by gardens and hedges; the streets are rambling and tree-lined. Every few hundred feet one comes

velopment of his own, his wife's, and children's faculties, so as to make them healthy and strong and long-lived."

He also appreciates the relation of proper living conditions to industrial efficiency. He says: "Business cannot be carried on by physically deficient employees any more than war can be successfully waged by physically deficient soldiers. Business efficiency, therefore, demands better housing conditions for

Park Road, Port Sunlight.

on a school, an institute, a playground or some other provision for the education and amusement of the people. There are bowling-greens, rifle-ranges, foot-ball enclosures, and open-air baths, a technical institute, auditorium, band-stand, gymnasium, hospital, and library. The most beautiful building of all is the art gallery, one of the most attractive and well-selected small galleries I have ever seen. Both the architecture and the interior are restful and inviting. They suggest very general use and a sense of the community itself.

Sir William H. Lever has a high ideal of what his employees are entitled to. He says "as a matter of principle all would admit that every diligent employee has a moral and indisputable right to live in a decent home, to possess the opportunity to bring up his children in decent environment, to enjoy the best possible facilities for the development of his own, his wife's, and children's faculties, so as to make them healthy and strong and long-lived."

He also appreciates the relation of proper living conditions to industrial efficiency. He says: "Business cannot be carried on by physically deficient employees any more than war can be successfully waged by physically deficient soldiers. Business efficiency, therefore, demands better housing conditions for employees, apart from the principle of the employees' own unquestionable right to the same." As a result of his investigations he said that the loss of time through sickness was over ten per cent out of a possible year's work under ordinary housing conditions; that the death rate is over 25 per 1,000 where houses are crowded fifty to the acre. If houses are built as in Port Sunlight, at not more than twelve to the acre, the death rate will be under 14 per 1,000, while the loss of time from sickness will be a negligible quantity. This is all aside from the mental and moral deterioration of the slum-dweller as compared with those of the garden cities.

"Surround a home," he says, "with slums and you produce moral and physical weeds and stinging nettles. Surround a home with a garden and you produce the moral and physical beauty and strength of the flower and the oak."

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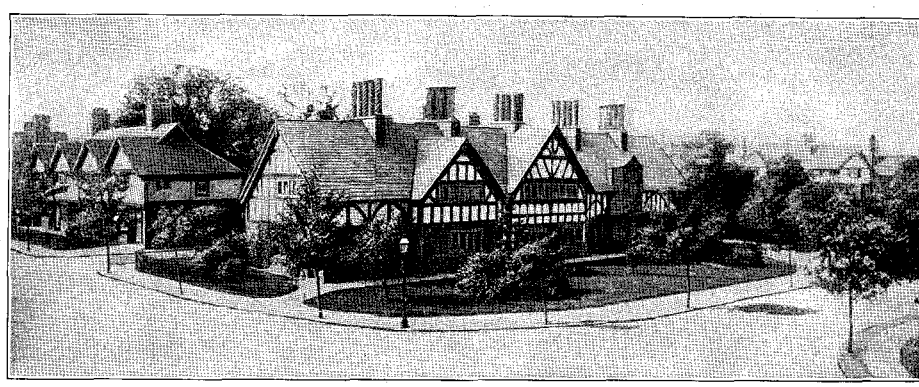


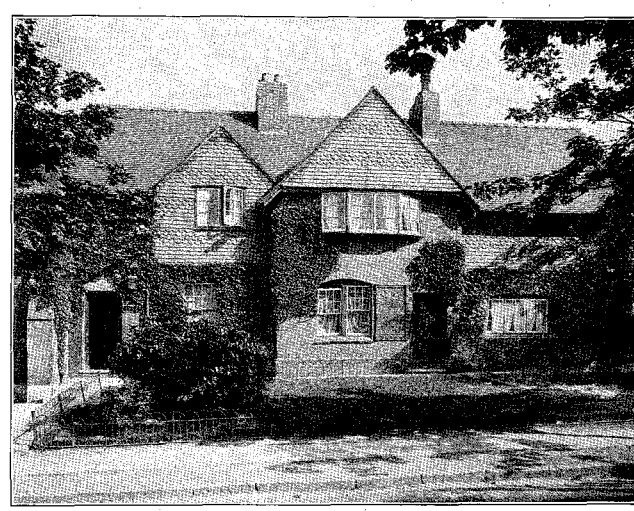
A Port Sunlight corner.

The Lever Brothers' "prosperity-sharing plans," as they describe their efforts, has had a remarkable effect upon the health and well-being of the people. This is quite obvious to a casual visitor, but careful statistical investigation by experts is even more convincing. The height of Port Sunlight school children at fourteen years of age was 62.2 inches, while those of the public schools of Liverpool range from 55.2 inches to 61.7 inches. The weight of the same children was 108 pounds in Port Sunlight and from 71.1 to 94.5 in the public schools.

The statistics of the death rate are quite as remarkable. In the average industrial cities of England it ranges from 14 to 19 per 1,000, while in Port Sunlight it ranged during seven years from 5.55 to 12.87 per 1,000.

Port Sunlight is not an exception. The comparison between Bournville (another proprietary garden city) and the near-by city of Birmingham, and of Port Sunlight and the neighboring city of Liverpool, is as follows:

Death rate in Bournville for 6 years, 7.5 per 1,000
Death rate in Birmingham for 6 years, 17.9 per 1,000
Infant mortality in Bournville for 6 years, 78.8 per 1,000
Infant mortality in Birmingham for 6 years, 170.0 per 1,000
Average height of Bournville boy of 11 years, 4 feet 9 inches
Average height of Birmingham slum boy of 11 years . . . . . 4 feet 2 inches
Average weight of Bournville boy of 11 years, 4 stone 13 pounds
Average weight of Birmingham slum boy of 11 years . . . . . 3 stone 11 pounds
Greater chest measurement of Bournville boy over Birmingham boy . . . . . 3 inches



First houses built in Port Sunlight with tablet recording that their facsimile took grand prix at Brussels Exhibition, 1910.

Average height of 14-year-old children in Port Sunlight schools . . . . 62.2 inches
Average height of 14-year-old children in Liverpool Council schools . . . 55.2 inches
Average weight of 14-year-old children in Port Sunlight schools . . . . 108 pounds
Average weight of 14-year-old children in Liverpool Council schools . . . 71.1 pounds

Letchworth claims to be England's healthiest town. The mortality rate in Eng-

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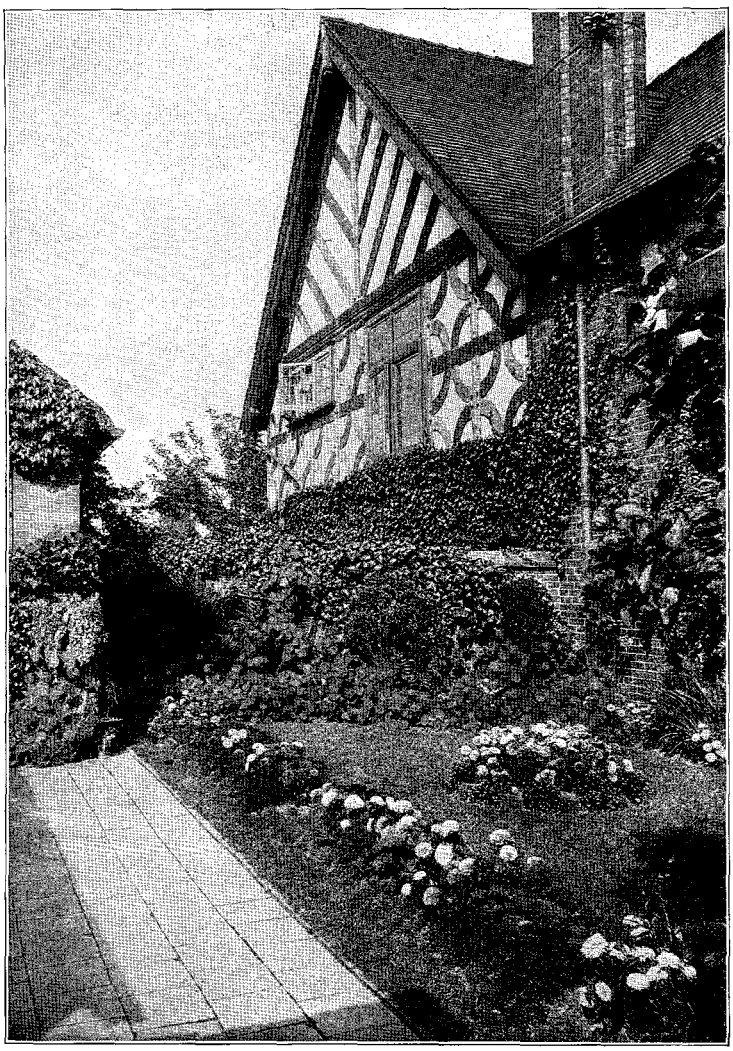
land and Wales in 1907 was 15.4 per 1,000. The infantile mortality rate in five large cities ranges from 107.9 to 157.8 per 1,000.



A back garden in Port Sunlight.

The comparison of Letchworth and the leading English cities in this respect is as follows:

CITY	INFANTILE MORTALITY RATE PER 1,000 BIRTHS	ORDINARY DEATH RATE PER 1,000
London	107.9	14.0
Birmingham	134.3	15.4
Manchester	134.0	17.9
Liverpool	143.6	19.0
Middlesbrough	157.8	19.1
Letchworth	31.7	5.2

The garden-city idea is being widely copied in Germany, where the apartment house is the prevalent type of dwelling for all classes. A score of suburban communities have been started under municipal and co-operative support. Near Dresden the beautiful suburb of Hellerau was opened in 1909 with one hundred and fifty cottages. The suburb grew so rapidly that one hundred and fifty more cottages are in process of construction. It is a garden home for artists, musicians, persons of moderate means, and artisans. Housing authorities have welcomed it as a great advance on all previous experiments. Here, as in England, the community idea of land

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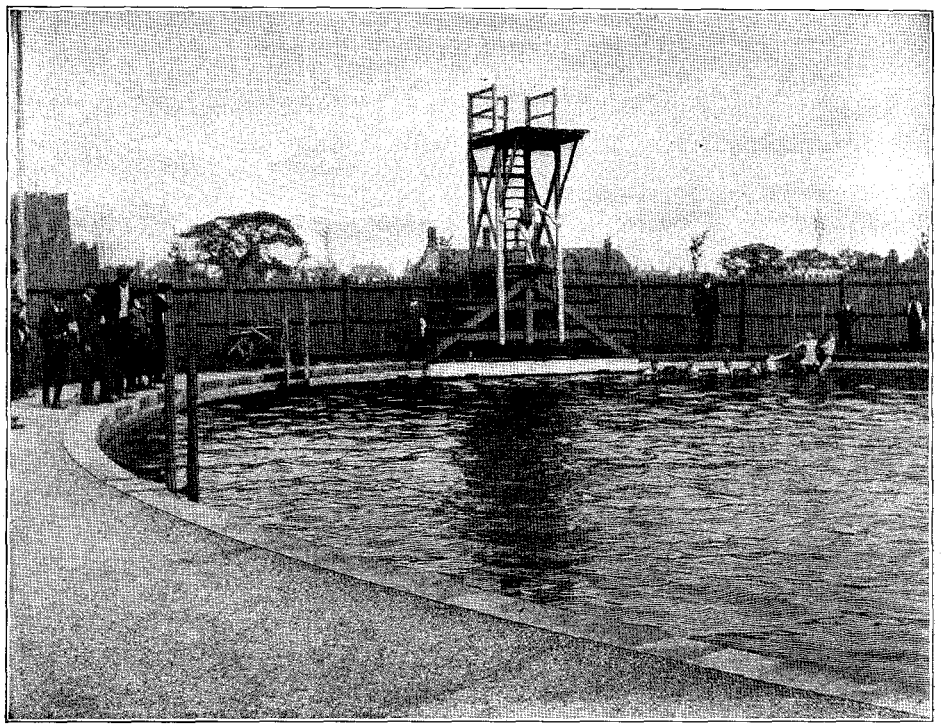
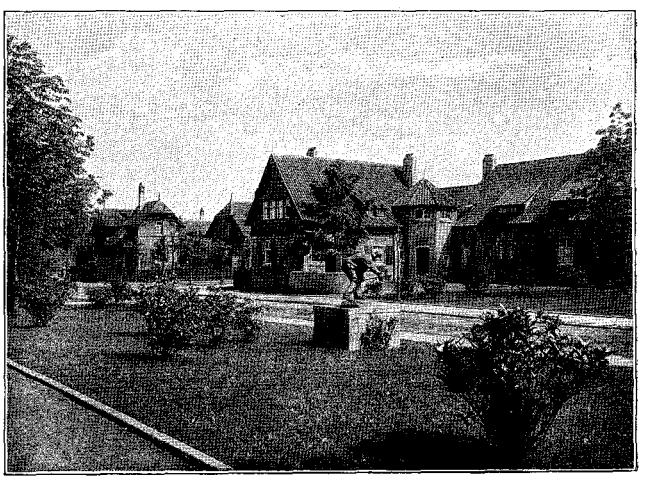


Open-air swimming bath, Port Sunlight.

ownership and house-building has been followed.

Just outside of New York city, the Russell Sage Foundation is making a garden-city experiment at Forest Hills, Long Island. A large area of land was purchased which was platted like a private estate by expert landscape artists and architects, Frederick Law Olmsted, Jr., and Grosvenor Atterbury, upon which a suburban community has been built with every provision for a self-contained life.

Out of these widely separated experiments a new type of city will come—a city that will open up possibilities for the town-planner, the landscape artist, the engineer, and the expert in transportation, that, once, intelligently co-ordinated, will turn back again to the country the tide of population from the city. The new city will cover a very wide area. It will have a radius of twenty, thirty, possibly fifty miles. For the area of a city is merely a matter of rapid transit. The intelligence of the world



Altenhof colony of the Krupp Works.
Built in 1905, Essen, Germany.

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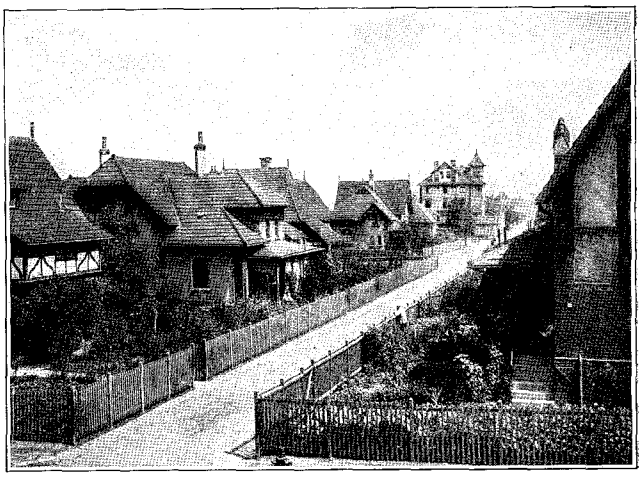
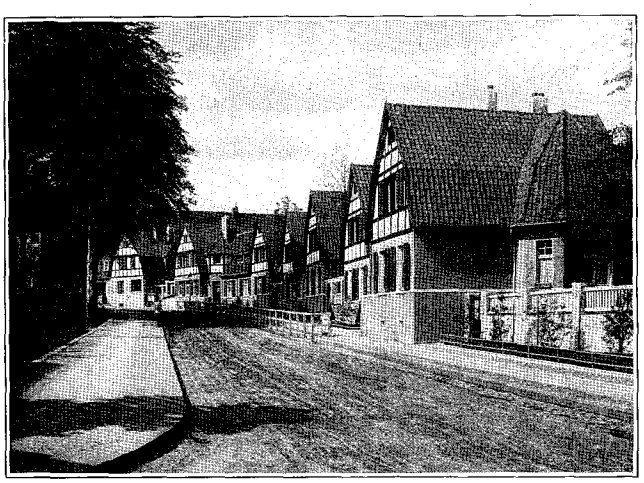
is at the command of the nation for the building of dreadnaughts, the perfection of aeroplanes, the digging of the Panama Canal. Surely the talent of the city, if set to work on the building of houses, the improvement of transportation, the control of the land, and the designing of cities will put an end to the housing problem and bring about a revolution in life for well to do and poor alike in a few years' time. Everywhere politics is being co-ordinated with the social problem, with the



One-family houses.
Alfredshof colony of the Krupp Works, built 1899, Essen, Germany.



Some of the more pretentious houses in one of the Krupp colonies at Essen, Germany.

problem of living, as it now is co-ordinated with war, diplomacy, and business. We are rapidly acquiring a city sense in the matter of education, in the care of children, in health administration, in provision for recreation and amusement. And the cramped apartment, with only an occasional glimpse of the sun, at from one thousand five hundred to three thousand dollars a year for the well to do is such a travesty on the idea of home that it will not long continue. A one or two room tenement, sunless, almost airless, and at a cost that would pay for a comfortable home in an attractive suburb, is worse than a travesty. It is almost a crime. Yet this is the condition of millions of well to do and poor alike in our large cities. They pay from twenty to thirty per cent of their income for what is at best a makeshift of a home.

The garden city is the first suggestion of escape from all this. It shows that the living problem can be solved by intelligent community action. Within another generation public opinion will no more tolerate the slum and the tenement than it does the plagues which were prevalent a generation ago. Through the garden city a way has been found to reunite man with the land, from which he has been forcibly divorced for a generation by inadequate transit and the prohibitive urban land values which inadequate transportation facilities have created.

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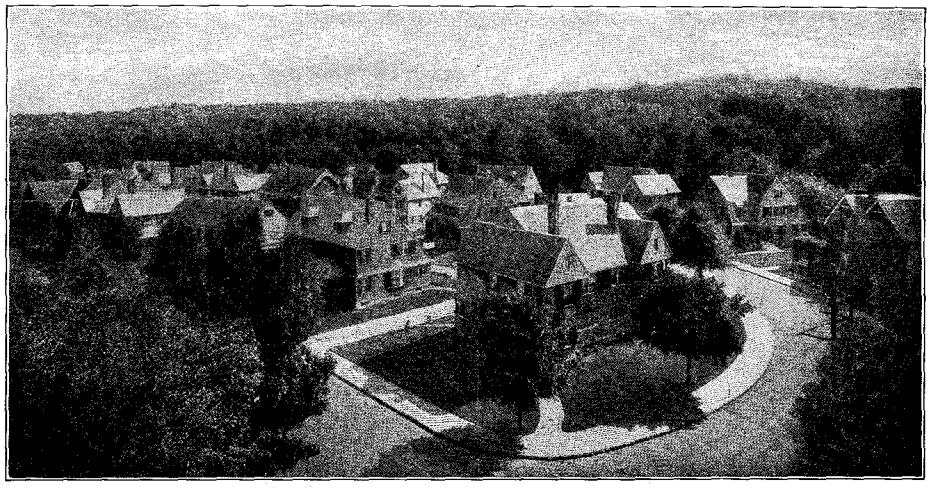

Hopedale, Massachusetts.

Originally a socialistic community; now a town of 2,000 inhabitants, developed and controlled for many years along model lines by an industrial corporation.

MODEL TOWNS IN AMERICA

By Grosvenor Atterbury

AT first glance it would appear that any article on model towns in America must closely resemble the renowned chapter on snakes in Iceland; for, with but one or two exceptions, there are none.

Loosely used, the words may be applied to a rapidly increasing number of more or less attractive and successful housing developments, largely of a commercial nature, that stand out in marked relief—conspicuous not so much from their intrinsic merit as by contrast—among the ordinary towns and suburbs of Topsy-like growth and hopeless aspect. But it is not of these that I have been asked to write; though there are many that in one phase or other are well worth study and comment.

And to the difficulty arising from the absence of examples is to be added the fact that while in a general way our conception of the subject may be based on the recent examples of model towns and garden cities in England and Germany, it must at best be largely tentative; for as a matter of fact we are engaged to-day in the first serious attempt in America to formulate the subject of city and town planning under our native conditions and to meet our own distinctive problems.

As in most subjects, the study of town planning and model towns begins and ends in a definition. At the beginning stands a theoretic statement, and at the end a visualized or concrete example that makes the original conception understandable. If in these few pages the writer can roughly bridge this gap he will have accomplished as much as he dare hope; for the subject is one of surprising scope and an importance as yet but little understood in this country, and this matter of definition correspondingly difficult. While I can give you at once a neat label with which to docket the package, it will tell you about as little of what is inside as the title of a patent medicine. If you really care to know what the label means we shall have to open the wrapper and roughly analyze its contents.

At the outset it will be well to eliminate some prevalent misconceptions, and state clearly certain things which a model town

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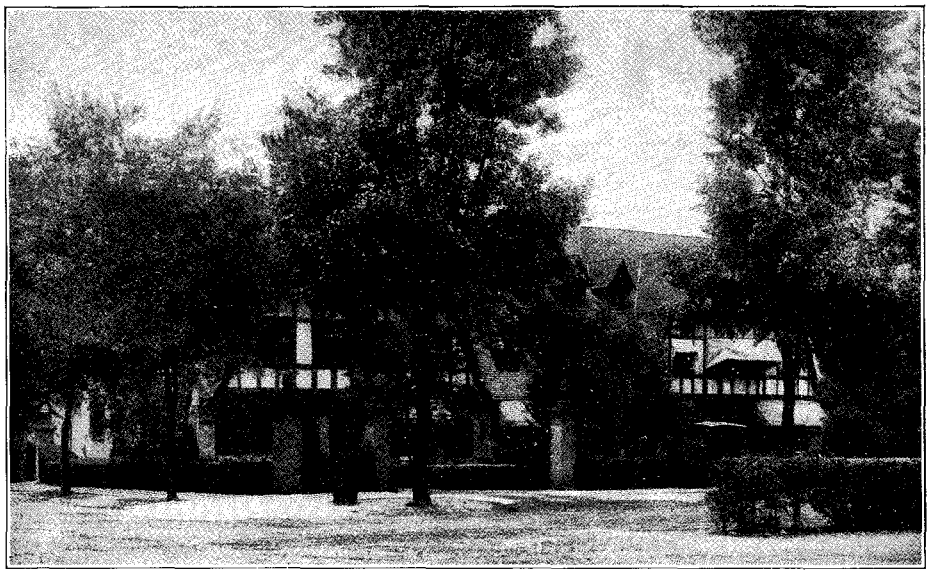
is not. Let us at once, for example, disentangle the "Model Town" from the "City Beautiful"—that fateful euphemism which, like Helen of Troy, has brought such tribulation upon those who would possess themselves of beauty without due process of law—who would deck out our modest villages in Paris finery and ruin their complexions with architectural cosmetics.

Evidently something must be said, moreover, to lay the ghosts of "Spotless Town" and "Pullman," not of course in answer to the facetious paragrapher who calls attention to the fact that a real model town must have shade on both sides of the street, and no telephone, gas, or electric companies; but rather to meet such honestly felt criticisms as point to inevitable failures, such as Brook Farm, Zion City, and Helicon Hall.

While any town, whatever its birth and family history, may aspire to set such a high standard of living that it may be called in a general sense "model," the word is now taking a new and special meaning, following the beginning of organized attempts to apply scientific, æsthetic, and economic principles and methods to the problem of housing civilized humanity.



Roland Park.

An example of collective design as applied to a commercial block.

Now, the conditions that have at last brought this about are largely economic. As in the case of the increase in the cost of living—or the high cost of high living, as it has been aptly put—the high cost of model housing is due not only to higher standards, but to the cumulative profits of production and distribution common to any retail business. The individual can escape the penalties of the situation only by going without or by combining for collective action, by means of which the profits of the speculator—the middleman in this instance—can be largely eliminated. Such combined action must be, I think, the most distinctive feature of a model town; and therefore its theoretic definition should be based on the essential element of collectivism. Practically stated, this means collective purchase, design, development, and control.

In a broad sense, as has been said, any town becomes model by raising its standard sufficiently high. But it is a wellnigh hopeless fight when the forces of short-sighted selfishness and inertia barricade themselves in a place whose physical growth has been utterly neglected from the start, or later deformed through our customary short-sighted planning—customary largely because the American habit

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of striking debit and credit balances for the month or year instead of the decade or generation (as is more often done in the older and in many ways wiser countries of Europe) is all against the kind of foresight which constitutes the first essential of good town and city planning. For—to return to our package—the main wrapper that metaphorically holds its various contents together is foresight. This is of course the vital essence that produces the concrete thing we call a plan. In the case of a building it is designed to determine a state of permanent and happy equilibrium between the force of gravity and that appalling collection of stone, brick, steel, wood, and plaster—not to mention the ubiquitous and irresponsible plumbing pipes—that go to make the simplest modern house. Once having coaxed, jammed, and twisted these obstreperous elements into a happy family group they are presumed to stay put, and the architect and his plan are happily forgotten—or ought to be—for their proper function is ended.

But in town-planning the case is more difficult. General impressions to the contrary, a town is not a static proposition, but of the nature of a growing organism. Therefore its plan requires other qualities than foresight—above all, a certain flexibility of control.

And it must also be remembered that we are not certain as yet what is really wanted or what we can actually do.

Little wonder then that one definition for "Model Towns" suggested to the writer was "Failures."

II

WHAT, then, is the function of a model town? What, for example, does the Russell Sage Foundation hope to accomplish by its demonstration at Forest Hills Gardens? What is this new architectural species calling themselves city and town planners? Our good citizens have been harangued *ad nauseam* on the "city beautiful"—and too much of their good money already spent on monumental boulevards, public fountains, and impossible statues. Why, then, must we now suffer an invasion of "town-planners" preaching "garden cities" and "model towns"?

Gary, Indiana.

A purely commercial development of the United States Steel Corporation.

The answer, unfortunately, in the present state of the public knowledge of the subject involves an apparent digression from our subject. Whether it was six or ten thousand years ago that the first cave-dweller drove the workmen out of his unfinished house and took possession of the kitchen and sleeping-quarters is perhaps immaterial. But in either case the important fact is to be noted that until very recently through all the intervening centuries astonishingly little progress has been made in the business of housing the human species. As a science it has scarcely existed; and as an art has been

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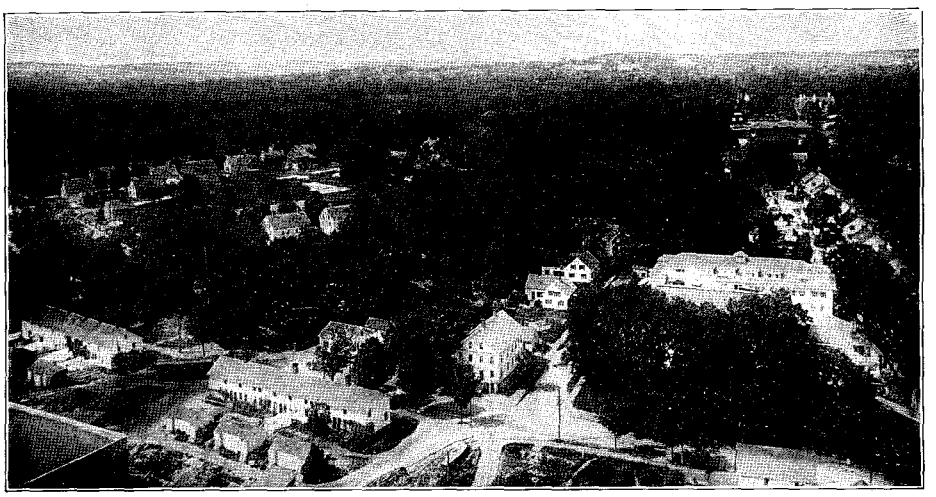

Whitinsville, Massachusetts.

An example of gradual development. Nearly a century ago a cotton settlement; now an industrial town in many respects entitled to be called model.

confined almost entirely to the individual unit—the single dwelling-house. It is fair to say, of course, that the conditions which have created the housing problem in its present acute form are more or less modern. They are still in process of formation and growth—with the centralizing process which is making such startling and, from many points of view, regrettable progress.

The causes of this widespread movement from the farm to the city do not come under the scope of this article. Suffice it to say that our rapid urbanization is probably symptomatic of normal though extremely rapid growth. The upward progress of society has been contemporaneous with the increase of urban population. The concomitant evils of congestion are merely the national growing-pains which we, as a somewhat overgrown country, are feeling with particular acuteness. But the very pertinent fact remains, that according to the last census nearly forty per cent of our entire population is already concentrated in large towns or cities, as compared with three per cent at the close of the Civil War, and that this urbaniza-

A street in Whitinsville.

An example of considerable architectural harmony and charm.

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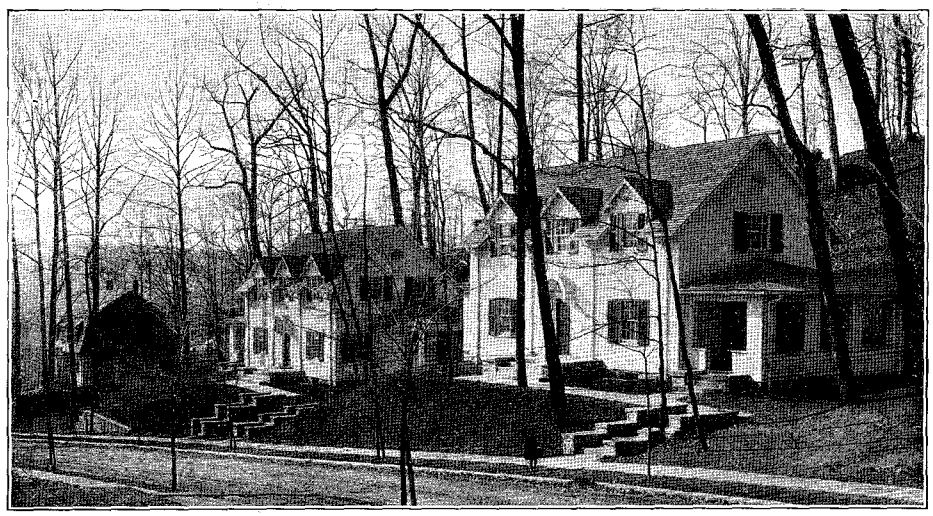
tion is still rapidly increasing. It is extremely doubtful if it can be stopped, no matter how loudly we raise the cry of "back to the farm." It is certain that it has already created conditions and consequences that must be reckoned with.

Under the best of circumstances such rapid city growth would involve danger. Even where the city or town has been carefully and scientifically planned so as to provide for rapid increase, it is difficult to avoid unhealthy congestion, not to mention the economic waste of various kinds consequent upon improper distribution of a city's inhabitants with respect to their different activities. What is to be expected, then, where all the conflicting forces of vigorous growth are allowed to run riot? The marvel is that our towns are not even worse than they are. Of course, between villagehood and citydom one expects an awkward age. But that need by no means signify the chaotic disorder, the squalor, and pretentious show of our bombastic "Centres," "Junctions," and "Cities."

Now, I have not made myself clear if the reader thinks I am here lamenting the absence of kiosks, monuments, and triumphal arches. What we decry in the American town is the ugliness of discord, waste, and unhealthfulness. What we ask is only that which is suitable to its place and purpose. "The foundation of beauty," says a gentleman named Philebus, "is a reasonable order addressed to the imagination through the senses," from which I gather that he must have given some thought to city planning and the subject of model towns. Even the country circus to-day has its itinerary and printed programme. But the proud city of New York scorns a city plan. While the poorest negro plants his kitchen garden with some semblance of order in the separation of his corn and cabbage, our great centres of population, for the most part, grow wild, one thing choking and starving out the other—the factory, the home, the office building, and tenement—in a jostling disorderly crowd, fighting for air and light.



Roland Park, near Baltimore.

Illustrating the advantages of collective planning from a social and æsthetic stand-point.

Yet with proper provision and control the centralization of population has great advantages. As in the concentration of large industries with the accompanying aggregation of capital, it means the possibility of increased economy and efficiency in government. Especially is this true now that the scope of municipal rule is being so greatly extended. In the minds of many it has already ceased to denote merely a means of control. In numerous instances it has already advanced to the middle ground of protective functions—attempting to guard against disease, vice, and destitution; while in certain others it

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is being made to assume the frankly paternalistic functions of prevention and provision as seen in the social if not socialistic conception of government to be found to-day in a number of German towns and cities. There you find the municipal government not only guaranteeing property rights, but attempting to protect the individual citizen against the land speculator and assuming to guarantee the poor man an economic opportunity; not only providing facilities for education and recreation and overseeing conditions of labor, but furnishing both amusement and employment; not only controlling the housing conditions of the masses, but providing municipal dwellings.

It would be strange indeed if here in America we did not hanker after some of these tempting and apparently most desirable things! It would not be characteristic of our national temperament to be satisfied until we had "gone the limit" and, having out-Heroded Herod, sat down to reckon up the cost. That the impulse of our people, when they have realized the possibilities of the situation, will be along this line I have no doubt. To prevent such misguided experiments by showing that the best and wisest of these results may be attained without paying the price of paternalism or socialism is, to my mind, one of the most important functions of the so-called model town and suburb.

Instances of attempts to create model industrial settlements in this country can be cited as early as 1836; and the list of subsequent undertakings, though comparatively short, includes what might be termed approximations to each of the various distinct types under which present-day model towns and garden cities may be classified. By far the greater number of such undertakings in America have been "proprietary"—organized by industrial concerns primarily for the accommodation of their employees. Such, for example, are Pullman, Ill., Vandergrift, Pa., Gary, Ind., Ludlow, Mass., Corey, Ala., and Leclaire, near St. Louis; the last named, though a village of only six hundred and fifty inhabitants, being in its economic and social aspects perhaps the most advanced and interesting of all. A certain number of essentially commercial developments, usually of high-grade property, as exemplified at Garden City, L. I., and Roland Park, in the suburbs of Baltimore, have been laid out and developed along æsthetic and social lines that justify their being called in a general sense "model." The governmental type, as might be expected, is only represented on a negligible scale. Co-operative and socialistic developments, though more numerous, have been of little greater significance. Hopedale, to be sure, apparently one of the best examples of the model town now existing in this country, was founded in 1841 as a co-operative community. But in the course of a dozen years it shed its socialistic garb and now, like its charming neighbor Whitinsville, is a thriving commercial town on a substantially proprietary basis. From among all these, however, as well as a score of other undertakings of a similar kind, the writer has been unable to select any one which answers completely to the definition of a model town as understood abroad to-day.

The failures, it must be confessed, have come nearer doing so than the successes. But, on the other hand, it is safe to say that the failures have been caused, not by the objects sought but by the mistakes in the means and methods employed for their attainment. In most cases the attempt has been to eliminate the evil by-products of unrestrained competitive development by means of paternalism. And anything of that character, whether it be philanthropic or proprietary, people in this country resent and reject.

But this does not mean that they will not accept eagerly any betterment in living conditions which they can obtain on a fair commercial basis, through higher standards and more efficient handling of land development and distribution, the application of collective or co-operative principles, and the science and art of town-planning and good housing.

And this, I take it, is what the model town of to-day must aim to make possible. Just how this is to be accomplished practically is manifestly a question to be answered only by actual demonstration. But it is safe to say that the problem is to be solved along three lines—the æsthetic, the social, and the ecomonic—

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and that the practical meaning of our subject will be most readily defined and understood if it be viewed in turn from these three different points of view.

III

"De gustibus non est disputandum," and the writer has no intention of discussing fashions in taste or architectural style. But there are certain phenomena that, even considered from an æsthetic point of view, provoke no discussion—just as there are certain odors that are almost universally abhorrent to the civilized nostril. The strange thing about it is that while the public sense of smell is pretty generally protected against soap factories, tanneries, and a score of other malodorous affairs, rightly regarded as being unconstitutional hindrances to the pursuit of happiness, the sense of sight is not considered as yet except as an instrument for such practical purposes as the pursuit of the mighty dollar. So visual stenches are given the freedom of our cities.

Now, collective or co-operative planning and control can operate chiefly in two ways to better this curiously illogical situation. Negatively, on the principle of the smoke ordinance, it may preserve a reasonably harmless æsthetic atmosphere by putting some limit upon the architectural anarchy and lawless bad taste that runs riot in even the best governed of our cities to-day; while at the same time giving the most misguided architectural efforts a better chance to show such poor merit as they may possess.

To show a mob the effectiveness of discipline may seem dangerously like giving them arms. But the truth is that with any kind of control anarchy ceases. And so bad taste, however brutal it may be, at once becomes capable of better things if it be ordered. The leavening element of design and purpose appears. The noise becomes music, however crude.

With the elimination of lawless eccentricity and disregard of architectural decency the good elements in the situation begin to count. However bad individually, a series of houses that exhibit some mutual acknowledgment of each other's right of existence has at once some æsthetic value. That such primitive good manners must be the result to-day of rigid restrictions instead of instinct is not surprising when one realizes that the majority of people in this country have never—architecturally speaking—moved in polite society, or even realized that there is such a thing.

To demonstrate the advantage to the individual of a reasonable self-restraint in the subordination of his own architectural impulses to a general æsthetic scheme is one of the functions of the model development. Its successful accomplishment will depend, I feel sure, solely on the education of the sense of beauty, already nascent in this country. For the correctness of the principle and the value of the actual results of its application in collective planning is without question. Yet I am inclined to think that its public recognition will be largely brought about indirectly through the appeal to our keen commercial sense, which I believe good town-planning is sure to make.

To explain the various ways in which the actual economy and commercial value of good taste and design may be taught would lead to a much too technical discussion. Suffice it to say that the list includes the demonstration of the value of ornamental construction instead of constructive ornament, of the intelligent use of common inexpensive materials whose decorative value, because of their roughness, their very cheapness of previous association, ordinarily goes unrecognized, and of the surprising effectiveness of simple, honest, and straightforward structures when designed and placed with regard to general harmony of color and mass. And with these must inevitably come a crusade against the wasteful shams which, like the signs on our streets and road-sides, we have come to tolerate from force of habit—the tin cornice that rears its imitation stone surface a story-height above the tinder-box frame beneath, and the pretentious fronts and sordid rears between which even our better educated citizens are content to live.

But all this teaching, it may be said, necessarily involves expert services and expense. The admixture of a dollar's worth of brains to every dollar's worth of cheap material must come pretty near spoiling the demonstration from an eco-

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nomic point of view. But co-operative design and development make possible the employment of experts in all departments by distributing the greater part of the first

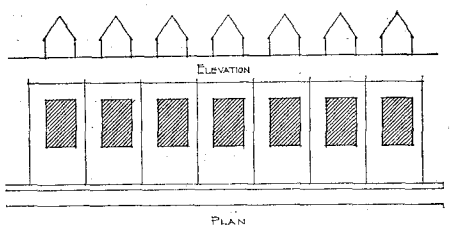

Diagram No. 1.

cost of their services over a large area of development. Such services, moreover, if really efficient, will actually result in ultimate, if not immediate, savings. It is precisely because of the poor man's inability to avail himself as an individual of wise technical advice that his home is so often a far more expensive investment, comparatively speaking, than the rich man's. Insurance against wasteful bad taste and poor construction is even more of a luxury than that against fire loss, from which the poor man is ordinarily the heaviest sufferer.

On the other hand, collective planning and control should produce conditions under which good æsthetic results may be secured far more easily and inexpensively, whether the designing be individual or collective. Bad as is the taste displayed in the average small-lot suburban development, it is fair to say that there is no problem in architectural design more difficult than that presented by the small and cheap dwelling. The irreducible minimum of size and cost demands the maximum of skill and study if it is to be made to succeed from an architectural standpoint. Careful consideration of the problem of the individual house for the skilled laborer, mechanic, and clerk leads to the conclusion that even with the most expert designing the best that can be attained architecturally under the system of detached dwellings on narrow lots is but a negative result—the elimination of the gratuitously bad and the mitigation of what is necessarily so.

For the trouble really lies in the fundamentally bad requisites as to their proportions, mass, and relative position, made necessary by the current system of lot sizes and their individual development. The difference between the conditions confronting the architect where each little house, being placed independently, must present, by reason of the shape of the lot, its narrow side to the street, as indicated in Diagram No. 1, and the situation resulting from the application of group planning to the same sized units on identical land areas shown on Diagram No. 2 is a sufficient illustration of what I mean in thus speaking of the æsthetic advantages of collective design.

But in addition to certain economies in construction cost and the far greater architectural effectiveness obtained by thus erecting small dwellings in groups, this example at once illustrates another and more obvious kind of saving, and at the same time serves to throw some light on the economic aspect of our subject.

IV

For, besides demonstrating the fallacy of certain conventional ideas as to general layout, proper street widths, and the size and distribution of free spaces for public use, and many other matters which we may not here stop to consider, town-planning makes possible certain specific economies in the use of the building lots themselves. And these economies result in a distinct gain rather than a sacrifice in living conditions, as compared with even the best results obtainable under individual treatment.

To illustrate, let us consider the results of individual and collective planning as

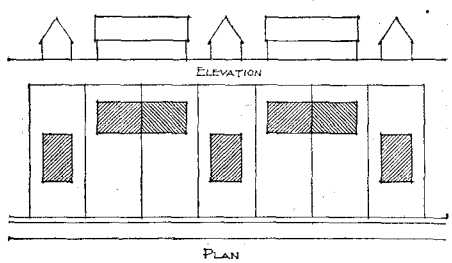

Diagram No. 2.

applied to an entire block. The preceding diagram (No. 1) shows the conventional arrangement of small houses such as is pretty sure to result from the development of a street by a series of owners

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under the customary restrictions imposed on almost all suburban building properties. The restrictions on each lot are of course alike, and it is not unjust to American buyers of small lots to assume that each lot will be used to the limit of its restrictions. The first purchaser to build places his house as near the street as the restrictions permit, for fear his neighbors may cut off some of the asphalt view from his parlor windows. Being the first in the field—a literal simile often enough—and deciding to put his kitchen on the north side and as near to his neighbor's lot line as possible, every succeeding builder must follow suit. The result—a familiar sight in countless miles of our suburban streets—is what is indicated by the diagram—a rather neat example of "liberty, equality, and fraternity" as "she" is practised—an arrangement assuring an absolutely equal and neighborly sharing of all the disadvantages of individual planning, whereby each owner is secure against any suspicion that his neighbor has gotten the best of him, for the simple reason that they have all made equally poor use of their lots. It represents pure democracy in town-planning.

On the other hand, in the diagram (No. 2) is shown what may happen where a beneficent monarchy, working unde identical conditions, has foreordained an arrangement in which each building is located with some consideration for its neighbor. It assumes, of course, a certain individuality in taste—that not every owner wishes to live on the sidewalk, that some would like a garden space at the

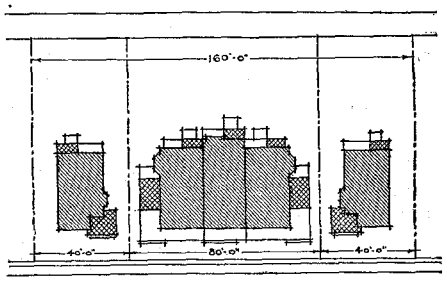

Diagram No. 3.

front and some at the side, that most people would enjoy looking past instead of into their neighbor's walls and windows, and that many would be glad to live in a street where even though the individual houses must all be reduced to the lowest possible terms of comfort and decency, their homely monotony is, at

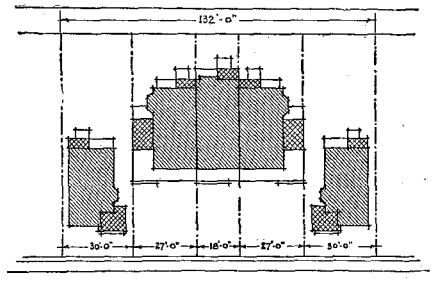

Diagram No. 4.

least, relieved by a certain amount of variety in their arrangement.

But quite apart from all such advantages, and leaving out of consideration the æsthetic aspects of the matter, both of architecture and landscape design, let us see what practical economies lie in this latter arrangement. In the first place it must be explained that in determining restrictions on real estate of this type, now recognized as essential for commercial if for no other reasons, it is in the very nature of the case necessary to assume the worst conditions that can be brought about under them. Otherwise they do not protect, and to protect is of course the function of restrictions. But like any other mandatory and inflexible rule which must apply equally to all men and conditions it is very costly in an economic sense. An obvious and pertinent example is the city building law. In order to protect the general public against the dishonest owner and builder, rules are required that penalize the honest man and result in the waste of millions of dollars annually. Could we assume in every case absolute integrity of workmanship and material, the cost of many items of construction could be surprisingly reduced. Though by no means so obvious, the case is similar in the matter of property restrictions; and the extent of the wastage involved in the ordinary individualistic development is the measure of the economy secured by good collective planning. This may be seen by a comparison of the two diagrams, No. 3 and No. 4. The former shows the minimum

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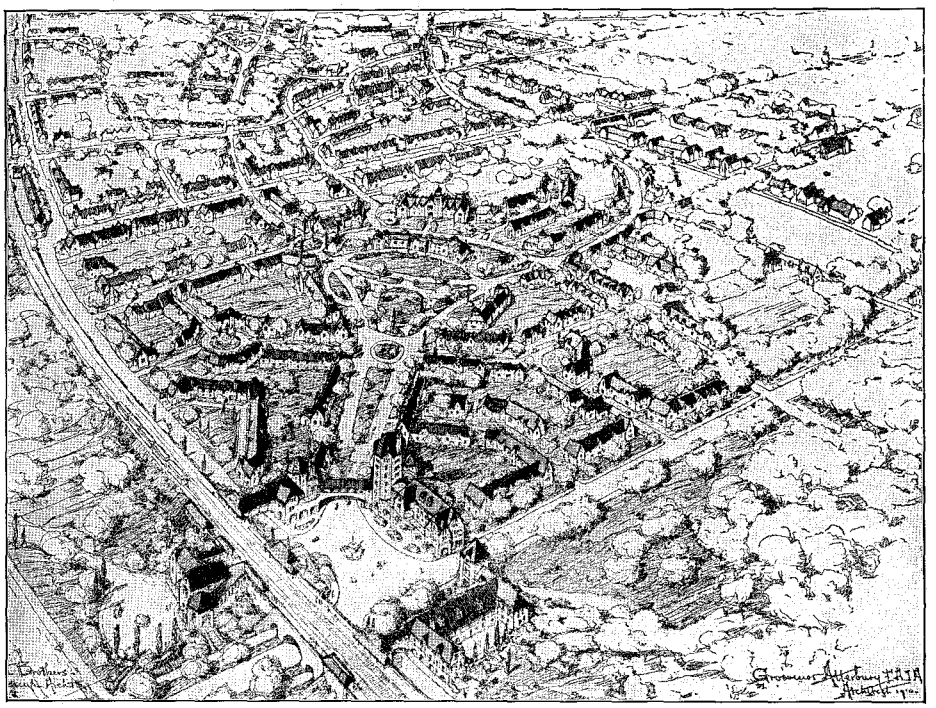
width of lot which experience has shown may be sold with a proper regard for the protection of individual purchasers and the successful development of a certain type of property as a whole. The sale of any narrower lot will under ordinary individualistic planning and development result in detriment to the value of the lots in question, as well as to the neighboring property. But as will be seen from Diagram No. 4, if instead of having to insure against the worst possible use of the property by individual owners it were possible to assume that the buildings would all be intelligently planned as one group, the average width of the lot might be reduced twenty per cent and the conditions be really better for each individual house.

In other words, collective planning by means of mutual adjustment in each specific case does away with the costly blanket restrictions, which cause in real-estate development of this type a very considerable waste in the use of land—the counterpart of that material which is required in building construction to insure against imperfect work and which is technically called the "factor of safety." In both cases this is a heavy tax on the owner or tenant of the property. While it is clearly recognized by all experts in construction, I doubt if it has ever been recognized as such—in this country at least—in the case of real-estate development. And here again is a specific instance where the demonstration of this fact in a model town may have a great educational value.



Bird's-eye view of Forest Hills Gardens, Long Island.
An example of collective planning, development, and control.

There is, moreover, another development of this group-planning principle which, although as yet experimental, may lead to a practical solution of one of the greatest difficulties in any attempt to secure a decent suburban development which shall at the same time meet the necessities of the "small buyers"—who constitute perhaps the largest, and in some respects the most desirable, class among the seekers for small suburban homes. A certain number of these are able to buy, on easy terms, a lot with a house already built upon it, and can therefore be ac-

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commodated by the erection and sale of groups such as already illustrated. But a far greater number, and those in fact to whom economy is most necessary, cannot afford to undertake the building of a house until three or four years after the purchase of their lots, even assuming the easiest terms which are possible on any commercial basis.

On the other hand, to sell such small units as this class can afford to buy—lots of twelve or fifteen feet in width, for example—subject to independent development by such individual owners, however careful the restrictions, is certain to give results detrimental to the value of the property as a whole, quite aside from any æsthetic considerations or that of the additional expense involved in the separate erection of such small individual houses. Unless some means be found, therefore, by which these difficulties can be met, the home-seekers of this class must be relegated to such undesirable property as may have already lost caste by reason of similar disorderly growth, or may be for some other reason so undesirable as to make its proper development of no import.

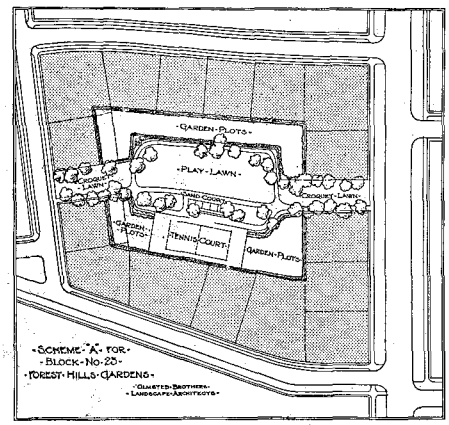

Diagram No. 5.

It is necessary again to cite Forest Hills Gardens for an example of any practical attempt to solve this problem. Under the "Sage Group-building Plan" portions of the property are set apart for division into groups of lots of a width of thirteen feet each and upward, and for each group of lots a group of buildings is designed. Briefly stated, the plan provides for the purchase of individual plots forming parts of such a group upon terms of payment similar to those for ordinary vacant lots, and such modifications as are approved by the company will be made in the plans of individual houses of the group to suit the ideas of purchasers. As soon as acceptable applications have been received for all the plots in a given group, formal contracts will be entered into between the company and the various purchasers, making the plan operative as to that group. The company will agree to build the whole group as soon as payments amounting to approximately ten per cent of the combined price of house and plot, together with interest, taxes, and assessments, shall have been made on every plot in the group, provided all the terms of the contracts have been observed. Under the ordinary system of payments this amount will have been paid in about four years; but if at any time before that period each of the purchasers in the group shall have paid the required ten per cent, and, under certain conditions, even though all the members of the entire group have not qualified, the company agrees to build the group forthwith.

While preserving the forty- or fifty-foot plot, and its regular restrictions in all cases where lots are sold under ordinary conditions, the company hopes by this group-building plan to meet the need of those who want smaller plots for future building in a manner that secures the advantage of large combined operations, both as to design and construction, without requiring as large a cash payment as is necessary to purchase a house in a group already built and without too great sacrifice of individual preference as to house plans.

By collective planning and control it thus hopes to save for the small purchaser the twenty per cent which, as we have seen, under the guise of its general restrictions, constitutes the "factor of safety" necessary for the general protection of its purchasers.

V

But this is illustrative of only one type of burden which our "model town," like

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a willing pack-animal, is expected to carry. Along with the more or less handily tied-up economic and æsthetic problems, like the foregoing, are a lot of loosely bound and awkwardly shaped sociological and social experiments which must sooner or later be added to the pack; the art of the business lying in so packing them that those proving too awkward for even a model pack-horse to carry can be slipped off before the animal goes down with the entire load on its back. While the field of co-operative possibilities in this connection is too large to permit in this article anything more than the most superficial glance, we may consider one example illustrating at once both the type of problem and the kind of precaution against failure which ought to be taken in all such demonstrations.

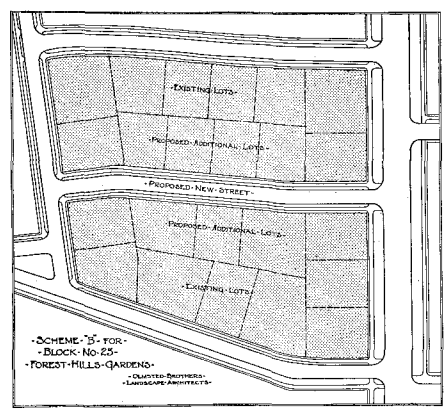

Diagram No. 6.

In certain of the blocks at Forest Hills Gardens, provision has been made for small private parks in the interior of the blocks. But such parks, if increased in size beyond the very limited extent by which the depth of the abutting lots can be shortened, must correspondingly increase the normal price of the surrounding lots. Such additional cost, moreover, representing land permanently unavailable for anything but park purposes, would be a questionable investment for the small purchaser. To meet this difficulty, one section of property at Forest Hills Gardens has been especially subdivided as shown in the diagram (No. 5) so as to make it possible for the company to lease this interior property at a rental based on the wholesale price of the land to the abutting owners for co-operative development and control with the right of purchase. Under this plan an exceptionally large area is here reserved in the middle of the block with the expectation that it will be used in part as a private park for all the people in the block, with tennis-courts and such other provisions for recreation as they may decide to have, and in part for private allotment gardens attached to those houses on the surrounding lots whose owners desire to lease additional garden space at a fair rental.

There are many people who want to experiment with a garden—more of a garden than is possible on the ordinary house plot—but who either are unable to buy the necessary area or feel too uncertain of their gardening success to risk the additional investment. To such as these the plan in contemplation offers the opportunity of hiring garden space outside their lots and of increasing or decreasing this space, or finally giving it up, just as their experience may dictate, instead of being definitely committed to what they might unwisely choose at the start. If as large a piece of land as that here reserved could never be used in other ways, in case the demand for garden space grew slack and the people in the block no longer cared to keep up a private park, the company would have to make itself safe against such a contingency by charging an extra price for the lots which carried with them the privileges of the reserved space. But the area enclosed in this case is designed so as to permit its conversion into a cross street flanked by building lots of marketable size, as is shown by the diagram (No. 6), which makes it commercially possible for the company to lease this area to the surrounding lot owners to acquire its use from the company at a rental unusually small, because based on the wholesale price of this land. They may thus decide for themselves at the end of every year whether the park and gardens have shown themselves to be worth their keep or whether on the whole they do not pay. If the owners of a majority of the lots in the block as now laid out should vote to give up the lease of the interior land, but only in such case, the company would resume

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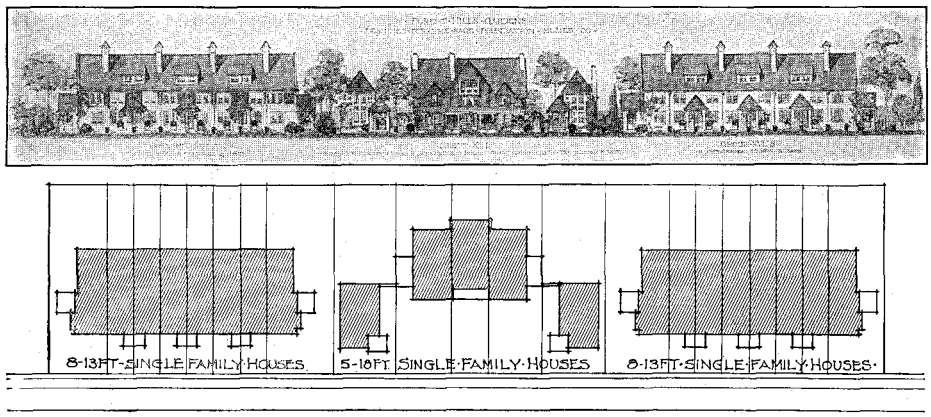

Third Development —
Treatment of entire street, showing collective design. Single, semi-detached, group

its occupation thereof, construct a street through it, and sell the remaining land in lots. It would, however, first give the opportunity to each of the surrounding lot owners to purchase the piece in the rear of his own lot before selling it to an outsider; and at any time during the continuance of the lease the surrounding lot owners would have the option of buying the interior land as a whole on joint account. Thus it is happily arranged so that neither purchaser nor company can lose much of anything—a plan which combines the "golden rule" and the principle of "heads I win and tails you lose," with what, it is hoped will prove beneficent results.

VI

And this characteristic is a very important one; for it means that, if successful, others may safely try similar schemes without financial risk. Obviously, no experiment or demonstration should be made in a "model town" such that could only be duplicated with the aid of philanthropy, charity, or paternalism, or in which the collective action might not be equally possible and safe, whether the capital and direction be supplied by one proprietor, a great number of individuals in co-operation, or, as is the case in the demonstration by the Russell Sage Foundation at Forest Hills, a kind of educational oligarchy whose control will gradually give place to a lot owner's democracy.

If for no other reason, therefore, the model town must be considered, organized and developed on a business basis; and the value of the experience acquired or any success achieved will depend first and last on obtaining results in the face of conditions no more favorable than ordinarily met with in other land developments, and by the use of means ordinarily available in other instances. In fact the future of town-planning in America depends on whether it can be shown to pay. The so-called model town must succeed on a commercial basis. It must even do better in this respect than the ordinary commercial or speculative development. Its educational, architectural, and sociological possibilities, therefore, in the last analysis depend on its economic success. The equation is fundamentally an economic one, however æsthetically it may be put upon the slate, and its solution must be found in terms of dollars and cents.

Thus, in spite of being called "garden cities," the real genesis and the most important function of the European "model town"—usually developed on some kind of co-operative basis—has been an economic one, practically a matter of self-defence. Whereas the mediæval walled town was a refuge for marauding barons, the co-operative town of to-day is primarily a means of protection against our modern land speculators. And the value of the model town in this respect should be even greater here in America, where one of the fundamental difficulties in the

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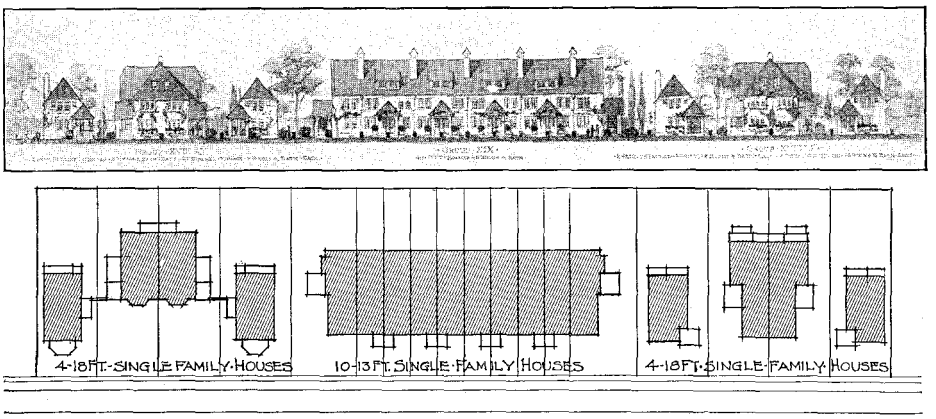

Forest Hills Gardens.

and block houses disposed with a view to land economy and avoidance of monotony.

solution of the housing problem lies in the uncertain and rapid changes in land prices and usage, and the speculative exploitation of an increment very much "unearned" by those who ordinarily profit most by it.

While stimulated by a number of causes, these conditions are made possible largely by reason of the lack of town-planning—that collective design and control of which we have been speaking. Nor is it by any means confined to large cities and their suburbs. Economically, the problem exists long before the town grows to be a city. The trouble becomes tangible with the building of the first multiple dwellings and tenement houses. There is no more dangerous fallacy than the comfortable belief that sinister living conditions exist only in large cities.

The effect of bad housing on the poorer classes, and indirectly on the public in general, is now being constantly demonstrated; so that it is unnecessary further to emphasize it here. But it is doubtful if even the intelligent and interested portion of the public realizes that many of the worst housing conditions are directly due to bad city planning—improper street layout and lot units—and that unhygienic dwellings are oftentimes but symptomatic of unhealthy economic conditions. That what appears a problem in house and tenement design is at bottom really a question of street plan, lotting, restrictions, and city ordinances—in other words, town-planning.

To distinguish between the results of greed and neglect on the part of the builder and landlord, and the evils that are due to general causes for which they are in nowise responsible—systems of land distribution, sale, tenure, and taxation—is a most difficult task. But it is the first step toward any permanent solution of the hydra-headed questions generally spoken of as the "housing problem." And to any one who has first-hand knowledge of the living conditions under which the country breeds a great part of its workers and citizens, this "housing problem" must appear no inconsiderable factor in what is commonly spoken of as the "social unrest" throughout the country.

But whether or not it be a directly contributing cause of strikes and other labor disturbances, this question of proper homes for laboring men should be recognized as one of those grave problems that are coming to the surface in all parts of the United States as the flood of our surplus material wealth recedes; and which, like rocks in a harbor, are really most dangerous when still concealed, just before the ebbing tide bares them to plain view.

To claim that garden suburbs and model towns will cure all such ills would be carrying our simile of the patent-medicine label a little too far. There is some danger that the power for good manifestly inherent in this world-wide awakening to the social meaning and importance of living conditions may be seriously hampered by a too thoughtless acceptance of its first

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manifestations in the shape of so-called "model" towns and demonstrations of various kinds—proprietary, governmental, co-operative, or socialistic—as a cure-all for the body politic.

Very evidently the success of all such experiments presupposes a supply of more or less ideal citizens, which is likely enough to prove difficult to obtain. Yet it is more than probable that this is due to the fact that while we have been building model stock and poultry farms for a

Children's Gardens, Dayton, Ohio.
An example of industrial social welfare work, in which the National Cash Register Co. has been especially prominent.

decade or two in which to breed blooded cows and prize hens, we are only now beginning the attempt to provide similarly well for the breeding of "blooded" citizens. Naturally no town can long remain "model" without "model" inhabitants. It will surely not rise above the level of its citizenship. That basic principle of hydraulics is an apt enough simile. But it is equally evident that water will not rise even to its own level unless the walls of the containing vessel are carried up to that height. So in spite of the fact that garden cities and suburbs must earn their living in just the same work-a-day fashion as the people who live in them, one should not forget that the town, even though it must be so essentially practical, may very properly stand for ideals higher than those of its inhabitants; for it is nothing more or less than a department of that most powerful of all educational institutions, "the school of environment."

It is safe to say that to the majority of the readers of this magazine closely packed Manhattan represents a magnetic pole of social attraction—or distraction—of professional or business opportunity, toward which the needle of their compass is more or less strongly drawn—a place of monumental hotels and private palaces, great enterprises, splendid amusements. The suburb, on the other hand, stands for the enforced economy of young married life—the martyrdom of commutation—largely "for the sake of the children." But to the masses that congest our tenements, streets, and subways, the city can rarely appear in such a light; far oftener a labyrinth of brick, stone, and steel—a place of uncertain work and little pay, of struggle for life, or even for existence—while the suburbs and smaller towns, if they but know it, may well be a haven of refuge. For it has been truly said that the one vital point in which the suburb differs from the city slums is in its possession of happiness. How far the dweller in the model town or

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Marion Public Library
Marion, Ohio

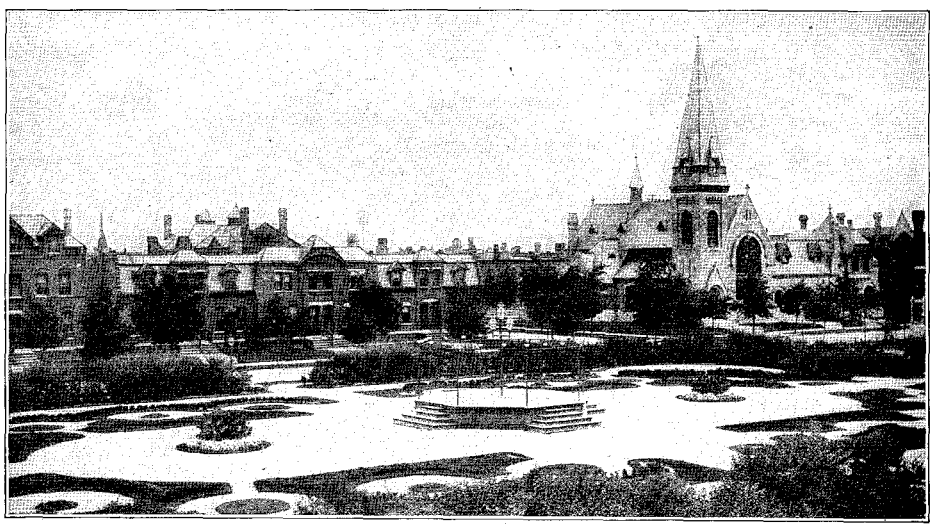
A recently developed group in Garden City, Long Island.
A pioneer among comprehensively planned towns and suburbs in America.

suburb partakes of this priceless possession must largely depend upon himself; but the study of such problems, both here and abroad, leads, I think, to the conviction that for the great masses their opportunity lies that way.

And it is from this point of view that the study of suburban development in all its phases—as factory centre, model town, or garden city, commercial, philanthropic, educational—makes its strongest appeal. It has to do with the greatest conservation problem of to-day—that of our race—and one that has been neglected with a recklessness that can only be described as American.

So the model town, whether it serves to retard still further centralization in vast cities or to draw some portion of city dwellers back into purer environment, as have the garden suburbs of London, has for its supreme function the making of healthier, happier, and better citizens.

As for its practical definition, if the reader has not—by reason of this catalogue of virtues—already written it down a "municipal prig," let him conceive it a place whose citizens are models of happiness. Or let him define it, as Maeterlinck might, "A model town is a collection of homes where bluebirds dwell."



Pullman, Illinois.
The most ambitious of earlier "model" developments. Formerly under paternal control, lately absorbed by the city of Chicago.

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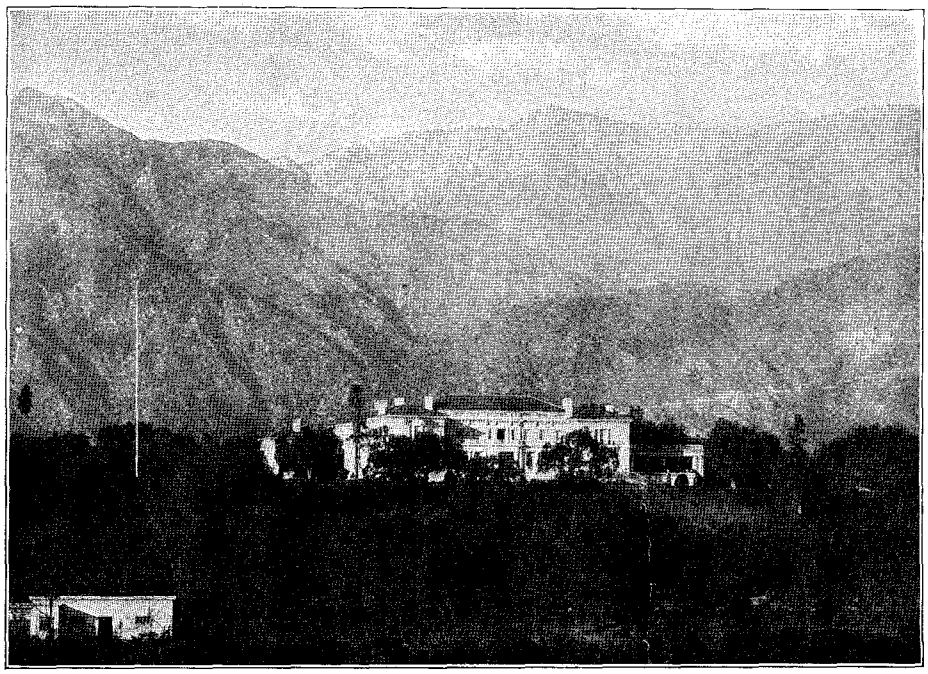

From a photograph, copyright by Frederick W. Martin, Pasadena.

Home of Henry E. Huntington, Pasadena.

THE NEW SUBURB OF THE PACIFIC COAST

By Elmer Grey

THERE are on the Pacific Coast many examples of suburbs that have been laid out with rare forethought. The best of these are residence districts of such surpassing beauty as to make it difficult to convey to the unfamiliar mind an idea of their charm. The difficulty lies in that words and photographs do not give an adequate impression. Photographs show partial views of what should be seen in entirety. Words are associated too often with the fiction of the printed page.

The East has been an experimental station for the West in the matter of suburb planning; and this is fortunate. For it would have been a pity to mar the beauty of some of the most beautiful scenery in the world by the introduction of roads and houses in a hap-hazard manner. Some of the natural advantages of the West have been desecrated, but enough have been appreciated and so well treated as to shine as glowing examples of what nature when combined with intelligent art can accomplish. In the suburb people desire above all else beauty of surroundings, and they are willing frequently to put up with considerable inconvenience in order to obtain it. They will leave the apartment-house or small city lot and travel an hour or more, morning and evening, in order to live in the suburb. They will climb hills when they get there in order to build their homes where is the finest view. They do require comfort, but they must have beauty also if at all possible.

The far West has realized this fact, and applied it with courage. In Oak Knoll, Pasadena, an oak tree is valued at a thousand dollars, some at more than that. In this most beautiful residence district nature was lavish with her gifts, and man took advantage of it. The country is rolling and dotted with live oaks. Toward

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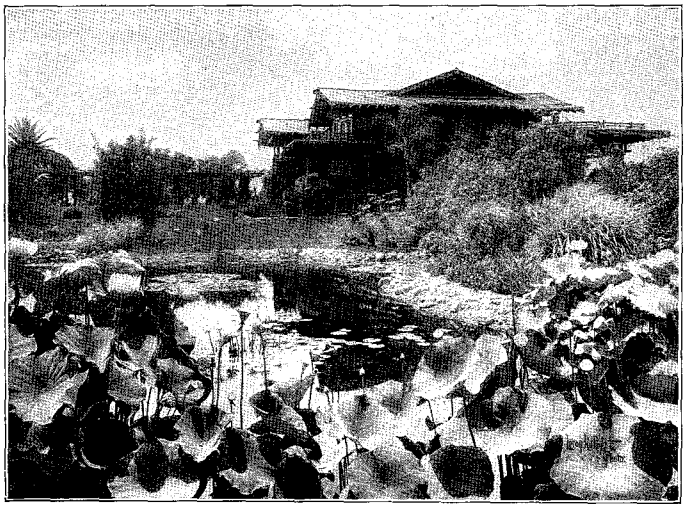
the north is a magnificent background of mountains, toward the south a panorama of the entire San Gabriel Valley. With this good start roads were planned along the natural contours, wound through the bottoms of ravines and canyons, and thoroughly improved. In cases where trees or groups of trees came in the path of roads, the roads were deflected; and in some instances immensely valuable pieces of property were given over as parks to save a group of oaks or enhance the beauty of the whole. Along some of the winding drives tall eucalypti stand as sentries. Adorning many of the hills are full-grown orange orchards. Scattered in among them are beautiful villas, some of light hue reminiscent of Spain and Italy, others darker in tone and of a local style unique in its suitability to California sunshine and flowers. As I write the yellow fruit hangs upon the trees, the distant hills of the valley, green from recent rains, stand out with remarkable distinctness, the mountains a few miles away are white with snow. There is no more delightful place in the world to live.

A winding street in Oak Knoll, Pasadena.

Backed up against the mountains, north of Pasadena, lies Altadena. Recently there has been opened up there the Foothill Boulevard. Until a short while ago most of this drive consisted of but sage-brush, cacti, and boulders. Intelligent planning and ready money worked a transformation. It is now the favorite automobile drive for Pasadena and Los Angeles motorists. The topography of the country is that of a deep wooded canyon running parallel with the base of the mountains. The drive for a considerable distance has been planned to skirt the edge of the canyon, so that in riding along one looks across a chasm at the almost sheer and rocky face of the mountains. Always in another direction is the wide



A residence, Oak Knoll, Pasadena.
A suggestion of the architecture of Japan has been used with good effect.

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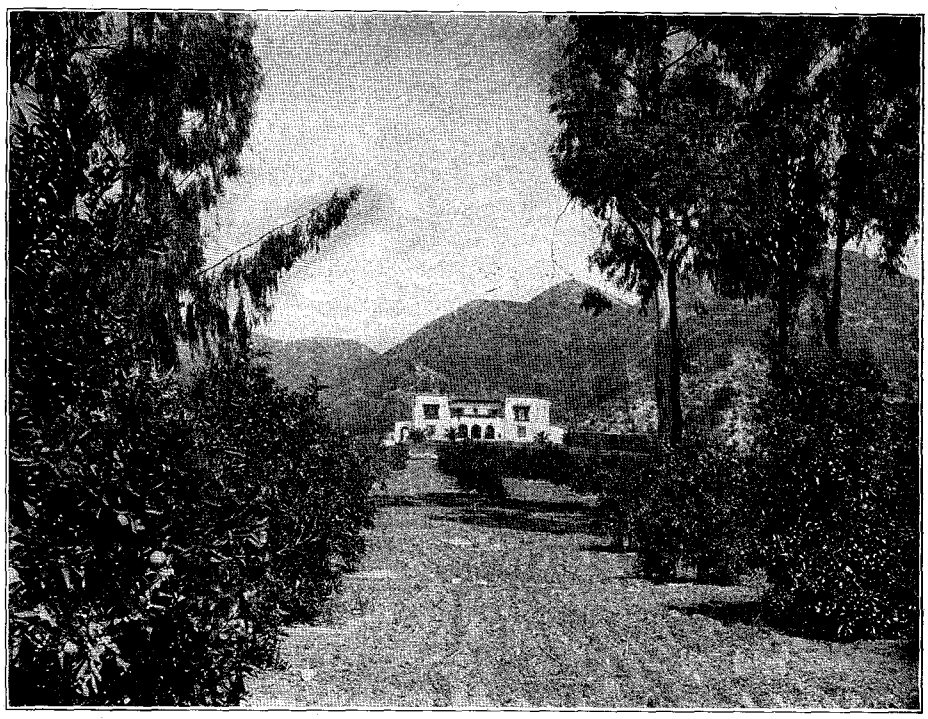

Residence of G. W. Wattles, Hollywood, California.
Originally the property was bare save a covering of sage-brush.

panorama of San Gabriel Valley. One of the finest features of this boulevard might have been irremediably spoiled if building lots and houses had been interposed between the canyon and the drive.

Across a great arroyo, on another side of Pasadena, is San Rafael Heights with its quota of beautiful homes. It has all the natural advantages possessed by Oak Knoll minus the fine roads and walks. Besides an unobstructed view of the mountains, it commands a panoramic view up and down the Arroyo Seco, which promises to be preserved in its natural aspect as a public park.

Bungalow in Hollywood.

All around Pasadena and Los Angeles much of the architecture is beautiful by reason of its having a character of its own. The local architects have frequently considered the oaks in designing their

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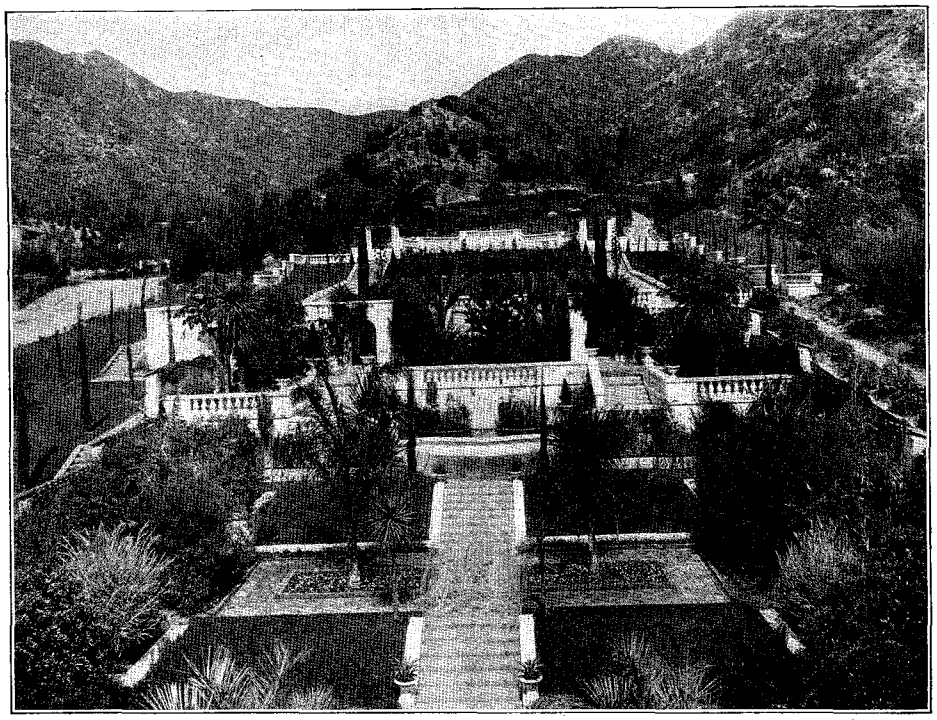
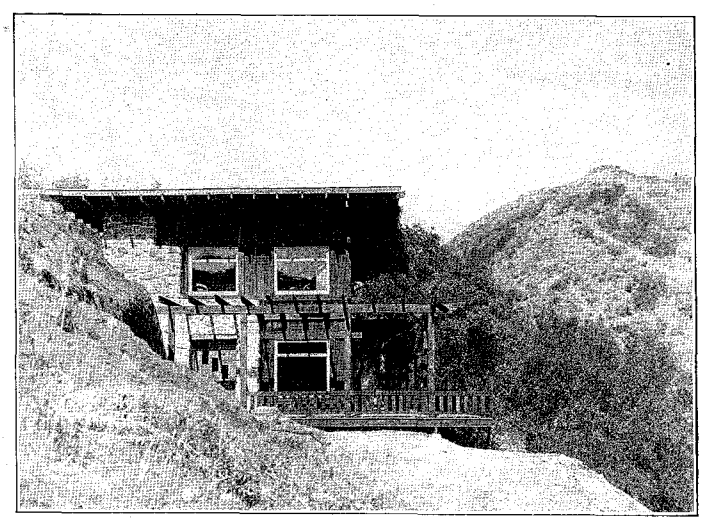


Terraced garden, residence of G. W. Wattles, Hollywood, California.
Now it is an ensemble of luxuriant semi-tropical foliage and flowers.

buildings; and in many instances have built a porch, pergola, or balustrade around a spreading tree, forming a patio or terrace of unusual beauty. A number have also succeeded in instilling into their work a suggestion of the architecture of the Mediterranean countries; and whether because of the similar climate, or of the Spanish influence of the missions and near-by Mexico, at any rate, the result harmonizes exceedingly well with the California landscape. The buildings are not Spanish in style, nor are they Italian; they are distinctly Californian, but the foreign influence pervades them and lends an additional charm. A suggestion of the architecture of Japan has also been widely used with good effect, and the two adaptations go far toward giving Southern California a distinctive architectural style.



"Bungalow Land" Hollywood.

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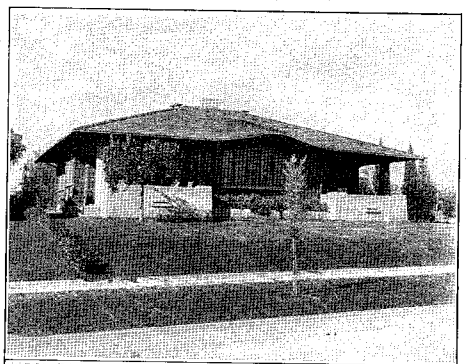
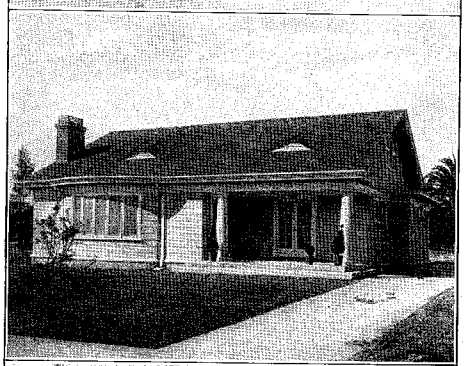
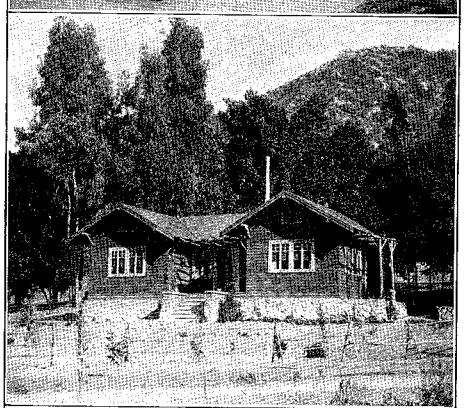


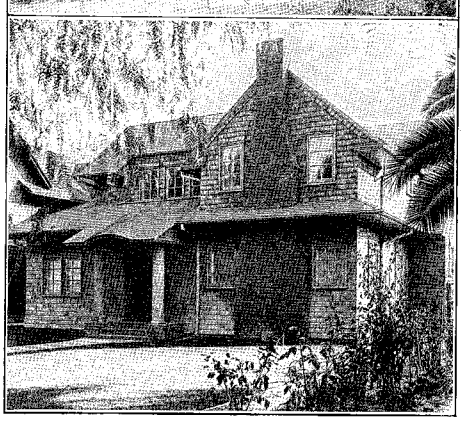
Bungalow at Pasadena.



Bungalow at Pasadena.



Bungalow Land, Hollywood.



Bungalow in Hollywood.

From Los Angeles to the ocean, a distance of about twenty miles, a magnificent boulevard skirts the foot-hills, connecting several suburbs on the way. The first of these is Hollywood, a district recently annexed to Los Angeles. It has beautifully shaded streets, but is conspicuous in a more unusual way for the manner in which the sides of its hills and canyons have been utilized for building purposes. Out of two of these hills and an intervening canyon, which at one time may have seemed to many like almost worthless property, was made one of the show places of California. It consists of an extensive terraced garden backing upward into the canyon. The lower portions around the house are surrounded by walls and are connected to the upper levels by many flights of balustraded steps. Originally the property was bare save a covering of sage-brush; now it is an ensemble of luxuriant semi-tropical foliage and flowers, half-hidden architectural features, mirrored water effects and beautiful foot-hill background.

In another of Hollywood's many canyons is "Bungalow Land," where those of more modest means build their eyries. In many instances the ground floor of one part of a Hollywood house opens upon the second floor level of another portion built lower down.

Beverly Hills, situated a few miles nearer the ocean and midway between Los Angeles and the sea, is also built among the foot-hills and extends down from them over a wide stretch of sloping country. Nowhere in Southern California has there been a more consistent attempt to plan a suburb in the right way from the start. The business portion was established where is the least view, at the lower end of the slope. The residence section extends from there northward, up, on and into the foot-hills. The main trolley lines from the city run through the business portion and also along the base of the hills. Adjoining the principal station a considerable piece of property was set aside as a park, planted with trees and shrubbery, and an extensive water-garden put in at the time the tract was laid out. The streets were planned in great sweeping curves having in mind the main lines of travel, and shade-trees were set out. Ow-

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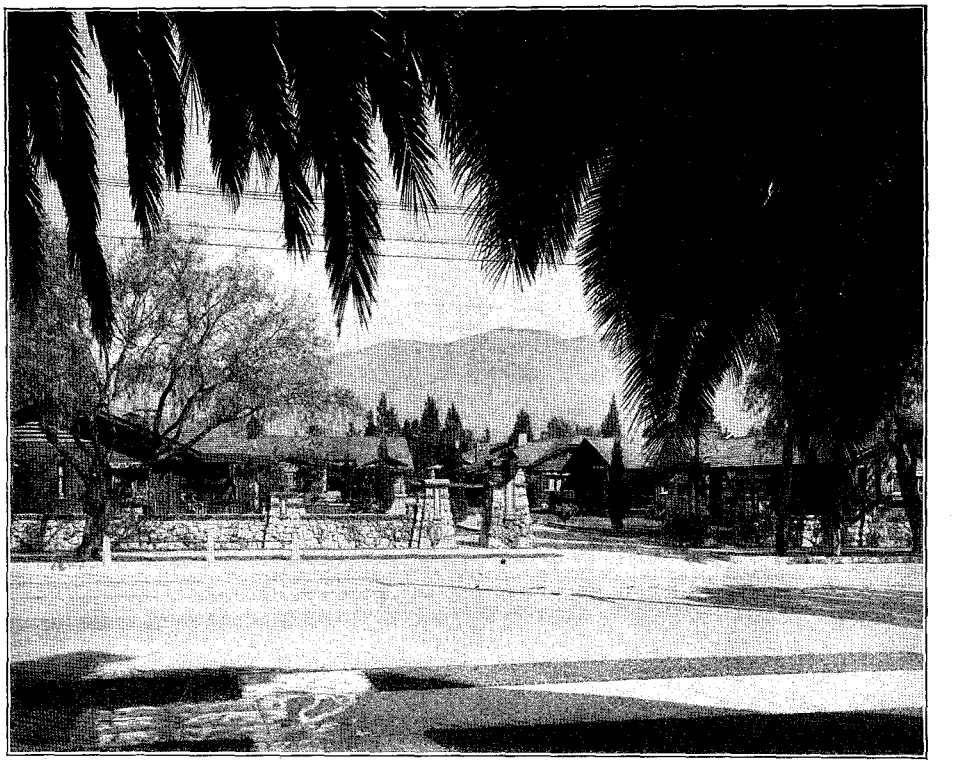
ing to the location of the town between the city and the sea, its fine situation along the hills, and its proximity to the golf links of the Los Angeles Country Club, it was foreseen that it would be a convenient and delightful resort for tourists. So upon a sightly knoll a site was established for a future hotel with another park in front of it to preserve its valley view. This was all several years ago. To-day a large tourist hostelry occupies the hotel site, the park opposite has been still further improved, the street trees have attained size, and the entire place is building up just as was first contemplated. How much better than to have had it grow hap-hazard.



Bungalow court in Pasadena.

Santa Monica, the ocean terminus of the boulevard from Los Angeles, has a situation similar to that of some of the beautiful seaport towns of Southern Italy. Here all the mountain ranges I have mentioned assemble to make their final bow. They do this with the utmost grace. Their rugged shores are usually fringed with surf and jut out as promontories one beyond another, thus forming a most beautiful bay. Interposed between the mountains and the lower country is a wooded canyon a mile wide and two hundred feet deep. The Palisades of Santa Monica overlook this canyon, look out upon the bay, and also upon a beautiful mesa opposite and several ranges of mountains. A road running from them follows up the coast and, skirting the shore for miles, constitutes a magnificent scenic automobile drive.

In taking the train north from Los Angeles, and after leaving San Francisco, the character of the country begins to change. At Portland the change is very marked. At Seattle it is a transformation. Instead of the comparatively bare hills and the spreading oaks of the south, vast forests of tall firs growing thickly together are the dominant note. Instead of the dry canyons and arroyos of Southern California, many rivers and inland lakes appear. And these two features,

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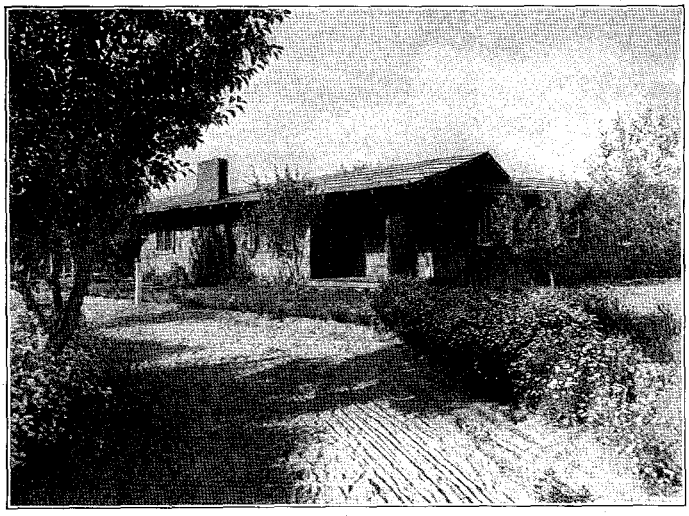
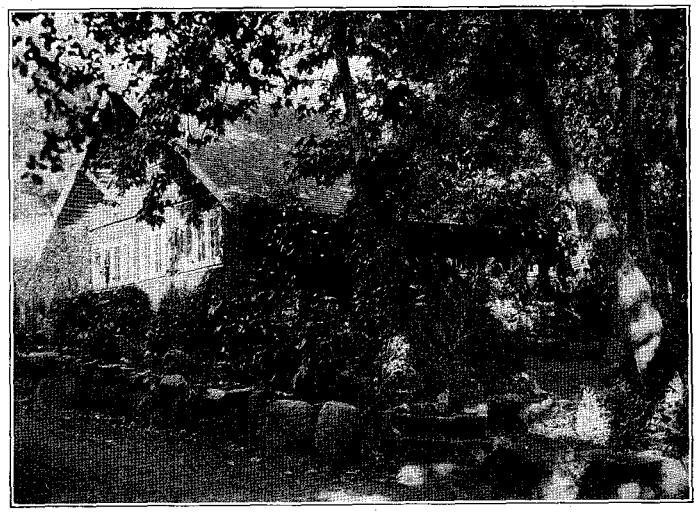
the great forests of firs and other evergreens and the plenitude of rivers and lakes, are the distinguishing characteristics of the north-western landscape. This distinction should be held in mind, because it marks a great difference between the two sections of country as regards the treatment of their suburbs. It changes the material best adapted to landscaping and should change the style of architecture. The north-west has not yet found itself as regards a characteristic style of architecture, but this is more than made up by the way much of its landscaping has been done. I am writing now after having just seen Seattle, and my pen falters in consequence. For I know not how to express all the wonderful beauty seen in one day's automobiling over the winding drives and rambling afoot through the dark-green forest parks of Seattle's suburbs.

They have distributed through them a great park system, the various units of which are connected by boulevards that wind along the shores of beautiful Lake Washington and Puget Sound. On the opposite shores of both of these bodies of water are snow-covered peaks; the Olympics on the west, the Cascades on the east. The parks are remnants of ancient forests (thus has Seattle conserved her natural resources) and, unlike the southern country, the ground between the trees is covered thickly with an undergrowth of trailing plants, low-growing shrubs, and beautiful ferns. The effect of all these features in combination must be seen to be appreciated; and when you do see it, if you have a particle of love for the beautiful within you, you will come away with a sense of sorrow, not only because you have to leave so lovely a place, but also because you cannot convey an impression of its real character to your friends who have not seen it. The camera would need



Bungalow at Cudahy Station, near Los Angeles.



Bungalow Land, Hollywood.

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Bungalow Land, Hollywood.

In many instances the ground floor of one part of a Hollywood house opens upon the second floor level.

to take one continuous panorama of your drive and walk to show but a fraction of it; words tell much less. I came away with a vision which I cannot transmit, of majestic firs towering in the air, of a maze of wonderful undergrowth beneath, of blue waters glistening between the trees and of snow-covered mountains beyond.

It is to the very great credit of the people of Seattle that they appreciated the beauty of their city's unusual situation, and the remaining portions of forest in their midst and, before the latter had been cut down, employed an able firm of landscape architects to make the best disposition of them. It has been done in such ways as to provide every portion of the future residence section of the city as it expands with a forest park, a playground, and a drive along the water. The value of such foresight is never immediately apparent to all, and it is the more amazing that Seattle should have done what it has done in so splendid a way.

East of Seattle, some four hundred and forty miles, is the inland city of Spokane with a rushing river fed by mountain streams coursing through its midst. Twenty-three years ago Spokane had seven thousand inhabitants. To-day it has one hundred and thirty-two thousand. It also has a few men who have watched it grow, who realize that it will continue to grow, and who have secured for its suburbs a system of distributed parks and playgrounds which, considering lesser possibilities, is quite as fine as that of Seattle. Here as there expert advice was employed for the planning. The park lands obtained have not all been improved, but were secured by the city for park purposes while it was still possible to secure them at a reasonable figure, and before they had been denuded of trees or built upon. Many of them were given to the city by realty firms or others who realized that their use as parks would enhance the value of adjoining property. The connecting parkways are likewise not all yet developed, but the roads have been secured for the purpose and are so laid out as to insure a drive thirty-seven miles long, with a commanding view on one side and residential property on the other.

Much interesting development has been done in the Spokane suburbs. In Rock-

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Photograph by Seattle Publicity Bureau.

Mt. Baker Boulevard, on shore of Lake Washington.

wood, streets have been laid out on the curvilinear plan following the natural contours, the trolley tracks have been placed in strips of parking, sometimes in the centre, sometimes at the side of the street, and the ties have been lowered and grass grown between the rails. A number of fine old pines growing in the street have been preserved. Some of the residence sites embrace valley, river, and mountain views that are unsurpassed, and a number of residences have been built of which any city might well be proud.

Photograph by Seattle Publicity Bureau.

Olympics from Golden Gardens, Seattle.

Tacoma is worth visiting in connection with the suburb beautiful; but what it has in this line is mostly what nature has given it, while what it has not is due either to what man has done, or to what he has left undone. Much of the residence district has been denuded of trees in a shameful manner, and in the midst of it there are several magnificent gulches overgrown with firs, balsam, and madrona, one or two of which have been secured for parks, while the others overlooking Puget Sound and commanding wonderful views have been left to the disposition of fate.

But what the city lacks in all-cast features, it makes up for in star attractions. Its Point Defiance Park is a primeval forest. The firs in it grow two hundred feet high. They rise like a myriad of gigantic gray columns, their tops and shafts adorned with great masses of graceful tuft-like foliage. As I rode through I could think only of "cathedral aisles." The undergrowth is an impenetrable jungle of Oregon grape, alder, madrona, huckleberries, and the like. The ground at the sides of the road is carpeted solid with moss.

The "prairie" lying north-west of the city is a tract of as yet undeveloped land, perhaps ten or fifteen miles square, as remarkable as it is beautiful. The peculiar constituency of the ground in it is such that, although unusually rich under cultivation for miles upon miles, the automobile glides over smooth hard roads that are virgin soil, while on either side, where the surface has not been disturbed, it is like a well-kept lawn. Dotted all over this sward are groups and groves of mag-

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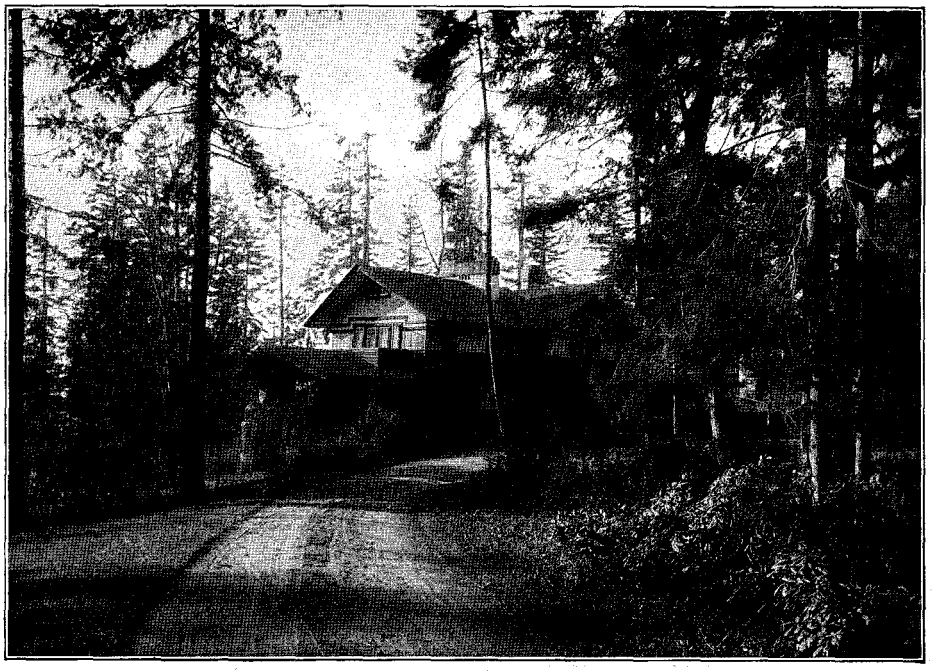

A residence, Richmond Highlands, Seattle.

nificent firs, growing in some places as thickly together as in a forest, elsewhere opening out to expose long vistas of beautiful country. It is a most wonderful piece of natural landscaping.

The American Lake district is a suburb laid out in three and four acre lots and larger, and encompassing American, Gravelly, and Steilacoom Lakes. It is much like the "prairie" country, but has been developed and built upon considerably. It contains one of the best designed, most pretentious, and altogether satisfactory examples of suburban house architecture in this country—the residence of Mr. Chester Thorne. This is the more noteworthy because most of the architecture of the north-west is a little of everything. All styles seem to have been tried out to see how they would go. There should be some note throughout in harmony with that part of the country. When at Seattle and Spokane, I wondered whether it might not finally appear in the English influence of near-by Canada. Several good pieces of work in those cities suggested it. Upon seeing Mr. Thorne's residence, this idea was confirmed. His house is in the Tudor style and seems welded to the landscape.

Portland has made such rapid progress along commercial lines that until recently little attention was paid to the manner of its growth. This is very apparent to the stranger. It has now, however, a comprehensive city plan prepared by an expert, and includes an extensive park and boulevard system for the suburbs. Much development following the lines of this plan has already been accomplished, and, judging from the spirit of some of Portland's citizens, much more will be done in the near future. That which is noteworthy about the outlying residence section is, however, the manner in which streets have been zigzagged and wound up the sides of hills of great height, following the natural contours, and the steep sides utilized for building purposes. It is like climbing a mountain by easy grades with houses built along the sides all the way up. The hills attain a height of something like four hundred and fifty feet above the business portion of the city and command a magnificent view of it, of the Willamette River and of the country beyond, including three snow-capped mountain peaks. The hillside drives which run through several parks of great beauty are, of course, wonderful on account of the views.

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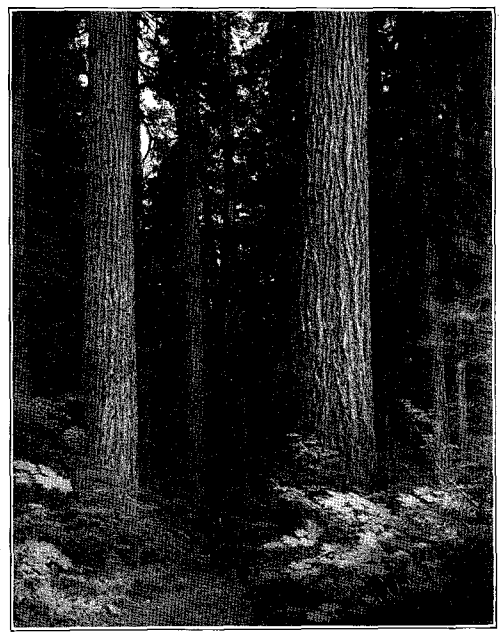
A Spokane residence.

The suburbs around San Francisco are difficult to include in an article of this length, not only because there are so many of them, but also because in many cases their essential character and difference from other places lie in qualities which must be seen and lived with in order to be understood. Many of them are quite old as compared with the places that have been described, and they have a certain charm in consequence which only age can give. They might be divided according to location into three classes: Those on the peninsula, those on the north side of the bay around the foot of Mount Tamalpais, and those west of the bay facing the Golden Gate. Mention of some must necessarily be omitted. On the peninsula a range of hills runs north and south parallel with the shore of the Pacific. These hills become higher and more wooded as they run farther south. Fifteen or twenty miles from the city they are quite high and in the valley east of them, protected from the winds and fogs of the ocean, are the suburbs of Burlingame, San Mateo, Menlo Park, and others. The three named are noteworthy as containing the homes of many of San Francisco's people of wealth. From the road one sees only high hedges and fences surrounding large estates. Inside, many of the places are very beautiful. In one at San Mateo is a formal garden designed by Le Nôtre, which has on a smaller scale much of the character of the main garden of Versailles. In another place is a most beautiful Japanese garden built adjacent to some bay-trees of enormous size and great age. The house in this place looks like a veritable old English manor overgrown with vines and ripened with age. Many more places of a like nature would doubtless be found if one had the time and the opportunity to enter and inspect them.



Automobile road winding through the big timber in Point Defiance Park, Tacoma.

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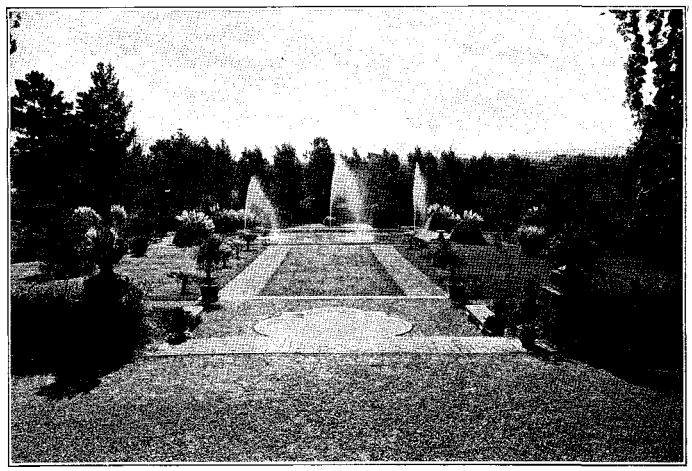
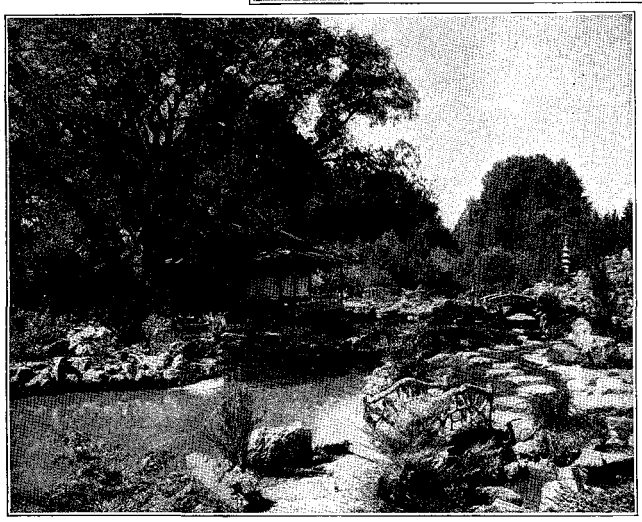
On the north side of the bay, facing an inlet about a mile wide and protected from the ocean's winds by the hills at the foot of Mount Tamalpais, is Sausalito. "Sausalito the Beautiful" is here an appropriate term. For again one's enthusiasm wells up and there is a lack of words to express all the

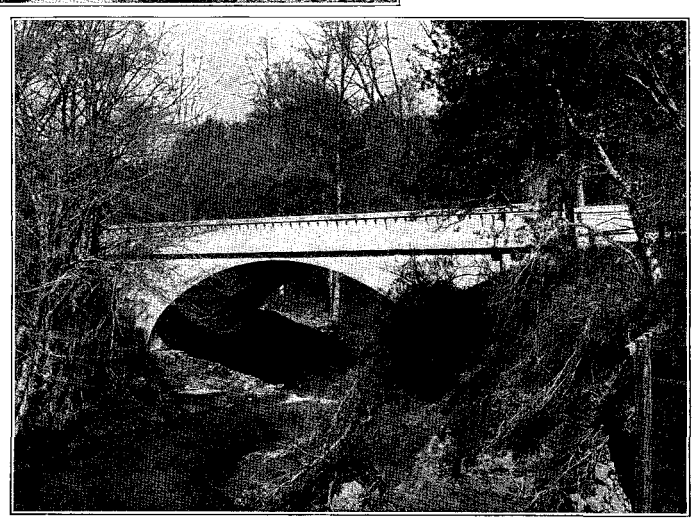


Garden in San Mateo, in the Santa Clara Valley, California.



Japanese garden in San Mateo.

charm. It overlooks San Francisco Bay, the suburb of Belvidere across the inlet, and Angel Island, a government possession. It has the advantage of the other suburbs around San Francisco in having a sheltered harbor for yachts, and is also the official rendezvous for the United States revenue cutters. Most of the streets are zigzagged up the sides of steep hills, and there are three other streets which run parallel with the shore in tiers, one above the other. From the two upper levels one looks completely over the tops of the houses built on the one below. In going from the business portion of the town along the water front to



Reinforced concrete arch bridge.
Constructed by the town of Ross, Marin County, California.

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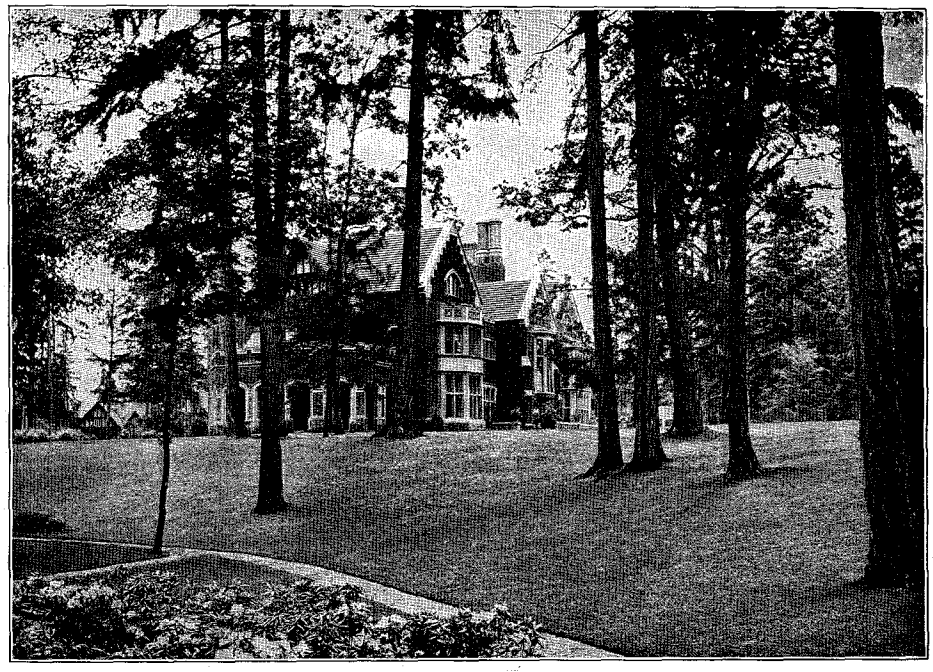

Chester Thorne residence, American Lake, Tacoma.
The house is in the Tudor style and seems welded to the landscape.

the residence section above, one passes many stone fences beautifully built in a natural manner by a local "Arbor Society," which has also planted flowers and ferns along the way to be enjoyed or plucked by the passer-by. This means more in Sausalito than it would elsewhere, because the flowers there are exceptionally luxuriant and profuse in their bloom. In one spot commanding a particularly fine view, a beautiful granite seat has been erected by the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, in memory of the poet, Daniel O'Connell, who lived there. The homes of Sausalito and the paths leading to them are charming. In looking for one, we were told to climb a certain road, then a flight of steps, and then "follow the trail." We did so, and after wending our way through a mass of low growing oaks, finally found the house embowered among the trees and called "Peter Pan's Cottage," because the livable part of it, looking over a great stretch of oaks, seemed to be built almost among their tops.

Farther north in a valley, and among the hills surrounding Mount Tamalpais, are the suburbs of Ross, San Anselmo, and others. The two named contain many more homes of the well-to-do and have the same indefinable charm that only age and much attention can give. The trees are particularly high and beautiful. Many of the houses have wonderful hill-top sites, and these have often been taken advantage of in producing unusually beautiful landscape effects in the way of terraces, flights of winding steps, and the like. One of the features of Ross consists of a number of unusually well-designed concrete bridges adorned with beautiful electric light standards. The public and semi-public buildings are also unusually good looking. Here, as at Sausalito, the flowers, trees, and shrubs grow with remarkable luxuriance.

On the east side of the bay are Oakland, Piedmont, and Berkeley, cities in themselves. A large percentage of Berkeley residents, however, carry on their business in San Francisco. The most attractive residence section of Berkeley extends along a wide stretch of territory lying among the hills overlooking San Francisco Bay. The district is newer than the places on the peninsula and around Tamalpais, and, although continuous in development, is so extensive as to be known

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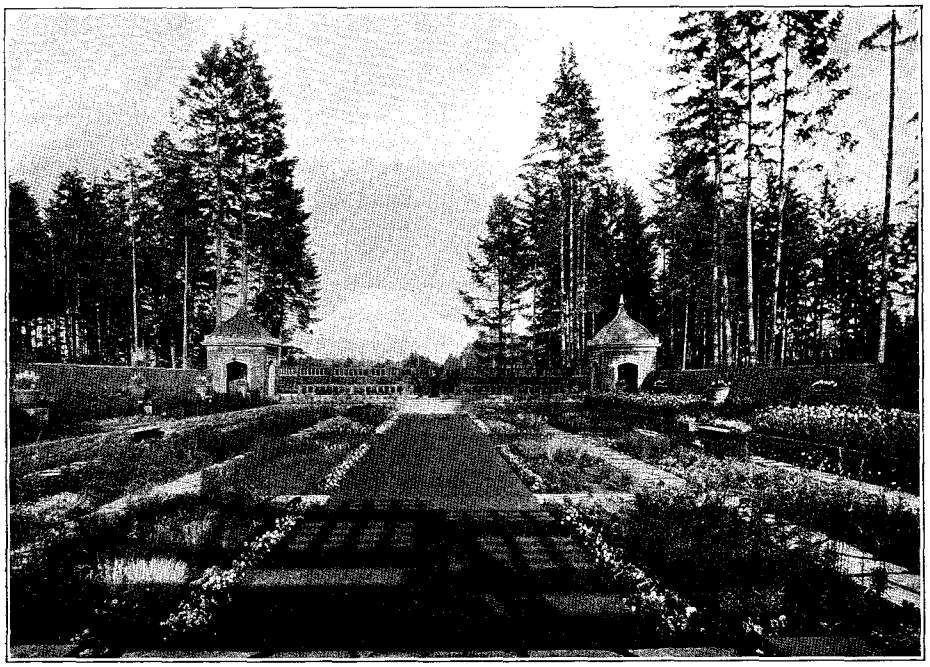

Garden at the Chester Thorne residence.

locally by different names. Claremont, North Berkeley, Northbrae, and Thousand Oaks are some of the most attractive sections. A peculiar characteristic of the entire district lies in the fact that, although the building restrictions are quite low, the class of houses, both as to cost and beauty of design, is much higher. Whether the influence of the University of California is responsible for this or not is hard to say, but it gives Berkeley the distinction of being one place near San Francisco, where those of modest means may live in an accessible spot, amidst beautiful surroundings, and in the best of architectural company. In Northbrae and Thousand Oaks, the newer sections, are found some of the most interesting features. Both are places of great natural beauty, occasioned not only by their position among the hills overlooking the bay, but by an unusual combination of oaks and eucalypti interspersed with great masses of glacial deposit rock jutting out of the ground. Here, as at Oak Knoll, Pasadena, trees have been preserved whenever possible and their beauty emphasized. Also in Thousand Oaks huge rocks have in some instances been left in the middle of the street and the latter deflected around them. In the same place, walls and steps have been built out of local stone, and one of the unique and beautiful features is the foot trails built in this way and connecting higher with lower levels where the grade was too steep for a street to follow. In Northbrae, in order to preserve the beauty of a spot where several streets come together, the trolley tracks have been run beneath it through a tunnel. The place, above which otherwise would have been less sightly, has been turned into a point of beauty ornamented with a well-designed fountain and surrounded by balustrades.

Santa Barbara is famed afar. Its reputation rests largely upon the beauty of the country around about it. The most noteworthy portion of this outlying district is Montecito, a large area of hills and vales dotted with oaks, backed by the mountains, and commanding a magnificent view of the ocean. It is divided into twenty or thirty acre estates owned by wealthy people, who occupy their homes a few months in the year, and can afford to travel or live elsewhere the rest of the

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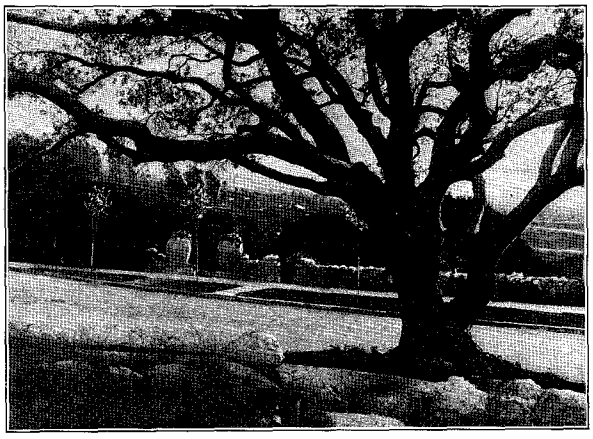
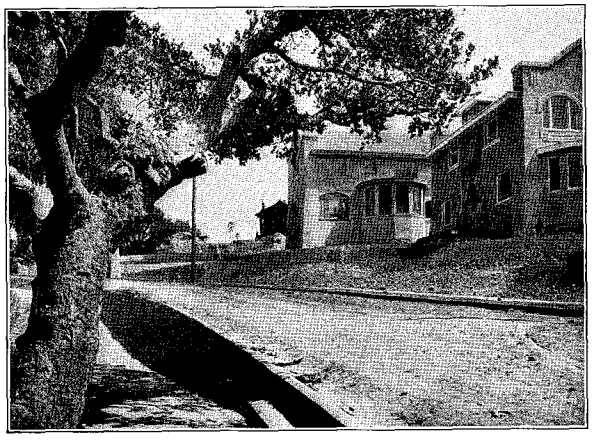
A residence at Thousand Oaks, Berkeley, California.



One of the "Thousand Oaks," Yosemite Avenue, Berkeley.



Residences near Indian Rock Park, Northbrae, Berkeley.

time. Many of these houses, and the scheme of landscape gardening around them, are so palatial in scale that another article would be required to adequately describe them.

As with Santa Barbara, so with San Diego, the country around about is largely what has given it a wide reputation. Charles Dudley Warner once declared that there are three incomparable views in the world: one in Salzburg, one the Bay of Naples, the third Point Loma, California. As I stood at the latter place recently, and with some experience in travel, I could well believe this to be true. San Diego lies in the middle of a semicircular bay, perhaps twenty miles wide. Toward the south-east are four ranges of mountains, receding one above the other. In the middle of the bay is Coronado Beach, virtually an island, since it is connected to the mainland only by a narrow spit of land. On it, beside the city of Coronado, is a training school for aviators, and almost any time hydroplanes and aeroplanes may be seen skimming the surface of the water or circling overhead. North of Coronado is the channel entrance to San Diego harbor, through which United States war vessels and other seagoing craft are continually coming and going. North of this and overlooking the panorama of the city of San Diego, the bay, Coronado, and the four ranges of mountains is Point Loma, extending as a high peninsula several miles into the sea. The extreme end of it, comprising thirteen hundred acres, is a government reser-

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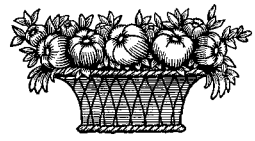
vation open to the public as a park. Of the remaining portion, twelve hundred acres is now being laid out in roads following the natural contours, subdivided into large lots and provided with utilities. The inspiring thing about it is not only the remarkable situation of Point Loma, but the fact that both it and other suburbs of San Diego are in the hands of men who, apparently, are alive to the transformation the city will probably undergo through the opening of the Panama Canal and a new cross-country railway now under construction, and are making wise preparations to anticipate this growth.

Below Point Loma are small areas of tide-land flats which it is possible to reclaim by the construction of a sea-wall similar to that of Rio de Janeiro. This is seriously talked of, and if it is done and a projected boulevard built along the edge of the bay connecting the city with the government park, San Diego will have one of the finest scenic drives in the world.

A public park of fourteen hundred acres lying above and adjacent to the business centre of San Diego is equally interesting. It commands magnificent views of the bay, has a beautiful canyon running through it, and is now being further beautified by permanent and extensive architectural features erected for first use in connection with the coming exposition.

It should not be forgotten that much of the far West is now in the process of making. Many districts which are now new and somewhat bare will, within a few years, undergo an entire change of aspect. Especially is this true in California where irrigation applied to trees, flowers, and shrubbery in a short time works wonders. All who are interested in this transformation of a rapidly growing and a very beautiful country will watch the development of Pacific Coast cities during the next few years with interest. Commercial activity in all is proceeding hand in hand with the beautification of the suburbs; and therein lies incalculable future benefits.

Bordering Indian Rock Park, Northbrae, Berkeley.



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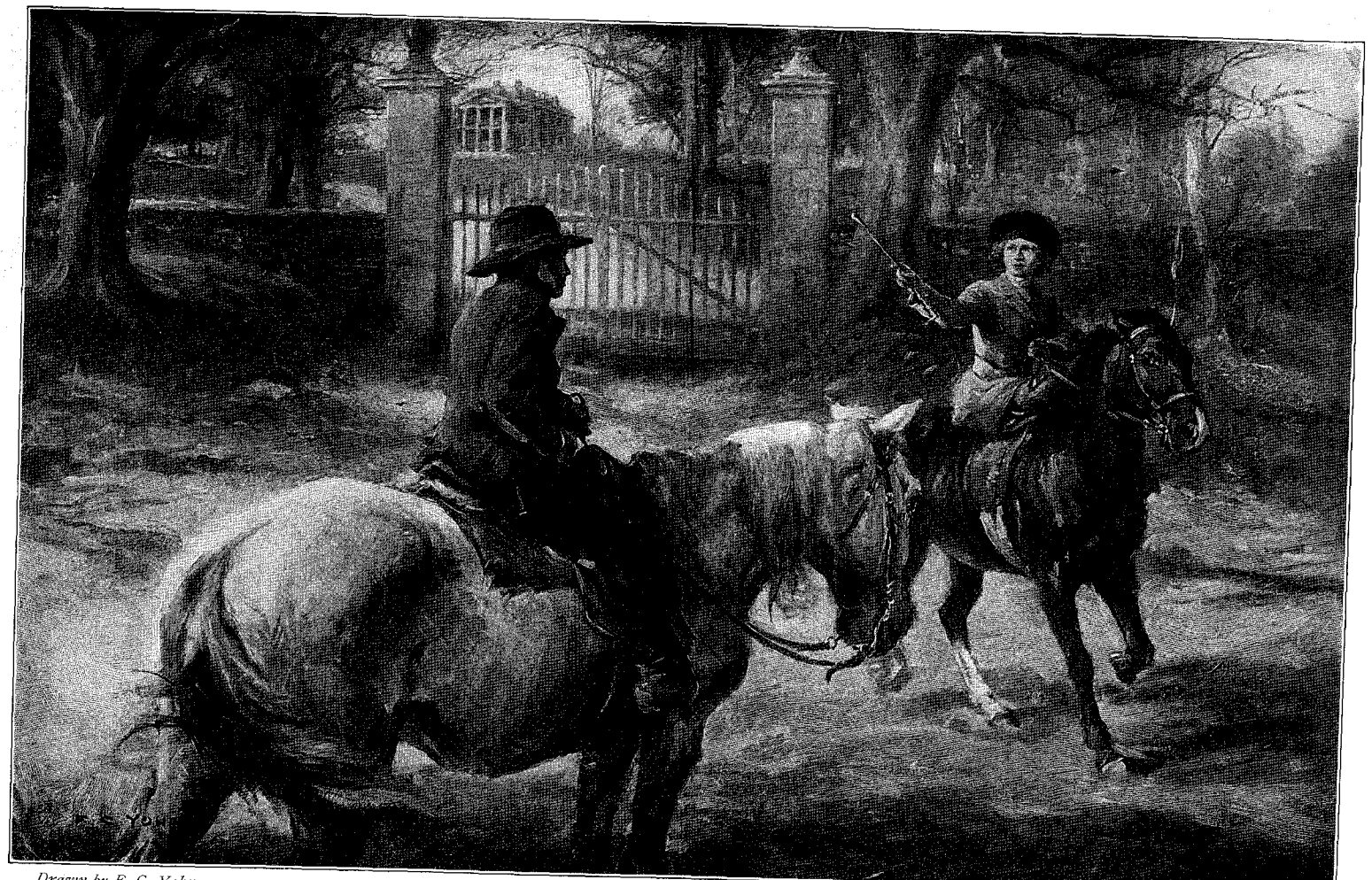

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"I want you to promise me not—not to shoot anybody."—Page 61.

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THE HEART OF THE HILLS

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN.

XI

THE last sunset had been clear and Jack Frost had got busy. All day the clouds had hung low and kept the air chill so that the night was good for that archimp of Satan who has got himself enshrined in the hearts of little children. By dawn the little magician had spun a robe of pure white and drawn it close to the breast of the earth. The first light turned it silver and showed it decked with flowers and jewels, that the old mother might mistake it, perhaps, for a wedding-gown instead of a winding sheet; but the sun, knowing better, lifted, let loose his tiny warriors, and from pure love of beauty smote it with one stroke gold, and the battle ended with the blades of grass and the leaves in their scarlet finery sparkling with the joy of another day's deliverance and the fields grown gray and aged in a single night. Before the fight was quite over that morning, saddle-horses were stepping from big white barns and being led to old-fashioned stiles; buggies, phaetons, and rockaways were emerging from turnpike gates; and the rabbit-hunters moved, shouting, laughing, running races, singing, past fields sober with autumn, woods dingy with oaks and streaked with the fire of sumac and maple. On each side of the road new hemp lay in shining swaths, while bales of last year's crop were on the way to market along the road. The farmers were turning over the soil for the autumn sowing of wheat, corn-shucking was over, and ragged darkies were straggling from the fields back to town. From every point the hunters came, turning in where a big square brick house with a Grecian portico stood far back in a wooded yard, with a fish-pond on one side and a great smooth lawn on the other. On the steps between the columns stood Colonel Pendleton and Gray and Marjorie welcoming the guests; the men, sturdy country youths, good types of the beef-eating young English squire—sun-burned fellows with big frames, open faces, fearless eyes, and a manner that was easy, cordial, kindly, independent; the girls midway between the types of brunette and blonde, with a leaning toward the latter type, with hair that had caught the light of the sun, radiant with freshness and good health and strength; round of figure, clear of eye and skin, spirited, soft of voice, and slow of speech. Soon a cavalcade moved through a side-gate of the yard, through a blue-grass woodland, greening with a second spring, and into a sweep of stubble and ragweed; and far up the road on top of a little hill a boy on an old mare stopped and watched a strange sight in a strange land—a hunt without dog, stick, or gun. A high ringing voice reached his ears clearly, even that far away:

"Form a line!"

And the wondering lad saw man and woman aligning themselves like cavalry fifteen feet apart and moving across the field—the men in leggings or high boots, riding with the heel low and the toes turned according to temperament; the girls with a cap, a Derby, or a beaver with a white veil, and the lad's eye caught one of them quickly, for a red tam-o'-shanter had slipped from her shining hair and a broad white girth ran around both her saddle and her horse. There was one man on a sorrel mule and he was the host at the big house, for Colonel Pendleton had surrendered every horse he had to a guest. Suddenly there came a yell—the rebel yell—and a horse leaped forward. Other horses leaped too, and everybody yelled in answer and the cavalcade swept forward. There was a massing of horses, the white girth flashing in the midst of the mêlée, a great crash and much turning, twisting, and sawing of bits, and then all

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dashed the other way, the white girth in the lead, and the boy's lips fell apart in wonder. A black thoroughbred was making a wide sweep, an iron-gray was cutting in behind, and all were sweeping toward him. Far ahead of them he saw a frightened rabbit streaking through the weeds, and as it passed him the lad gave a yell, dug his heels into the old mare, and himself swept down the pike, drawing his revolver and firing as he rode. Five times the pistol spoke to the wondering hunters in pursuit and at the fifth the rabbit tumbled heels over head and a little later the hunters pulled their horses in around a boy holding a rabbit high in one hand, a pistol in the other, and his eager face flushed with pride in his marksmanship and the comradeship of the hunt. But the flush died into quick paleness so hostile were the faces, so hostile were the voices that assailed him, and he dropped the rabbit quickly and began shoving fresh cartridges into the chambers of his gun.

"What do you mean, boy," shouted an angry voice, "shooting that rabbit?"

The boy looked dazed.

"Why, wasn't you atter him?"

He looked around and in a moment he knew several of them, but nobody, it was plain, remembered him.

The girl with the white girth was Marjorie, the boy on the black thoroughbred was Gray, and coming in an awkward gallop on the sorrel mule was Colonel Pendleton. None of these people could mean to do him harm, and Jason dropped his pistol in his holster and, with a curious dignity for so ragged an atom, turned in silence away, and only the girl with the white girth noticed the quiver of his lips and the angry starting of tears.

As he started to mount the old mare, the excited yells coming from the fields were too much for him, and he climbed back on the fence to watch. The hunters had parted in twain, the black thoroughbred leading one wing, the iron-gray the other—both after a scurrying rabbit. Close behind the black horse was the white girth and close behind was a pony in full run. Under the brow of the hill they swept and parallel with the fence, and as they went by the boy strained eager widening eyes, for on the pony was his cousin Mavis Hawn, bending over her saddle and yelling like mad. This way and that poor Mollie swerved, but every way her big startled eyes turned, that way she saw a huge beast and a yelling demon bearing down on her. Again the horses crashed, the pony in the very midst. Gray threw himself from his saddle and was after her on foot. Two others swung from their saddles, Mollie made several helpless hops, and the three scrambled for her. The riders in front cried for those behind to hold their horses back, but they crowded on and Jason rose upright on the fence to see who should be trampled down. Poor Mollie was quite hemmed in now, there was no way of escape, and instinctively she shrank frightened to the earth. That was the crucial instant, and down went Gray on top of her as though she were a foot-ball, and the quarry was his. Jason saw him give her one blow behind her long ears and then, holding a little puff of down aloft, look about him, past Marjorie to Mavis, and a moment later he saw that rabbit's tail pinned to Mavis's cap, and sudden rage of jealousy nearly shook him from the fence. He was too far away to see Marjorie's smile, but he did see her eyes rove about the field and apparently catch sight of him, for as the rest turned to the hunt she rode straight for him, for she remembered the distress of his face and he looked very lonely.

"Little boy," she called, and the boy stared with amazement and rage, but the joke was too much for him and he laughed scornfully.

"Little gal," he mimicked, "air you a-talkin' to me?"

The girl gasped, reddened, lifted her chin haughtily, and raised her riding-whip to whirl away from the rude little stranger, but his steady eyes held hers until a flash of recognition came—and she smiled.

"Well, I never—Uncle Bob!" she cried excitedly and imperiously, and as the colonel lumbered toward her on his sorrel mount, she called with sparkling eyes, "Don't you know him?"

The puzzled face of the colonel broke into a hearty smile.

"Well, bless my soul, it's Jason. You've come up to see your folks?"

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And then he explained what Marjorie meant to explain.

"We're not hunting with guns—we just chase 'em. Hang your artillery on a fence-rail, bring your horse through that gate, and join us."

He turned and Marjorie, with him, called back over her shoulder: "Hurry up now, Jason."

Little Jason sat still, but he saw Marjorie ride straight for the pony, he heard her cry to Mavis, and saw her wave her hand toward him, and then Mavis rode for him at a gallop, waving her whip to him as she came; but the boy gave no answering signal, but sat still, hard-eyed, cool. Before she was within twenty yards of him he had taken in every detail of the changes in her and the level look of his eyes stopped her happy cry, and made her grow quite pale with the old terror of giving him offence. Her hair looked different, her clothes were different, she wore gloves, and she had a stick in one hand with a head like a cane and a loop of leather at the other end, and for these drawbacks, the old light in her eyes and face failed to make up, for while Jason looked, Mavis was looking, too, and the boy saw her eyes travelling him down from head to foot, and somehow he was reminded of the way Marjorie had looked at him back in the mountains and somehow he felt that the change that he resented in Mavis went deeper than her clothes. The morbidly sensitive spirit of the mountaineer in him was hurt, the chasm yawned instead of closing, and all he said shortly was:

"Whar'd you git them new-fangled things?"

"Marjorie give 'em to me. She said fer you to bring yo' hoss in—hit's more fun than I ever knowed in my life up here."

"Hit is?" he half sneered. "Well, you git back to yo' high-falutin' friends an' tell 'em I don't hunt nothin' that-a-way."

"I'll stop right now an' go home with ye. I guess you've come to see yo' mammy."

"Well, I hain't ridin' aroun' just fer my health exactly."

He had suddenly risen on the fence as the cries in the field swelled in a chorus, and she saw how strong the temptation within him was, and so, when he repeated for her to "go on back," the old habit of obedience turned her, but she knew he would soon follow.

The field was going mad now, horses were dashing and crashing together, the men were swinging to the ground and were pushed and trampled in a wild clutch for Mollie's long ears, and Jason could see that the contest between them was who should get the most game. The big mule was threshing the weeds like a tornado, and crossing the field at a heavy gallop he stopped suddenly at a ditch, the girth broke, and the colonel went over the long ears. There was a shriek of laughter, in which Jason from his perch joined, and with a bray of freedom the mule made for home. Apparently that field was hunted out now, and when the hunters crossed another pike and went into another field too far away for the boy to see the fun, he mounted his old mare and rode slowly after them, and a little later Mavis heard a familiar yell, and Jason flew by her with his pistol flopping on his hip, his hat in his hand, and his face frenzied and gone wild. The thoroughbred passed him like a swallow, but the rabbit twisted back on his trail and Mavis saw Marjorie leap lightly from her saddle, Jason fling himself from his, and then both were hidden by the crush of horses around them, and from the midst rose sharp cries of warning and fear.

She saw Gray's face white with terror, and then she saw Marjorie picking herself up from the ground and Jason swaying dizzily on his feet with a rabbit in his hand.

"'Tain't nothin'," he said stoutly, and he grinned his admiration openly for Marjorie, who looked such anxiety for him. "You ain't afeerd o' nothin', air ye, an' I reckon this rabbit tail is a-goin' to you," and he handed it to her and turned to his horse. The boy had jerked Marjorie from under the thoroughbred's hoofs and then gone on recklessly after the rabbit, getting a glancing blow from one of those hoofs himself.

Marjorie smiled.

"Thank you, little—man," and Jason grinned again, but his head was dizzy and he did not ride after the crowd.

"I'm afeerd fer this ole nag," he lied to Colonel Pendleton, for he was faint at the

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stomach and the world had begun to turn around. Then he made one clutch for the old nag's mane, missed it, and rolled senseless to the ground.

Not long afterward he opened his eyes to find his head in the colonel's lap, Marjorie bathing his forehead with a wet handkerchief, and Gray near by, still a little pale from remorse for his carelessness and Marjorie's narrow escape, and Mavis the most unconcerned of all—and he was much ashamed. Rudely he brushed Marjorie's consoling hand away and wriggled away from the colonel to his knees.

"Shucks!" he said, with great disgust.

The shadows were stretching fast, it was too late to try another field, so back they started through the radiant air, laughing, talking, bantering, living over the incidents of the day, the men with one leg swung for rest over the pommel of the their saddles, the girls with habits disordered and torn, hair down, and all tired, but all flushed, clear-eyed, happy. The leaves—russet, gold, and crimson—were dropping to the autumn-greening earth, the sunlight was as yellow as the wings of a butterfly and on the horizon was a faint haze that shadowed the coming Indian summer. But still it was warm enough for a great spread on the lawn, and what a feast for mountain eyes—chicken, turkey, cold ham, pickles, croquettes, creams, jellies, beaten biscuits. And what happy laughter and thoughtful courtesy and mellow kindness—particularly to the little mountain pair, for in the mountains they had given the Pendletons the best they had and now the best was theirs. Inside fires were being lighted in the big fireplaces and quiet, solid, old-fashioned English comfort everywhere the blaze brought out.

Already two darkey fiddlers were waiting on the back porch for a dram, and when the darkness settled the fiddles were talking old tunes and nimble feet were busy. And little Jason did his wonderful dancing and Gray did his, and round about, the window seats and the tall columns of the porch heard again from lovers what they had been listening to for so long. And at midnight the hunters rode forth again in pairs into the crisp, brilliant air and under the kindly moon, Mavis jogging along beside Jason on Marjorie's pony, for Marjorie would not have it otherwise. No wonder that Mavis loved the land.

"I jerked the gal outen the way," explained Jason, " 'cause she was a gal an' had no business messin' with men folks."

"Of co'se," Mavis agreed, for she was just as contemptuous as he over the fuss that had been made of the incident.

"But she ain't afeerd o' nuthin'."

This was a little too much.

"I ain't nuther."

"Co'se you ain't."

There was no credit for Mavis—her courage was a matter of course; but with the stranger-girl, a "furriner"—that was different. There was silence for a while.

"Wasn't it lots o' fun, Jasie?"

"Bully," was the absent-minded answer, for Jason was looking at the strangeness of the night. It was curious not to see the big bulks of the mountains and to see so many stars. In the mountains he had to look straight up to see stars at all and now they hung almost to the level of his eyes.

"How's the folks?" asked Mavis.

"Stirrin'. Air ye goin' to school up here?"

"Yes, an' who you reckon the schoolteacher is?"

Jason shook his head.

"The jologist."

"Well, by Heck."

"An' he's always axin' me about you an' if you air goin' to school."

For a while more they rode in silence.

"I went to that new furrin school down in the mountains," yawned the boy, "fer 'bout two hours. They're gittin' too high-falutin' to suit me. They tried to git me to wear gal's stockin's like they do up here an' I jes' laughed at 'em. Then they tried to git me to make up beds an' I tol' 'em I wasn't goin' to wear gal's clothes ner do a gal's work an' so I run away."

He did not tell his reason for leaving the mountains altogether, for Mavis, too, was a girl, and he did not confide in women—not yet.

But the girl was woman enough to remember that the last time she had seen him he had said that he was going to come for her some day. There was no sign of that resolution, however, in either his

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manner or his words now, and for some reason she was rather glad.

"Every boy wears clothes like that up here. They calls 'em knickerbockers."

"Huh!" grunted Jason. "Hit sounds like 'em."

"Air ye still shootin' at that ole tree?"

"Yep, an' I kin hit the belly-band two shots out o' three."

Mavis raised her dark eyes with a look of apprehension, for she knew what that meant; when he could hit it three times running he was going after the man who had killed his father. But she asked no more questions, for while the boy could not forbear to boast about his marksmanship, further information was beyond her sphere and she knew it.

When they came to the lane leading to her home, Jason turned down it of his own accord.

"How'd you know whar we live?"

"I was here this mornin' an' I seed my mammy. Yo' daddy wasn't thar."

Mavis smiled silently to herself; he had found out thus where she was and he had followed her. At the little stable Jason unsaddled the horses and turned both out in the yard while Mavis went within and Steve Hawn appeared at the door in his underclothes when Jason stepped upon the porch.

"Hello, Jason!"

"Hello, Steve!" answered the boy, but they did not shake hands, not because of the hard feeling between them, but because it was not mountain custom.

"Come on in an' lay down."

Mavis had gone upstairs, but she could hear the voices below her. If Mavis had been hesitant about asking questions, as had been the boy's mother as well, Steve was not.

"Whut'd you come up here fer?"

"Same reason as you once left the mountains—I got inter trouble."

Steve was startled and he frowned, but the boy gazed coolly back into his angry eyes.

"Whut kind o' trouble?"

"Same as you—I shot a feller," said the boy imperturbably.

Little Mavis heard a groan from her stepmother, an angry oath from her father, and a curious pang of horror pierced her.

Silence followed below and the girl lay awake and trembling in her bed.

"Who was it?" Steve asked at last.

"That's my business," said little Jason, and the silence was broken no more, and Mavis lay with new thoughts and feelings racking her brain and her heart. Once she had driven to town with Marjorie and Gray, and a man had come to the carriage and cheerily shaken hands with them both, and after he was gone Gray looked very grave and Marjorie was half unconsciously wiping her right hand with her handkerchief.

"He killed a man," was Marjorie's horrified whisper of explanation, and now if they should hear what she had heard they would feel the same way toward her own cousin, Jason Hawn. She had never had such a feeling in the mountains, but she had it now, and she wondered whether she could ever be quite the same toward Jason again.

XII

CHRISTMAS was approaching and no greater wonder had ever dawned on the lives of Mavis and Jason than the way these people in the settlements made ready for it. In the mountains many had never heard of Christmas and none of Christmas stockings, Santa Claus, and catching Christmas gifts—not even the Hawns. But Mavis and Jason had known of Christmas, had celebrated it after the mountain way, and knew, moreover, what the blue-grass children did not know, of old Christmas as well, which came just twelve days after the new. At midnight of old Christmas, so the old folks in the mountains said, the elders bloomed and the beasts of the field and the cattle in the barn kneeled lowing and moaning, and once the two children had slipped out of their grandfather's house to the barn and waited to watch the cattle and to listen to them, but they suffered from the cold, and when they told what they had done next morning, their grandfather said they had not waited long enough, for it happened just at midnight; and when Mavis and Jason told Marjorie and Gray of old Christmas they all agreed they would wait up this time till midnight sure.

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As for new Christmas in the hills, the women paid little attention to it, and to the men it meant "a jug of liquor, a pistol in each hand, and a galloping nag." Always, indeed, it meant drinking, and target-shooting to see "who should drink and who should smell," for the man who made a bad shot got nothing but a smell from the jug until he had redeemed himself. So, Steve Hawn and Jason got ready in their own way and Mavis and Martha Hawn accepted their rude preparations as a matter of course.

At four o'clock in the afternoon before Christmas Eve darkies began springing around the corners of the twin houses, and from closets and from behind doors, upon the white folks and shouting "Christmas gift," for to the one who said the greeting first the gift came, and it is safe to say that no darkey in the blue-grass was caught that day. And the Pendleton clan made ready to make merry. Kinspeople gathered at the old general's ancient home and at the twin houses on either side of the road. Stockings were hung up and eager-eyed children went to restless dreams of their holiday king. Steve Hawn, too, had made ready with boxes of cartridges and two jugs of red liquor, and he and Jason did not wait for the morrow to make merry. And Uncle Arch Hawn happened to come in that night, but he was chary of the cup, and he frowned with displeasure at Jason, who was taking his dram with Steve like a man, and he showed displeasure before he rode away that night by planting a thorn in the very heart of Jason's sensitive soul. When he had climbed on his horse he turned to Jason.

"Jason," he drawled, "you can come back home now when you git good an' ready. Thar ain't no trouble down thar just now, an' Babe Honeycutt ain't lookin' fer you."

Jason gasped. He had not dared to ask a single question about the one thing that had been torturing his curiosity and his soul, and Arch was bringing it out before them all as though it were the most casual and unimportant matter in the world. Steve and his wife looked amazed and Mavis's heart quickened.

"Babe ain't lookin' fer ye," Arch drawled on, "he's laughin' at ye. I reckon you thought you'd killed him, but he stumbled over a root an' fell down just as you shot. He says you missed him a mile. He says you couldn't hit a barn in plain daylight." And he started away.

A furious oath broke from Jason's gaping mouth, Steve laughed, and if the boy's pistol had been in his hand, he might in his rage have shown Arch as he rode away what his marksmanship could be even in the dark, but even with his uncle's laugh, too, coming back to him he had to turn quickly into the house and let his wrath bite silently inward.

But Mavis's eyes were like moist stars.

"Oh, Jasie, I'm so glad," she said, but he only stared and turned roughly on toward the jug in the corner.

Before day next morning the children in the big houses were making the walls ring with laughter and shouts of joy. Rockets whizzed against the dawn and firecrackers popped unceasingly and now and then a loaded anvil boomed through the crackling air, but there was no happy awakening for little Jason. All night his pride had smarted like a hornet sting, his sleep was restless and bitter with dreams of revenge, and the hot current in his veins surged back and forth in the old channel of hate for the slayer of his father. Next morning his blood-shot eyes opened fierce and sullen and he started the day with a visit to the whiskey jug and then he filled his belt and pockets with cartridges.

Early in the afternoon Marjorie and Gray drove over with Christmas greetings and little presents. Mavis went out to meet them, and when Jason half staggered out to the gate, the visitors called to him merrily and became instantly grave and still. Mavis flushed, Marjorie paled with horror and disgust, and Gray flamed with wonder and contempt and quickly whipped up his horse—the mountain boy was drunk.

Jason stared after them, knowing something had suddenly gone wrong, and while he said nothing, his face got all the angrier, and he rushed in for his belt and pistol, and shaking his head from side to side, swaggered out to the stable and began saddling his old mare. Mavis stood in the doorway frightened and ashamed, the boy's mother plead with him to come into

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the house and lie down, but without a word to either he mounted with difficulty and rode down the road. Steve Hawn, who had been silently watching him, laughed.

"Let him alone—he ain't goin' to do nothin'."

Down the road the boy rode with more drunken swagger than his years in the wake of Marjorie and Gray—unconsciously in the wake of anything that was even critical, much less hostile, and in front of Gray's house he pulled up and gazed long at the pillars and the broad open door, but not a soul was in sight and he paced slowly on. A few hundred yards down the turnpike he pulled up again and long and critically surveyed a woodland. His eye caught one lone tree in the centre of an amphitheatrical hollow just visible over the slope of a hill. The look of the tree interested him, for its growth was strange, and he opened the gate and rode across the thick turf toward it. The bark was smooth and the tree was the size of a man's body, and he dismounted, nodding his head up and down with much satisfaction. Standing close to the tree, he pulled out his knife and cut out a square of the bark as high as the first button of his coat and moving around the trunk cut out several more squares at the same level.

"I reckon," he muttered, "that's whar his heart is yit, if *I* ain't growed too much."

Then he led the old mare to higher ground, came back, levelled his pistol, and moving in a circle around the tree, pulled the trigger opposite each square, and with every shot he grunted:

"Can't hit a barn, can't I, by Heck!"

In each square a bullet went home. Then he reloaded and walked rapidly around the tree, still firing.

"An' I reckon that's a-makin' some nail-holes fer his galluses!"

And reloading again he ran around the tree, firing.

"An' mebbe I couldn't still git him if I was hikin' fer the corner of a house an' was in a *leetle* grain of a hurry to git out o' *his* range."

Examining results at a close range, the boy was quite satisfied—hardly a shot had struck without a band three inches in width around the tree. There was one further test that he had not yet made; but he felt sober now and he drew a bottle from his hip-pocket and pulled at it hard and long. The old nag grazing above him had paid no more attention to the fusillade than to the buzzing of flies. He mounted her, and Gray, riding at a gallop to make out what the unearthly racket going on in the hollow was, saw the boy going at full speed in a circle about the tree, firing and yelling, and as Gray himself in a moment more would be in range, he shouted a warning. Jason stopped and waited with belligerent eyes as Gray rode toward him.

"I say, Jason," Gray smiled, "I'm afraid my father wouldn't like that—you've pretty near killed that tree."

Jason stared, amazed.

"Fust time I ever heerd of anybody not wantin' a feller to shoot at a tree."

Gray saw that he was in earnest and he kept on, smiling.

"Well, we haven't got as many trees here as you have down in the mountains, and up here they're more valuable."

The last words were unfortunate.

"Looks like you keer a heep fer yo' trees," sneered the mountain boy with a wave of his pistol toward a demolished woodland; "an' if our trees air so wuthless, whut do you furriners come down thar and rob us of 'em fer?"

The sneer, the tone, and the bitter emphasis on the one ugly word turned Gray's face quite red.

"You mustn't say anything like that to me," was his answer, and the self-control in his voice but helped make the mountain boy lose his at once and completely. He rode straight for Gray and pulled in, waving his pistol crazily before the latter's face, and Gray could actually hear the grinding of his teeth.

"Go git yo' gun! Git yo' gun!"

Gray turned very pale, but he showed no fear.

"I don't know what's the matter with you," he said steadily, "but you must be drunk."

"Go git yo' gun!" was the furious answer. "Go git yo' gun!"

"Boys don't fight with guns in this country, but——"

"You're a d—d coward," yelled Jason.

Gray's fist shot through the mist of rage that suddenly blinded him, catching Jason on the point of the chin, and as the

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mountain boy spun half around in his saddle, Gray caught the pistol in both hands and in the struggle both rolled, still clutching the weapon, to the ground, Gray saying with quiet fury:

"Drop that pistol and I'll lick hell out of you!"

There was no answer but the twist of Jason's wrist, and the bullet went harmlessly upward. Before he could pull the trigger again, the sinewy fingers of a man's hand closed over the weapon and pushed it flat with the earth, and Jason's upturned eyes looked into the grave face of the school-master. That face was stern and shamed Jason instantly. The two boys rose to their feet, and the mountain boy turned away from the school-master and saw Marjorie standing ten yards away white and terror-stricken, and her eyes when he met them blazed at him with a light that no human eye had ever turned on him before. The boy knew anger, rage, hate, revenge, but contempt was new to him, and his soul was filled with sudden shame that was no less strange, but the spirit in him was undaunted, and like a challenged young buck his head went up as he turned again to face his accuser.

"Were you going to shoot an unarmed boy?" asked John Burnham gravely.

"He hit me."

"You called him a coward."

"He hit me."

"He offered to fight you fist and skull."

"He had the same chance to git the gun that I had."

"He wasn't trying to get it in order to shoot you."

Jason made no answer and the school-master repeated:

"He offered to fight you fist and skull."

"I was too mad—but I'll fight him now."

"Boys don't fight in the presence of young ladies."

Gray spoke up and in his tone was the contempt that was in Marjorie's eyes, and it made the mountain boy writhe.

"I wouldn't soil my hands on you—now."

The school-master rebuked Gray with a gesture, but Jason was confused and sick now and he held out his hand for his pistol.

"I better be goin' now—this ain't no place fer me."

The school-master gravely handed the weapon to him.

"I'm coming over to have a talk with you, Jason," he said.

The boy made no answer. He climbed on his horse slowly. His face was very pale, and once only he swept the group with eyes that were badgered but no longer angry, and as they rested on Marjorie, there was a pitiful, lonely something in them that instantly melted her and almost started her tears. Then he rode silently and slowly away.

XIII

SLOWLY the lad rode westward, for the reason that he was not yet quite ready to pass between those two big-pillared houses again, and because just then whatever his way—no matter. His anger was all gone now and his brain was clear, but he was bewildered. Throughout the day he had done nothing that he thought was wrong, and yet throughout the day he had done nothing that seemed to be right. This land was not for him—he did not understand the ways of it and the people and they did not understand him. Even the rock-pecker had gone back on him, and though that hurt him deeply, the lad loyally knew that the school-master must have his own good reasons. The memory of Marjorie's look still hurt, and somehow he felt that even Mavis was vaguely on their side against him, and of a sudden the pang of loneliness that Marjorie saw in his eyes so pierced him that he pulled his old nag in and stood motionless in the middle of the road. The sky was overcast and the air was bitter and chill; through the gray curtain that hung to the rim of the earth, the low sun swung like a cooling ball of fire and under it the gray fields stretched with such desolation for him that he dared ride no further into them. And then as the lad looked across the level stillness that encircled him, the mountains loomed suddenly from it—big, still, peaceful, beckoning—and made him faint with homesickness. Those mountains were behind him—his mountains and his home that was his no longer—but, after all, any home back

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there was his, and that thought so filled his heart with a rush of gladness that with one long breath of exultation he turned in his saddle to face those distant unseen hills, and the old mare, following the movement of his body, turned, too, as though she, too, suddenly wanted to go home. The chill air actually seemed to grow warmer as he trotted back, the fields looked less desolate, and then across them he saw flashing toward him the hostile fire of a scarlet tam-o'-shanter. He was nearing the yard gate of the big house on the right, and from the other big house on the left the spot of shaking crimson was galloping toward the turnpike. He could wait until Marjorie crossed the road ahead of him, or he could gallop ahead and pass before she could reach the gate, but his sullen pride forbade either course, and so he rode straight on, and his dogged eyes met hers as she swung the gate to and turned her pony across the road. Marjorie flushed, her lips half parted to speak, and Jason sullenly drew in, but as she said nothing, he clucked and dug his heels viciously into the old mare's sides.

Then the little girl raised one hand to check him and spoke hurriedly:

"Jason, we've been talking about you, and my Uncle Bob says you kept me from getting killed."

Jason stared.

"And the school-teacher says we don't understand you—you people down in the mountains—and that we mustn't blame you for—," she paused in helpless embarrassment, for still the mountain boy stared.

"You know," she went on finally, "boys here don't do things that you boys do down there——"

She stopped again, the tears started suddenly in her earnest eyes, and a miracle happened to little Jason. Something quite new surged within him, his own eyes swam suddenly, and he cleared his throat huskily.

"I hain't a-goin' to bother you folks no more," he said, and he tried to be surly, but couldn't. "I'm a-goin' away." The little girl's tears ceased.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I wish you'd stay here and go to school. The school-teacher said he wanted you to do that, and he says such nice things about you, and so does my Uncle Bob, and Gray is sorry, and he says he is coming over to see you to-morrow."

"I'm a-goin' home," repeated Jason stubbornly.

"Home?" repeated the girl, and her tone did what her look had done a moment before, for she knew he had no home, and again the lad was filled with a throbbing uneasiness. Her eyes dropped to her pony's mane, and in a moment more she looked up with shy earnestness.

"Will you do something for me?"

Again Jason started and of its own accord his tongue spoke words that to his own ears were very strange.

"Thar hain't nothin' I won't do fer ye," he said, and his sturdy sincerity curiously disturbed Marjorie in turn, so that her flush came back, and she went on with slow hesitation and with her eyes again fixed on her pony's neck.

"I want you to promise me not—not to shoot anybody—unless you *have* to in self-defence—and never to take another drink until—until you see me again."

She could not have bewildered the boy more had she asked him never to go barefoot again, but his eyes were solemn when she looked up and solemnly he nodded assent.

"I give ye my hand."

The words were not literal, but merely the way the mountaineer phrases the giving of a promise, but the little girl took them literally and she rode up to him with slim fingers outstretched and a warm friendly smile on her little red mouth. Awkwardly the lad thrust out his dirty, strong little hand.

"Good-by, Jason," she said.

"Good-by—," he faltered, and still smiling, she finished the words for him.

"Marjorie," she said, and unsmilingly he repeated:

"Marjorie."

While she passed through the gate he sat still and watched her, and he kept on watching her as she galloped toward home, twisting in his saddle to follow her course around the winding road. He saw a negro boy come out to the stile to take her pony, and there Marjorie, dismounting, saw in turn the lad still motionless where she had left him, and looking after her. She waved her whip to him and went on

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toward the house, and when she reached the top of the steps, she turned and waved to him again, but he made no answering gesture, and only when the front door closed behind her, did the boy waken from his trance and jog slowly up the road. Only the rim of the red fire ball was arched over the horizon behind him now. Winter dusk was engulfing the fields and through it belated crows were skurrying silently for protecting woods. For a little while Jason rode with his hands folded man-wise on the pommel of his saddle and with manlike emotions in his heart, for, while the mountains still beckoned, this land had somehow grown more friendly and there was a curious something after all that he would leave behind. What it was he hardly knew, but a pair of blue eyes, misty with mysterious tears, had sown memories in his confused brain that he would not soon lose. He did not forget the contempt that had blazed from those eyes, but he wondered now at the reason for the contempt. Was there something that ruled this land—something better than the code that ruled his hills? He had remembered every word the geologist had ever said, for he loved the man, but it had remained for a strange girl—a girl—to revive them, to give them actual life and plant within him a sudden resolve to learn for himself what it all meant, and to practise it, if he found it good. A cold wind sprang up now and cutting through his thin clothes drove him in a lope toward his mother's home.

Apparently Mavis was watching for him through the window of the cottage, for she ran out on the porch to meet him, but something in the boy's manner checked her, and she neither spoke nor asked a question while the boy took off his saddle and tossed it on the steps. Nor did Jason give her but one glance, for the eagerness of her face and the trust and tenderness in her eyes were an unconscious reproach and made him feel guilty and faithless, so that he changed his mind about turning the old mare out in the yard and led her to the stable, merely to get away from the little girl.

Mavis was in the kitchen when he entered the house, and while they all were eating supper, the lad could feel his little cousin's eyes on him all the time—watching and wondering and troubled and hurt. And when the four were seated about the fire, he did not look at her when he announced that he was going back home, but he saw her body start and shrink. His stepfather yawned and said nothing, and his mother looked on into the fire.

"When you goin', Jasie?" she asked at last.

"Daylight," he answered shortly.

There was a long silence.

"Whut you goin' to do down thar?"

The lad lifted his head fiercely and looked from the woman to the man and back again.

"I'm a-goin' to git that land back," he snapped; and as there was no question, no comment, he settled back brooding in his chair.

"Hit wasn't right—hit *couldn't* 'a' been right," he muttered, and then as though he were answering his mother's unspoken question:

"I don't know *how* I'm goin' to git it back, but if it wasn't right, thar *must* be some way, an' I'm a-goin' to find out if hit takes me all my life."

His mother was still silent, though she had lifted a corner of her apron to her eyes, and the lad rose and without a word of good-night climbed the stairs to go to bed. Then the mother spoke to her husband angrily.

"You oughtn't to let the boy put all the blame on me, Steve—you made me sell that land."

Steve's answer was another yawn, and he rose to get ready for bed, and Mavis, too, turned indignant eyes on him, for she had heard enough from the two to know that her stepmother spoke the truth. Her father opened the door and she heard the creak of his heavy footsteps across the freezing porch. Her stepmother went into the kitchen and Mavis climbed the stairs softly and opened Jason's door.

"Jasie!" she called.

"Whut you want?"

"Jasie, take me back home with ye, won't you?"

A rough denial was on his lips, but her voice broke into a little sob and the boy lay for a moment without answering.

"Whut on earth would you do down thar, Mavis?"

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And then he remembered how he had told her that he would come for her some day, and he remembered the Hawn boast that a Hawn's word was as good as his bond and he added kindly: "Wait till mornin', Mavis. I'll take ye if ye want to go."

The door closed instantly and she was gone. When the lad came down before day next morning Mavis had finished tying a few things in a bundle and was pushing it out of sight under a bed, and Jason knew what that meant.

"You hain't told 'em?"

Mavis shook her head.

"Mebbe yo' pap won't let ye."

"He ain't hyeh," said the little girl.

"Whar is he?"

"I don't know."

"Mavis," said the boy seriously, "I'm a boy an' hit don't make no difference whar I go, but you're a gal an' hit looks like you ought to stay with yo' daddy."

The girl shook her head stubbornly, but he paid no attention.

"I tell ye, I'm a-goin' back to that new-fangled school when I git to grandpap's, an' whut'll you do?"

"I'll go with ye."

"I've thought o' that," said the boy patiently, "but they mought not have room fer neither one of us—an' I can take keer o' myself anywhar."

"Yes," said the little girl proudly, "an' I'll trust ye to take keer o' me—anywhar."

The boy looked at her long and hard, but there was no feminine cunning in her eyes—nothing but simple trust—and his silence was a despairing assent. From the kitchen his mother called them to breakfast.

"Whar's Steve?" asked the boy.

The mother gave the same answer as had Mavis, but she looked anxious and worried.

"Mavis is a-goin' back to the mountains with me," said the boy, and the girl looked up in defiant expectation, but the mother did not even look around from the stove.

"Mebbe yo' pap won't let ye," she said quietly.

"How's he goin' to help hisself," asked the girl, "when he ain't hyeh?"

"He'll blame me fer it, but I ain't a-blamin' you."

The words surprised and puzzled both and touched both with sympathy and a little shame. The mother looked at her son, opened her lips again, but closed them with a glance at Mavis that made her go out and leave them alone.

"Jasie," she said then, "I reckon when Babe was a-playin' possum in the bushes that day, he could 'a' shot ye when you run down the hill."

She took his silence for assent and went on:

"That shows he don't hold no grudge agin you fer shootin' at him."

Still Jason was silent, and a line of stern justice straightened the woman's lips.

"I hain't got no right to say a word, just because Babe air my own brother. Mebbe Babe knows who the man was, but I don't believe Babe done it. Hit hain't enough that he was jes' *seed* a-comin' outen the bushes, an' afore you go a-layin' fer Babe, all I axe ye is to make *plumb dead shore*."

It was a strange new note to come from his mother's voice, and it kept the boy still silent from helplessness and shame. She had spoken calmly, but now there was a little break in her voice.

"I want ye to go back an' I'd go blind fer the rest o' my days if that land was yours an' was a-waitin' down thar fer ye."

From the next room came the sound of Mavis's restless feet, and the boy rose.

"I hain't a-goin' to lay fer Babe, mammy," he said huskily; "I hain't a-goin' to lay fer nobody—now. An' don't you worry no more about that land."

Half an hour later, just when day was breaking, Mavis sat behind Jason with her bundle in her lap, and the mother looked up at them.

"I wish I was a-goin' with ye," she said.

And when they had passed out of sight down the lane, she turned back into the house—weeping.

(To be continued.)

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ARCTIC MOUNTAINEERING BY A WOMAN

MOUNT BLACKBURN

By Dora Keen

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

NEVER had Mount Blackburn been so bare of snow as on August 15, 1911, when our little party of seven set out to climb it. We were starting up from Blackburn Road House, thirty-five miles to the south, to make the first attempt that had ever been made to ascend it. No one had ever been even to its base, for no one in Alaska climbs mountains except for gold, and to reach this mountain meant travel up the Kennecott Glacier all the way from mile 192 of the Coffer River Railway, in all more than two hundred miles from the coast. Yet I had selected Mount Blackburn because the completion of the railway, in April, made it the most accessible of Alaska's dozen great snow peaks.

Distance from any base of supplies, very low timber and snow lines, extreme cold in winter, and the long days of summer—these are the problems of mountaineering in Alaska which give to it, in all but duration, the character of an Arctic expedition.

To reach any one of its 14,000-foot peaks requires days or weeks of the hardest kind of travel. All of the high mountains are relatively near to the south-west coast of Alaska, but to reach any of them from any port requires travel through a wilderness in which glaciers and railway tracks are accounted the "easiest" lines of travel.

The timber line is at 2,500 feet, the snow line at 3,000 to 6,000 feet, according to location and season. The Arctic Circle is near. Winter's cold is intense and its days short. The mass of snow is enormous. Then come the long, warm days of summer, so long that there is little time for freezing at night. The south sides of the mountains are steep. The result, as might be anticipated, is glaciers that become contracted by the sun, seamed with a succession of crevasses, and swept by avalanches. The only difficult high mountain that has yet been ascended is Mount Saint Elias, and that by its north-east side. It is quite possible that the northern slopes of Alaska's high mountains, which are gradual and are protected from the sun, are the only ones by which a successful ascent can be made, but the southern slopes are nearer to civilization, and my leader believed that Mount Blackburn could be climbed by its south-east side, the side nearest to the railway.

Mr. R. F. McClellan, of Sawtelle, Cal., was the trusted leader who had consented to organize and lead my expedition. He had been the superintendent of the Bonanza Mine, at Kennecott, four miles above the Road House from which we were to start. He was familiar with the mountain from the mine, and believed that the whole expedition could be made within ten or twelve days, if at all. Our hope for a safe ascent was to find a route by which we might rise fast enough to get above the altitude of the avalanches before the hour when they would begin. On the mountains of 6,000 to 9,000 feet along the two hundred miles of the railway, the months of "slides" were May and June. Although the season was late and hot, surely, he thought, the danger from slides was now past, except perhaps for the late afternoons, during which we could keep from under.

I had not come to Alaska to climb mountains. I had come merely as a tourist, to see what I might, by boats and trains, of the wonderful glaciers and mountains of its south-west coast, and to see the last pioneer region of America. My expectations had been far exceeded. Glaciers the largest outside the Antarctic, high snow mountains, many of them rising directly from the sea, neither Norway

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nor even the beautiful Chilean archipelago had compared with the scenery of south-west Alaska. Letters of introduction had brought about camping trips on the Kenai Peninsula, in search of a big Kadiak bear, and there in the woods, in the cabin of a prospector, I had chanced upon my first detailed knowledge of the high mountains. There, in a report of the United States Geological Survey, I had read of Mount Blackburn, "never ascended," and "worthy of the hardiest mountaineer"; 16,140 feet high, it was within sixty feet of the highest of the Wrangel Mountains, of which I had expected to have only distant views from the railway.

Knowing that there would be no Swiss guides in Alaska, I had had no idea of serious climbing and had brought only my personal Alpine equipment. In Seattle, and again in Cordova, I had been told that probably I might find prospectors who would take me up to 8,000 feet or more. I had expected no more. But now I returned at once to Cordova, the port for the railway, determined to try the ascent of Mount Blackburn, provided that suitable arrangements could be made.

The way had opened—as it always does if we will but have the courage to start. On the boat I had heard of Mr. McClellan as the safest and best leader I could have. I had found him en route to the mountain, had secured his consent, and together we had planned and completed the outfit at Cordova and at the Road House. Seattle was four days away, with boats only once a week. There was no time to secure anything from such a distance, nor does the prospector consider anything necessary, merely "handy." Necessity and emergency have taught him to "get along." He knows to an ounce what he needs for a "trip" as he calls an expedition. "Any one that can't 'pack' ninety pounds would better not come to Alaska," they say, "for this is the least with which he can get along out 'in the hills.'" His motto is "Never stuck." His is the land of hope. He is always "going to make a strike next year, sure," therefore always ready to endure and to smile, whatever happens.

All of my men had been prospectors, all had been in the country between seven and sixteen years. Americans all, Mr. McClellan knew them all. He had wanted men "whom he could count on to put a hundred pounds on their backs and go where he told them," and he had found them, not far from the Road House, as likewise two pack horses. John E. Barrett and Frank Buell were from Seattle, Ralph Felterolf from Philadelphia. "If you tell Johnnie Barrett you want to go to the top of Mount Blackburn," I had been told at the mine, "he'll get you there if he has to pack you on his back." To these men I added a German painter from Cordova, Walter Wolf, recommended to me because of his experience in the Alps. I thought it a great acquisition to have one man who was experienced in the recognized technique of cutting steps in ice, the use of the rope, etc., all the more because my other men were not mountaineers. No one ropes in Alaska, nor are ice axes known. When a man perishes in a crevasse, the glacier is named for him. So anxious was Wolf to go that he had said, "If they turn back, I will go to the top anyway."

The Alaskan prepares for a "trip" by preparing his mind to do without every article of comfort. "If you tell a prospector there's gold at the top of Mount McKinley, he'll put a couple of flapjacks in his pocket and step up," they had said to me. Mr. McClellan had landed with the first on the Valdez Glazier and had led a party through to Dawson by compass, some five hundred miles through the wilderness. "I would trust my life to Mr. McClellan," the late able and courteous chief engineer of the railway, Mr. E. C. Hawkins, had said to me. To my every inquiry his reply was, "We've thought of all that," or "Don't you worry about the men. They can take care of themselves." None of them had been above 10,000 feet, but all knew what it was to travel in winter at sixty degrees below zero, for the prospector needs the short summers for prospecting, and he has learned that to travel with a dog-sled in winter is easier than to "pack" ninety pounds through the bogs, streams, alders, and fallen logs of Alaskan "trails" in summer. "You can't freeze to death at this season," they assured me. "Why how cold do you suppose it's going to be up there? It ain't going to be more than ten degrees below." So they refused

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to take more for protection than parkas and jumpers. The Alaskan parka is a sort of overshirt. It is put on over the head and comes to the knees. It is made of khaki with a bit of fur around face and wrists, and as this tickles them they pull it off. It keeps heat in and wind out, but has no warmth in itself.

From the Road House a rough mining trail gave fairly good going for ten miles. We might even make fifteen miles with the horses before the last grass would be reached. From there they must be sent back by an extra man. From there we would load our outfit on a sled that Mr. Barrett had cached the winter before and his dogs would pull the sled up the glacier to the foot of the mountain. There were to be four dogs, but the hand-car that brought my baggage ran over the best dog, crippling him beyond use—so unused were the dogs to the new railway. "The dogs can climb anywhere you can go," Mr. Barrett had assured me, "and if I have to, I can just drop them down a cliff by the tail."

Our "Alaska-style" outfit consisted of two tents and a lean-to, the least possible extra clothing, two small alcohol-stoves, ropes, ice-creepers made in Cordova, and ice-axes forged at the mine. Bacon and beans, flour and coffee, the prospector's stand-bys, were the chief food. Canvas strips with poles through the sides were to serve as "cots" that would raise us off the ice by resting the poles on piled-up rocks or blocks of ice. Food, fuel, and shelter had to be taken for the entire trip, for here at the Road House, at only 1,500 feet, we were leaving civilization behind. To reach the foot of the mountain would take at least two days, to climb it at least a week, and the entire time would be spent on ice and snow. An Arctic expedition indeed it seemed to me, and the Kenai Peninsula had been my first experience in rough camping. There at least there had always been wood, water, and game. None of them should we have on Mount Blackburn.

A beautiful glistening mass of purest white, its distant summit rose above the hideous desolation of the moraine of Kennecott Glacier as we started around its end. The temperature was sixty-five degrees at 8 A. M., a hot day for Alaska. Never had I dreamt that a moraine could be so crushing in its domination of the scene.

Great cracks and fallen blocks the size of a house left no doubt that ice underlay those miles of rocks that were to lie at our right for hours as we followed the trail beside the glacier. In hope of game for food or perhaps even a bear, Mr. Barrett with his gun and I kept ahead. The dogs followed closely, dragging the poles for tents and cots. The poles caught in projecting roots and the little dogs would whimper for us to free them. Slowly the heavily laden horses followed. By noon, in the marshes beside the glacier, we came on huge bear tracks. "Why didn't you tell me you wanted some water, Mr. McClellan?" said Felterolf, as our leader fetched up some at lunch time. "I could have given you a couple of boots full." No further word did I ever hear of wet feet on a trip during which they were the rule.

Here at 2,500 feet, the first day, was our last timber. Soon the trail lay along the top of the lateral moraine. Timber had given place to castellated-rock pinnacles that towered above us on the left. On the right was the glacier. Ground-hogs mocked us with their shrill cries, but the dogs were encumbered by the poles and could not go after them, while of the many ptarmigan, all but two took care to appear only after the man with the gun was past.

At 4 o'clock a lateral valley could be crossed only by taking to the glacier at which the trail ended. To find and make a trail for the clumsy tired horses took time. To cross the crevasses here was easy for us, but for the horses bridges of ice and rock must be built and steps chopped, for never once must they be taken on to any slanting slope. We were nearing Mr. Barrett's cache, a "hole in the wall" of the mountain-side. Two men were despatched thither for a Yukon stove. With difficulty a way back to "dry land" was found over the marginal ice, and at half-past six we camped on grass. Willows waist-high offered the only fuel. Pitching only my tent, for themselves the men were content to throw their bedding on the ground under canvas. At midnight it rained. Quietly Mr. McClellan rose to tuck up the sleepers, so quietly

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that Mr. Buell jumped as he felt the hand, sure that a big bear had him.

Early the next morning two men went in search of the sled. Evidently a snow-slide had carried it down, for it was badly jammed and required much repair. We had come only fifteen miles, but from here on there would be no more grass, so the horses were saddled for return. Meantime a dog was missed. It was Jack, one of our two malamutes, labor saving and clever at short cuts. "Do you see that dog?" said Mr. Barrett, pointing far back on our trail. "He's sized up the situation pretty well. He sees there ain't going to be much to eat and pretty hard work and he's going back with the horses." Two men had to help to get the horses back over the glacier and continued down for timber, which they packed up.

All day it had rained, hopelessly wetting the willow bushes with which and the stove we were trying to cook twenty-five pounds of beans and fifteen pans of biscuits; for here at 3,000 feet was to be our last fire for ten days. On Chimborazo, in the Andes of the equator, the last fire is lighted at 14,000 feet, with only 5,900 feet still to climb. On the Mexican volcanoes 17,000 feet high, vegetation is found up to 13,000 feet. On Mount Whitney at 11,000 feet, with only 3,000 feet left to climb. In the tropics the snow line may be as high as 18,000 feet. On Mont Blanc, the highest of the Alps, wood, water, food, and shelter are found in a comfortable hut at 10,000 feet in the midst of a glacier, with less than 6,000 feet of an established route still to climb. In Alaska all is reversed, and herein lie the difficulties of mountain climbing in Alaska; here, too, its interest and adventure. To climb Mount Saint Elias, 18,100 feet, on which four previous expeditions had failed, the Duke of the Abruzzi had to travel more than fifty miles from the forest and to climb some 14,000 feet above the snow line. To climb Mount Blackburn we had to travel some twenty-five miles from the timber and to climb 10,000 feet above the snow line.

The willows at least served for flag-poles. The year before at Chamonix I had noticed the flags of M. Vallot placed in the course of mapping the Glacier du Géant. I had noted their utility and had brought red flannel for a similar use on the way up, in case blizzards should make it difficult to find the way down again.

Thus was our second day busily occupied with necessary preparations, yet no advance made. A glorious sunset raised our hopes for the morrow. At daybreak we were up. Sled and supplies were packed over the marginal ice, the load lashed onto the sled, the dogs harnessed, and the march up the glacier begun. Even in summer enough snow usually remained on Kennecott Glacier to cover the ice-way below this point, so the men left promising that soon we should strike smooth going. Instead, occasional ribbons of bare white ice were all that now appeared between the great moraines that streaked the glacier. It was three miles wide. To find ice on which progress could be made was all that could be hoped for. The abnormal heat of the summer had removed the snow, had contracted the ice and seamed it with crevasses so countless that for the next two days we seemed to encounter them every five to twenty minutes. Wide and deep and long as they were, it was a difficult task to find a trail, still more difficult to get the sled over or around the crevasses. The men had to work as hard as the dogs. I alone was free to "prospect" ahead. The dogs too required less direction when they could follow a leader. Travelling as fast as I could to keep ahead in order to gain time to watch to right and left for the crevasses ahead, still my task was too difficult for any good success. Often formidable crevasses were invisible until I was within ten feet of them, for the upward slope was perceptible. Even between crevasses the ice was rough, its surface all rills, ridges, hillocks, puddles, streams, and gravel. Every moment the men were pulling or pushing, lifting or lowering, righting or repairing a sled loaded with seven hundred and fifty pounds, and yet I never heard them swear. The only way I could help was by leading and at times carrying the heavy ice-picks. They might cut hands or ropes if placed on the sled. At the least provocation the top-heavy sled would tip over. At every stop down would lie all three dogs until Mr. Barrett's "All right, dogs," or "Go ahead, dogs," was heard, when instantly they were off again. For right or left we

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had only to call to Bigelow, the wise little malamute leader, "Gee a little, Biggie," or "Biggie, go haw." To the black dog, Nigger, it was more often, "Nig, git into it," or "Nig, I'll take a lung out o' you yet." The dogs knew their master, but they knew him to be kind too, and in camp they were petted and played with.

Presently we made out three mountain goats grazing high up at our left. The ice began to rise in great frozen billows, with broad and deep crevasses in the trough of the waves. The angles up which the sled must be coaxed became so steep that it was better to try an entirely different part of the glacier. To do so involved packing over a great moraine. We could not hope to reach the foot of the mountain that night, and the moraine offered protection for a camp.

The wind was right for a goat hunt and we needed the goats for the dogs. For my pleasure, Mr. Barrett proposed that I should go along. Stopping only for a bite of chocolate, and leaving three men to pitch camp, off we went, Mr. Barrett, Wolf, and I. It was already 5 o'clock, and between us and the goats lay a mile of crevasses and some 700 feet of steep climbing. Hard and fast we travelled, jumping crevasses, crawling up and down marginal ice ridges, climbing straight up shale slopes and across precipitous snow. "Go on all fours," whispered Mr. Barrett as we neared our wary game, "so if they see you they'll think it an animal." But the shale would slide, and just as we were within shot, the sentinel goat heard and gave warning. Up they started. They could climb faster than we. Darkness was approaching, and we had still to return. At least I had won the confidence of my men. "If you can follow them goats, I guess you can climb Mount Blackburn," was their greeting, as empty-handed and overheated, just at dark, we came in to the cheerless prospect of sleeping on the ice. I had to break three-eighths of an inch of ice on the water of the crevasse where I went to wash, and it was dark and chill as at half-past nine we ate our first real meal since daybreak.

It was my first goat hunt. It had been good sport, reward enough indeed to feel that I was actually able to do it. A new feeling of confidence, new zest came over me each day as I realized what a woman might do in America. Sure of respect and of every assistance, in Alaska at least, her limitations need be only those within herself, her measure that of which she is capable, her development in her own hands to make or to mar. I had come to Alaska on a voyage of discovery. Being alone had seemed to put every limitation in my way, and now, on the contrary, my love of adventure and sport could be satisfied as never before, because of the character of the men of Alaska. I was actually launched on an expedition of my own, the most adventurous and hazardous I could desire, yet sure of being cared for in safety with consideration and respect.

An Arctic expedition indeed it seemed as I crawled into my sleeping-bag. The aneroid showed 4,500 feet. There was only the sun to warm us—when it shone. The only way to dry anything was to sleep on it, and when the nights were not very long, the clothes were not very dry in the morning. The malamutes had curled up on a rock. It was warmer than the ice. Wolf could not get warm. He paced the ice, made coffee, and rolled rocks into the crevasses. Thus disturbed and raised just too little above the ice to be warm, the rest of us had not slept either when at half-past four we emerged from our tents to survey Mount Blackburn. This first near view did indeed make every visible route look hopeless to me as I scanned each possible route in turn with my glasses for a way up. Not one of us could find a route all the way to the top. But the Alaskans are no "quitters." We intended to try. All but Wolf. At half-past six our Alpinist turned back, "just because it was a bit chilly," as the men put it. One of my friends has said that he was the only sensible member of the party.

The fourth day was as hard as the third, the ice just as bad, with one less man to help. We had cached one hundred and twenty pounds of food for the return. At last, in the early afternoon, hope rose as we descried snow in the ice ahead. Even this hot summer the snow line was at 6,000 feet. The surface became more level. Then the snow cover gave smooth going for just an hour. Then the sun grew hot. The snow grew slushy and wet us.

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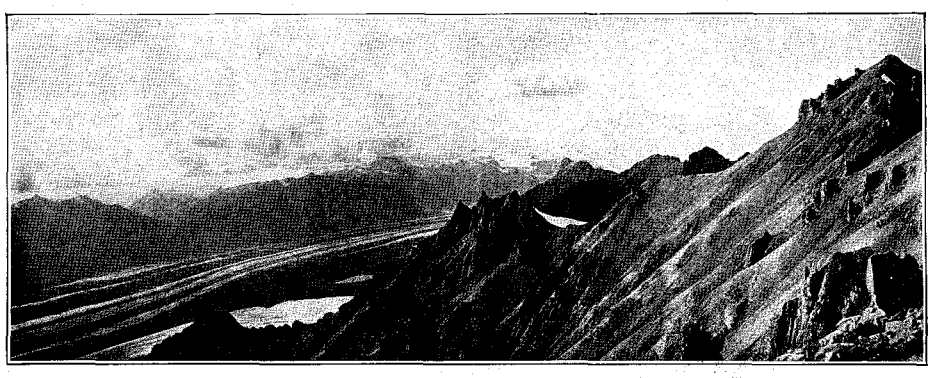
Soon great ice terraces loomed on either side with chasm-like crevasses between. The only hope was to keep to the trough in the centre. Soon this too became a questionable course, for deep drifts of snow only partially filled the crevasses, often merely concealed them. The sun was so hot that the snow commenced to give way under our weight. The crevasses were as many as before, only now much more dangerous because often invisible. We began to step through into them. I insisted that Mr. McClellan take the snow-shoes as he went ahead prospecting. I kept me awake, but it was now chilly, for at 5 o'clock the sun had disappeared behind the mountain. It was snowing as we got supper, and there was slush on the half-inch ice of the crevasses below, whither we must go for water.

Steep and badly broken glaciers, steeper ridges all crested with ice, and a fairly smooth snow summit, such was the sight that Mount Blackburn presented to our view. It was the fifth day, with food for only eight days more and every route looking hopelessly difficult and dangerous for men with heavy packs. The sled and



Mount Blackburn and Kennecott Glacier.
From Bonanza Mountain thirty miles away.

followed. For my own safety and for those behind I sounded every step with my ice-axe. Thinking we should soon get to camp, Mr. Barrett had gone off after another goat far up on the right, leaving only two men for the sled. Several times the trail proved false and we had to wait in the burning reflection of the melting snow for fifteen minutes or more while a new lead was tried. It began to look serious, as if we never should reach that protected rocky point at the end of a rock ridge at the head of this glacier upon which we had determined to place our base camp. At last a way was found, a bad one, but it held us.

Four and a half hours of this most dangerous going had we had when at six-thirty we reached safety. Each man had fallen in twice to the waist. To our relief Mr. Barrett soon came in. He was empty-handed but safe. It had taken us four days to reach the base of Mount Blackburn, which lay three miles across from us, four days to make thirty-five miles and to rise 5,000 feet up Kennecott Glacier. My hands were so burnt that they all else possible would have to be left at this base camp, and from here, at 6,500 feet, food, fuel, and shelter would have to be carried by men and dogs nearly to the top. Progress would be so slow and the liability to blizzards so great that it would never be safe to be far from food and shelter, and this very necessity for heavy packs would compel the choice of a route that should be neither too steep nor too difficult if we were to advance at all. Nearly 10,000 feet of snow and ice remained to be climbed, with the certainty of such frequent snowfalls that the snow would have no time to harden, would make the ascent laborious, and would slide with the first hot sun. To climb at night was impossible. Such routes could not be attempted in the dark. Indeed, one of the best gauges of the difficulty of a mountain ascent is the elevation remaining to be climbed above the snow line. It is chiefly the 10,000 or 15,000 feet that have to be climbed above the snow line that make the high mountains of Alaska among the most difficult of mountain expeditions.

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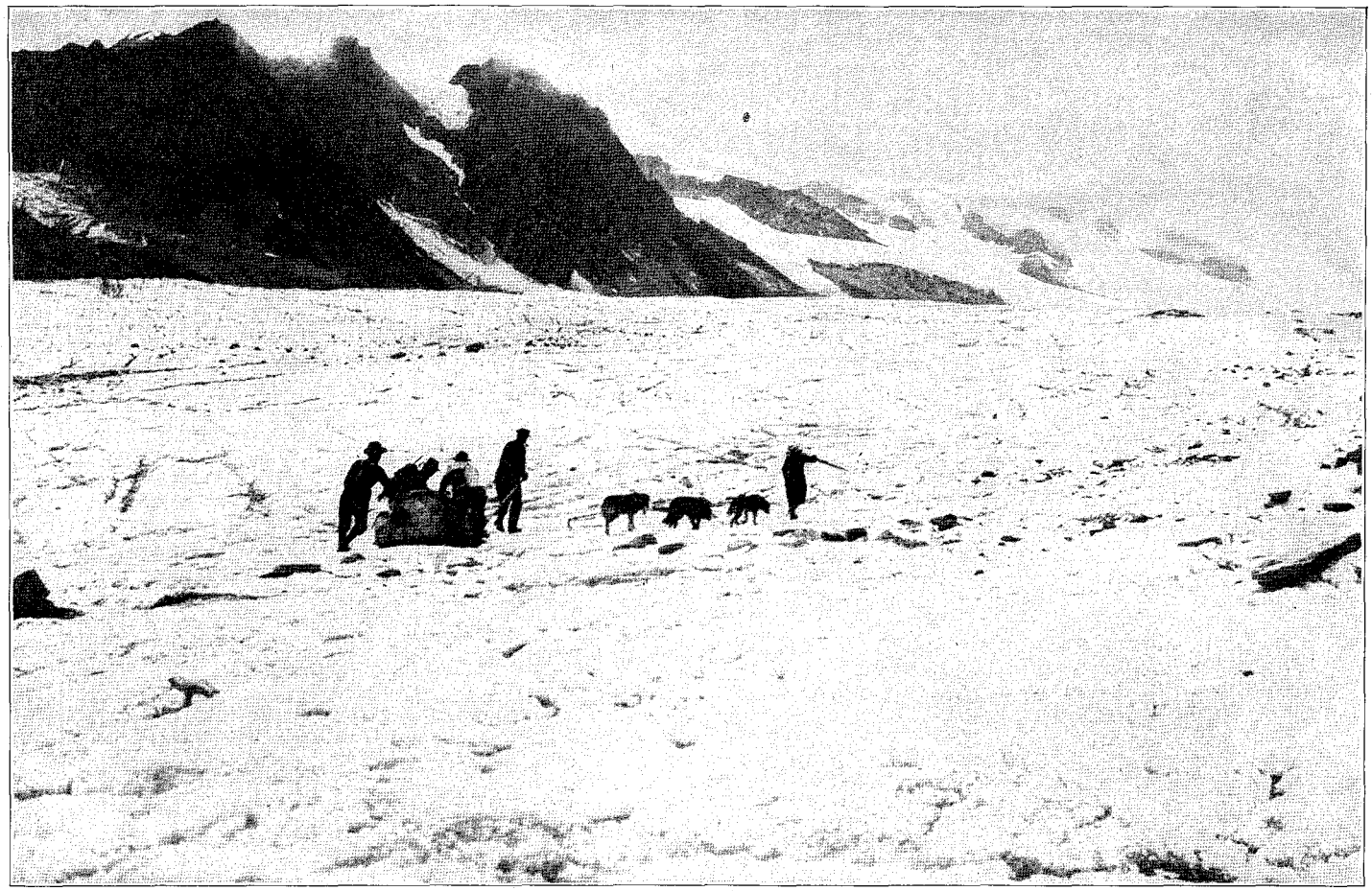

The author leading the way to Mount Blackburn.

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Above 12,000 feet the ascent would be easy. This was one reason why I had chosen to try this mountain by this side. Experience in the Alps and the Andes had taught me to avoid difficult work above 15,000 feet, and I had never been above 16,000 feet. The maps of the United States Geological Survey—made from near our first camp—showed the contour lines to be gradual above 12,000 feet, but how to reach 12,000 feet there was the problem. With all routes alike looking hopeless, the shortest seemed the best to try first.

Off went Mr. McClellan and Mr. Barrett to try to find a way up what I later named Barrett Glacier, while the other two went back to relay up the supplies we had cached. Clearly we should need them all and we might get a goat for the return. Since the men when "empty"—as they call it to travel without a pack—could travel faster than I, to save time I remained in camp, keeping house. This time I saw to it that both sets of men were roped. So the siege of Mount Blackburn began. For the first time human foot was set on its beautiful glaciers.

It was after six when the relay party came in, just as I was beginning to worry about them, and 9 o'clock, dusk, when the men from Barrett Glacier returned. Their report was not encouraging. It had taken three hours to reach the foot of the glacier and as much more to rise 1,600 feet on it. There was danger from avalanches, but a safe way might be found; another day would tell. At daybreak they would return to the attack with a third man, while the fourth should go in the other direction after the elusive goat. This time they took snow-shoes.

Too dangerous to stop under such walls, in a hot sun, to chop a way up.

Again I was alone in the great silence of this wonder world. The better to behold and to photograph the great amphitheatre of ice, snow, and rock at the foot of which we were camped, cautiously I climbed the rock ridge above me, climbed till the tents were specks, till they disappeared from view. A panorama secured, I sat down to drink in forever the glory and beauty about me. Already I was repaid for coming. A world without limitations was unfolded to me, a world in which I felt as if the bonds that held me to earth were loosed, a world of purity the sight of which ennobled a world of power, of majesty, a vision to inspire, to uplift, to give peace and strength, to beget reverence and humility. The struggles to achieve, the yearning to attain on the mountain, are they not symbolic of life? Life demands courage. We need strength to endure and to suffer. Is it not in itself worth while to climb if in so doing we lose all sense of fear?

From such contemplation there was only an occasional sound as of thunder to arouse me. Mount Blackburn at the left, Mount Reynolds at the right, below me the Kennecott Glacier hemmed in by the lower slopes of the great mountains, half way between Mount Reynolds and the distant mine, Mount Regal, 13,000 feet—such was the view unfolded to me. Now and again a mighty roar led my eye to the cliffs across the Reynolds Glacier. Great ice masses crowned them. Loosened by the sun they were breaking off and pouring like gentle waterfalls down the gullies all the way to the glaciers fifteen hundred feet below. Would the goat-hunter over there take warning? Would he keep off and from under those cliffs? I

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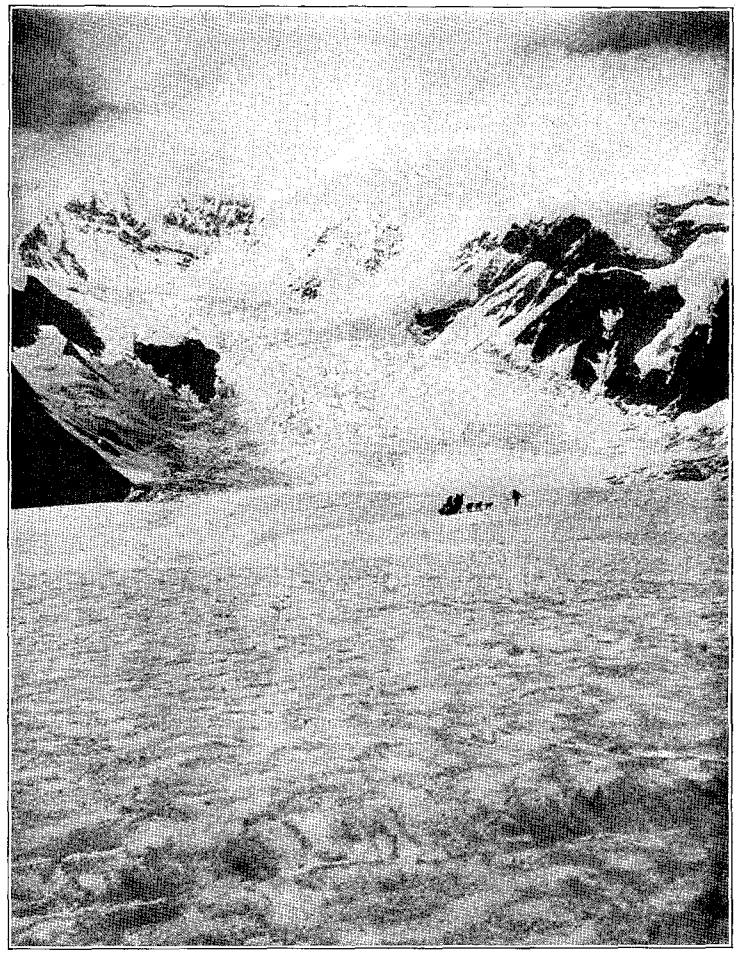

Sounding for hidden crevasses.
Such as that in the foreground.

could not once find him with my glasses. Whenever I could make out the others they seemed to be in difficulty, making slow progress.

Hardly was I back at camp when the others also returned, Felterolf without his goat, the others because it had been unsafe to remain on that cascading glacier at that time of day. Avalanches and falling stones had warned them off. Only five hundred feet had been gained. Their plan now was for Mr. Barrett and Mr. Felterolf to return that night, to camp at the foot of Barrett Glacier, and to make a last determined effort the next day. To find a trail on unknown glaciers of such a character by lantern was dangerous. The Swiss plan of a start at night when all is hard could not be followed. The best they could do would be to be there and at work at daybreak. When I had first arrived in Cordova, on July 5, there had been no night at all, merely twilight from 10.30 P. M. until 1.30 A. M. Now it was dark from 9.30 P. M. until 3 A. M., and the ice did not begin to break off much before 9 A. M. Between 3 and 9 A. M. were the only safe hours to be at work on such glaciers at this time of year. A little later there would be new snow sliding. If the ascent could not be made now, probably winter, January or February, or perhaps spring, would be the only time.

They reported precipitous walls of ice seventy-five and one hundred feet in height under and on which they must

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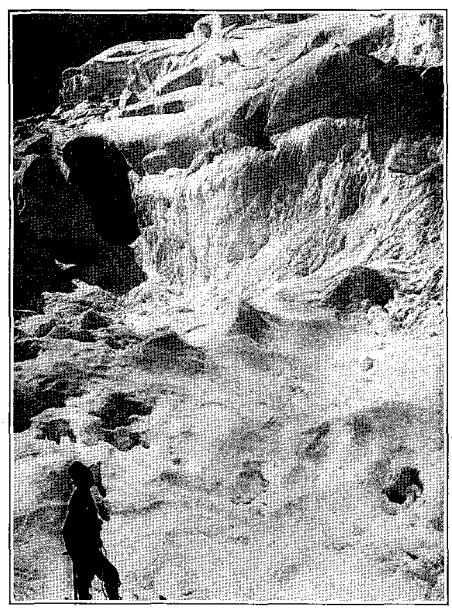
work. Ever since 11 that morning the avalanches had been incessant. At 5.30 the two men left to spend one or two nights on the glacier. For sleeping on snow, a lean-to, a canvas, a sleeping-bag, and an eiderdown were their protection. Tea, bacon, sandwiches, chocolate, and beef extract in smallest quantities were the only food. For cooking, melting water, heat, light, and signals, six candles and two tin cans were to suffice. Ropes, socks, and mitts completed the outfit.

Mr. McClellan and Mr. Buell were to leave at daybreak to try a second alternative route, for the days were passing, food and fuel was going. We turned in early, I to watch the hours and call the men at midnight. At 8.45 P. M., at 10.15, at 1 A. M. came avalanches loud enough to waken us. All night they never ceased. What of those two men? Would the spot they had selected prove as safe as they believed? By the first streaks of dawn Mr. McClellan and Mr. Buell were off. They were to try the ridge that I had rejected because of its bad snow saddle. Not once could I see them all day long.



No quick way up and no time to chop a way. Tons of ice ready to fall and all holes under foot.

Again I was alone, and the evening and the morning were the seventh day. In vain I tried to sleep, took pictures, washed dishes, clothes, even bathed in the icy water of a choked crevasse. The sun was so hot that I shed what clothes I could, and finally sat mending in the shade of my tent. Ever and anon I scanned the glaciers for my men. At 5 A. M. I had seen the two on Barrett Glacier, and again at 7. This time they were working in a new direction, but no higher up. At 8 came a roar from an avalanche that seemed as if it would never cease. For full five minutes I could see only a cloud of falling snow on that part of the glacier for which my men had been heading an hour before! Search as I would, I could not find them. My anxiety was intense. At 11 I found them, but had no way to call them in. Only for this signal had we not provided. They were back at the same place as at 5 A. M.

The slides were fewer to-day. The dogs slept. "Whatever you do, don't let the dogs loose," Mr. Barrett had said, "for Bigelow is liable to miss me and might take my trail even after two days."

Never was I so glad to see two men as when, at 6 P. M., Mr. McClellan and Mr. Buell suddenly appeared amid the crevasses below me. I told them of my fears for the other two, of the incessant avalanches on that glacier. "Oh, they're all right," Mr. McClellan assured me. "They're just waiting until it's hard enough to travel. They'll be in in the morning." Good news he brought, too. His route was possible and safe. They had climbed my ridge all the way to the saddle, and believed that either this ridge or the glacier to the left of it—McClellan Glacier I named it—would offer a way to the top.

At last we had a way to signal to the others. "Route possible"—the signal that we had expected from them—was indicated by two candles in tin-can reflectors. Whatever their success, I was unwilling that they or any one should longer risk his life amid the beautiful but terrible avalanches of Barrett Glacier. Wearied and blistered by their long day in heat that they estimated at one hundred and twenty degrees in the sun, I urged the men to sleep while I should watch. The night was calm and warm. I placed my

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sleeping-bag on the rocks and had only to open my eyes once a half hour in order to look for lights on the mountain, if by chance I could see them so far, if indeed my men were alive. Never had the stars seemed more beautiful, but two answering candles were all that I wanted to see. One of my candles wasted and its can rolled off into a crevasse. We had only one more can. Both candles burned out and I replaced them, but still no answer came from the glacier. At 3 I called to Mr. McClellan, suggesting that they go in search. "It ain't no use now," he replied. "If anything's happened, it's too late now. You'll see. They'll be in as soon as it's light." Yet before 6 he and Mr. Buell started in search, just because of my anxiety.

A half hour later I saw the two men on Barrett Glacier. They were in the same place as the day before, still laboring among the huge crevasses. Never had I been more thankful. I lost not a moment in placing the day signals, two canvases, on the rock ridge. The others likewise had seen them, signalled, and returned. By 10 o'clock all were in, but the snow was already too soft below us to start for the new route. The men needed sleep and food. They had been safely at their camp while I had been so worried. Mr. Felterolf thought that he must have slept four hours, "for there were four hours there I didn't feel Johnnie shake." Clothes were dried in the sun and all made ready for moving camp at an early hour on the morrow.

Again the night was warm and calm. At 11 Mr. McClellan called me to behold a sight of which I had never seen the like. In changing colors and forms, the aurora borealis streaked the sky. It was perhaps four times as wide as the Milky Way, and nearer to the aurora of the Arctic explorers than I had ever expected to see. Again I was glad that I had come.

The snow was hard and the going good as at 5 A. M. of the ninth day of "this exhibition," as Mr. Buell always called it, we set off for McClellan Glacier or the

Getting to Mount Blackburn.

One of the bottomless crevasses that must be crossed every five to twenty minutes during two days.—Page 67.

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Slow climbing up McClellan Glacier.

ridge adjoining it. Each man was packing seventy pounds, each dog twenty pounds. Since I could pack no more than fourteen pounds, including my camera, I asked to take two dogs; for each dog must be chained to some one or led by the hand, lest he break through into a crevasse. Presently my camera was all that I could manage. I had to give up the dogs. Even my "little bundle," as they called my pack, would mysteriously disappear into that of one of my overladen men so soon as I unshipped it. My safety, my success, and my comfort were still their only thought. Men could not have worked harder, more cheerfully, nor more unselfishly.

By 6 we had reached McClellan Glacier and began to rise fast, so fast that it seemed better to continue here, where the dogs could certainly carry their packs, rather than to risk the balancing of heavy packs up the loose bowlders and limestone of which the ridge was composed. We had not risen far when difficulties began to delay us. Crevasses presented real problems. We roped. Over or around them, down, up and on we went—we were rising, but so was the sun, and our only hope was to get to a safe altitude before the sun should start the avalanches. This glacier was less steep than Barrett Glacier, less liable to be swept by avalanches, but still it was broken enough to be dangerous at its lower levels at mid-day. Ice walls of formidable dimensions began to rise in our path. On both sides the whole surface was broken by great chasm-like crevasses fif-

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teen to twenty-five feet across. Only in the middle was advance possible, and even here the way grew so puzzling, the loss of time so great, as one point after another delayed us, that we began to doubt of success. The snowy mantle that had given the only security to our footing began to thaw, and we to step into holes. I pounded each step with my foot, as I had been taught in the Alps. My men, on the contrary, trod quickly and lightly and fell in only half as often. They rallied me. Again the dogs caused delays, necessitated easier routes, and again had to be thrown across crevasses. They could not sound their footing. To have a dog drag back just as one was jumping, with insecure footing, was trying. The higher we rose the more broken and difficult the glacier became.

By half-past eight, leaving packs and dogs with two men, Mr. McClellan, Mr. Barrett, and I started up in order to see whether it was worth while to go any farther. Up, down, over and into canyons of ice we worked. Now to right, now to left we tried to find a way. Over loosely wedged masses, under walls and pinnacles that towered straight above us, over huge blocks, on we went. Twenty times I was sure there was no way to continue. Swiss guides would not have ventured to go on. I was enraptured with the fantastic beauty of the shapes about and beneath me, annoyed past consolation that it was not safe to stop anywhere long enough to pull

The fifteen foot crevasses of McClellan Glacier among which we had been. Taken from 700 feet above.

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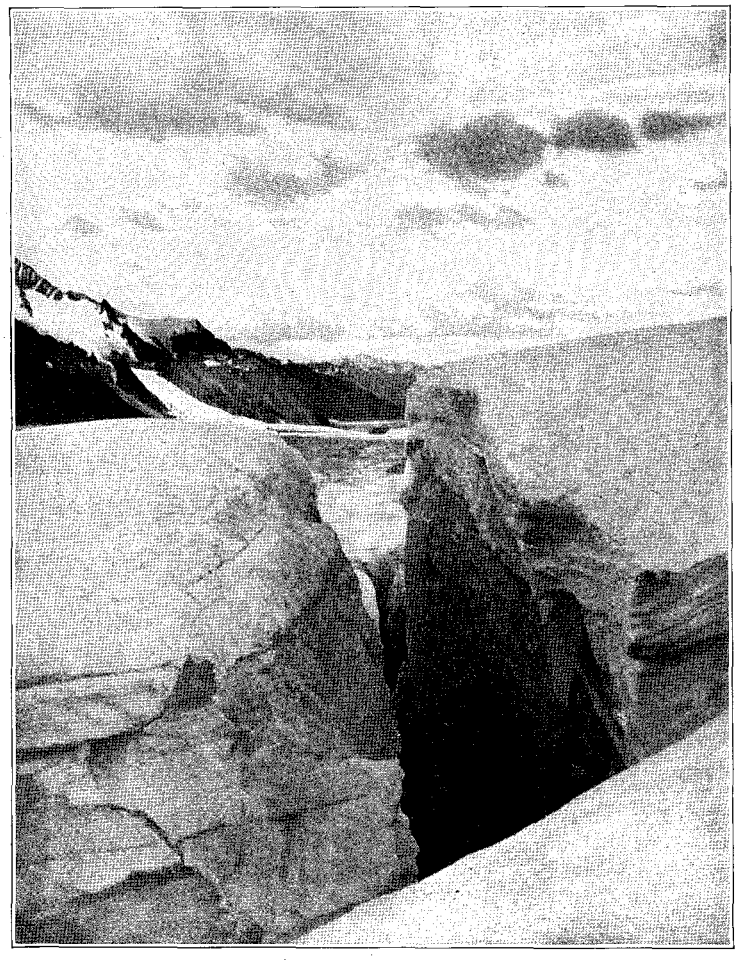
out my camera. It was the most wonderfully fantastic and beautiful sight I had ever seen and I wished it to be indelibly impressed on my memory. I wanted time to drink in the marvellous scenes of this

from a chasm into which he had been let down, "I could chop a trail." At this hour to do so would be to risk that the whole threatening mass would collapse, or at least that walls or blocks would fall on us.



One of the ten-foot crevasses on McClellan Glacier. Looking down Kennecott Glacier.

frozen inferno, but time there was not. To linger was not safe at this hour. If we could not get up quickly we must get ashore or go down. Thrilling beyond words was it to be in such places. Each time that I had given up all hope and was wondering how my men could hope to find a way up some hopeless place, from above or below or around a corner would come Mr. Barrett's cheery voice, "I think I can make it, Mac." But after an hour even he began to give up hope. "If only I had an hour of freezing now," he lamented finally

In Switzerland they do not go on such glaciers, but the only concern of these men was for me. At times they insisted on my remaining above some forty-foot wall under which they were going to have a look. They returned to take me through a labyrinth of crevasses into which they had been. On all fours and quickly must I go, for the blocks that choked these bottomless abysses and over which we were climbing had sharp edges and corners and had no snow coating. They must have fallen very lately, and more might fall to-

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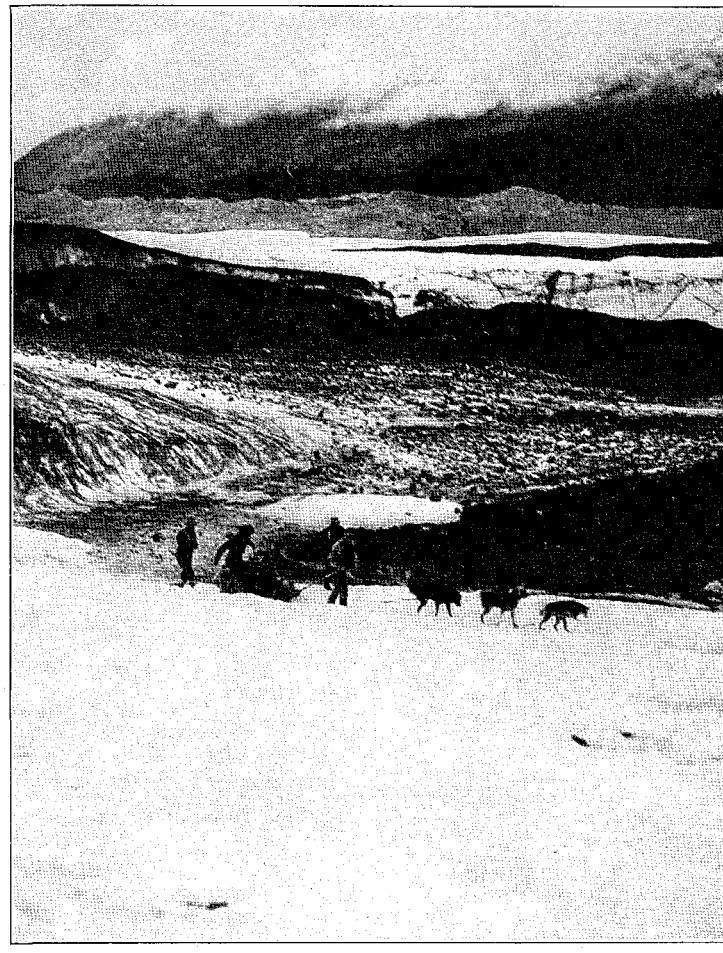
day. We could find no way to advance, no way "ashore" even, to the ridge which offered our last hope, and to gain it we must now descend a thousand feet from the 7,500-foot level that we had reached. the loose stones sliding. There were no sure holds. Climbing was difficult, especially with packs and tent-poles to impede us. The rocks hurt the dogs' feet. Nig tried to cross an ice slide, slipped, fell



Just over the gravel from worse ice.

It was 10.30 when we turned down and two hours later when we had climbed to the ridge. Here at last we were safe from avalanches, safe from crevasses, but a new series of difficulties was to begin. The ridge offered the last hope for the ascent of the mountain. The crumbling limestone made the dogs slide and slip as much as we did, for their packs pulled them back. We roped them. Then we took their packs off, "and then we was the dogs," as Mr. Felterolf put it. At times we had to wait for each other, because of fifty feet, and struck with a thud, yet up he scrambled, and the next day tried it again. Two of the men had to cut their packs in half, and preferred the "grub" to the bedding. At 7 we had barely reached the snow saddle. We could not cross it without too great risk. To climb seven hundred feet perpendicularly down onto the glacier and up the ridge again beyond it would therefore be necessary on the morrow. Here we must sleep, on the bowlders, with no room for a tent and two men without bedding. We had to melt ice

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for water, and choose between drinking it or using it for coffee. We could not spare alcohol enough for more. The aneroid showed 8,700 feet. Already, at 8,000 feet, we had had superb views of the whole beautiful mass of Mount Logan, 19,000 feet high, and beyond it of Mount Saint Elias, 18,100 feet, both nearly one hundred and fifty miles away, the latter close to the sea. To reach 8,700 feet on a peak only 360 feet higher than Mt. Blanc had cost me as much time and effort as to climb Mt. Blanc, two high snow passes, three of the less difficult and three of the most difficult of the famous Aiguilles at Chamonix the summer before.

The night was not cold for that altitude. The men even feared a change in the weather. Most of the hard work of the ascent was over. With good weather we could be sure of reaching the top in two more days, for we could see our route now all the way and had just enough food and fuel left to go to the top and back on short rations. Working as hard as possible, with days eighteen hours long, it had still taken nine days to reach the mountain and to find a safe way up it. A blizzard now would be fatal to success, for after weathering it there would not remain enough rations with which to complete the ascent. Goats, ptarmigan, and timber were two days below us now.

Leaving 8,700 feet, highest point reached.
Men and dog at the left of the picture.

At 4.30 A. M. we wakened in a snowstorm. The wind had changed. The men recognized the signs of a three-day

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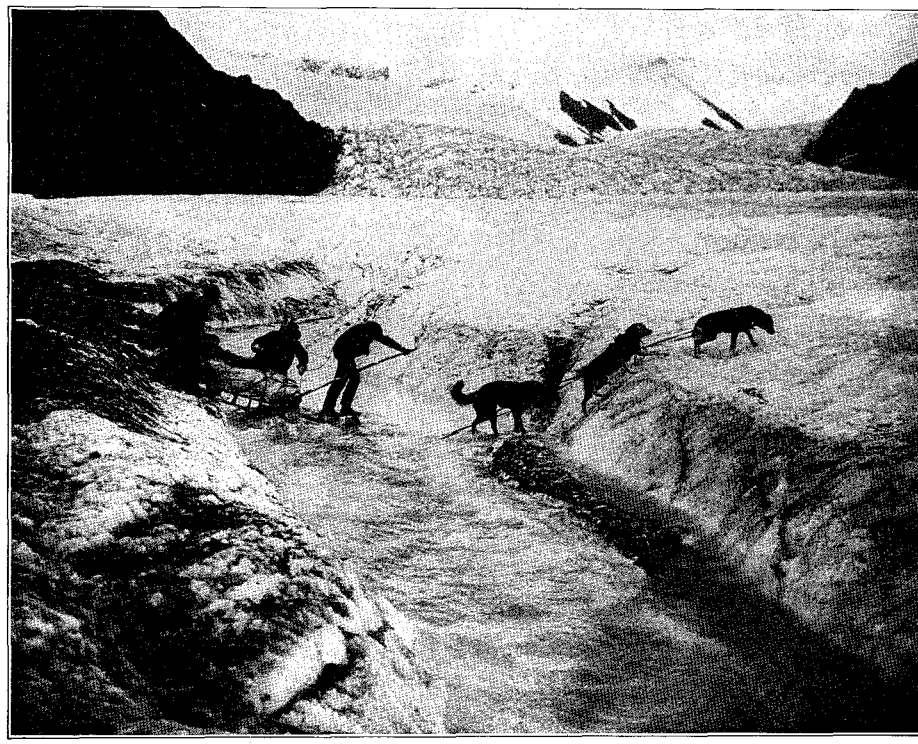

Over a glacial stream on a bridge built of rocks.

storm. We waited a while to be sure. Mr. McClellan and Mr. Barrett climbed down to the glacier below and returned with a verdict of "perfectly feasible," although to me it looked nearly as hopeless and broken as its lower section had proved to be the day before. The clouds lifted, shifted, then settled. Silently, at 10.30 we turned down from what they had termed Keen Ridge. Unknown to me, Mr. Felterolf had scratched my name on a rock at our highest point. "You never will know quite how hard it was for me to turn back," writes my leader. "It's the first journey I ever started on that I didn't get to the end of," writes Mr. Barrett, "and, believe me, if ever I start for the top of Mount Blackburn again, I'll get there, and I bet you will too."

If when the way up Mount Blackburn had been found, more supplies had been attainable, we should have reached the summit, but mountaineering in Alaska is mountaineering in the Arctic. In mountain climbing, perhaps more than in any other sport, we appreciate each difficult point gained in proportion to what its attainment has cost us. In difficulties, in thrilling experiences, in a view of the beautiful ice world on a new scale, in the reward of a new vision of life, Alaskan mountaineering may take first rank with the high peaks of the Himalayas. The reason that my leader had consented to go was that if I wished to undertake so big a task, he wished to help me. Such is the spirit of Alaska.

NOTE.—Miss Keen's second attempt to climb Mount Blackburn has been successful. She left Cordova, Alaska, on April 18, this spring, with six men to attack the mountain again from the south-east. She telegraphed on May 25, from Kennecott, Alaska: "After thirteen days' snow-storm, spent in caves, made the summit of Mount Blackburn on May 19."

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Drawn by Allen True.

A safe and sane Fourth of July.

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SIX SONS OF OSSIAN

A STORY OF THE NORTH COUNTRY

By Mary Synon

ILLUSTRATION BY N. C. WYETH

WHEN six men dwell together for three years in a North Country residency they either hate each other with infinite scorn or they cherish a comradeship that endures through time and circumstance. Kenyon and O'Hara, Randall and Ferguson, Steve MacDonald and little Jean Feroux had come through misunderstandings and separations, bickerings and combats, into the friendships that made Residency Number Eight famous along the Transcontinental Right-of-Way from Quebec to Winnipeg. So glittering were the bands of steel that bound their companionship that when Duncan of Number Ten received the appointment to the chieftainship of the Kapuskasing River residency the builders of the railroad through the Bush waited the wrath of the men of Eight. It came. For Steve MacDonald had won his right to the coveted post by hard work, and Duncan had won the post because his father was in the Dominion Parliament.

Steve MacDonald was at the Kapuskasing residency when the news of Duncan's appointment was telephoned out to the latter from the Groundhog tower station. The ringing of the telephone bell by the Groundhog operator sounded in twenty-one offices along the construction track and brought every man within ear-shot of the jingle to the entertainment the eavesdropping promised. Randall, tapping the wire with nineteen other men, according to the custom of Bush telephoning, shouted his indignation at the Groundhog operator as soon as that official finished his reading of Duncan's telegram to twenty other listening ears.

Scotty, the operator, hastily disclaimed any personal responsibility for the choice of Duncan. "Bannister doesn't know, but it's joost a shame," he condoled in broad Scotch. "What's a shame?" came Duncan's thin voice. "It's an outrage that you get the Kapuskasing," Randall broke in, "when Steve's whipped that section into shape. That residency was the toughest job on the whole grade—and you know why—and Steve's made it the best piece of work. If you didn't keep on smuggling your vile whiskey to his section men, he'd have had his chance to prove up. Haven't you any honor, Duncan? If you were a man, instead of a little, intriguing whipper-snapper, you'd never even have applied for a place that belongs by every moral right to another man, to say nothing of breaking laws just so that you could discredit him with the chief."

"Well, I have the place now," Duncan snarled, "and what are you going to do about it?"

The chuckle of the operator came over the wire. Randall sensed the tension that held nineteen silent men to their instruments on the string from Groundhog to the Missinaibi. Number Eight was on trial for courage. "I'll show you what we'll do," he yelled.

"Play the broom, me bonnie lad," Scotty called encouragingly as Randall banged up the receiver.

That day there assembled a council of war in the dining shack of Number Eight. Randall flung his news at the other four as they came in from the Right-of-Way. Through their dinner hour the five men heaped abuse on Duncan, and on Duncan's father, and on the men of authority whom Duncan's father knew. Even Kenyon forsook his Nestorian caution in his anger at the wrong done to Steve MacDonald.

"Steve has really earned that place," he drawled with decision. "If Duncan's crowd had played fair, he'd have had it, too. It's not right that Duncan should be given the Kapuskasing."

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"And Duncan of all the fellows in the service!" Randall pounded on the table in emphasis of his disgust with the government's choice. "Why, there isn't a man on the grade who doesn't know Duncan for what he is, the 'soldier-smuggler' of the line."

"And the kind of whiskey he smuggles," groaned Ferguson.

"I think it's ridiculous for the government to make a law prohibiting the sale of whiskey along the Right-of-Way," Jean Feroux announced, "if men who have violated that law ever since they came to the Bush are to be made resident engineers."

"Well, the government doesn't know what Duncan's doing." Ferguson's declared political opinions always forced him into defence of the administration.

"If Duncan had played fair with Steve," Kenyon said with judicial consideration, "I think that no one of us would think it his business to object to the 'soldier-smuggling,' although it is law-breaking. But we all know that Duncan was one of the men who made that section a disgrace to the division; and we all know that ever since Steve went out to the Kapuskasing, Duncan has been smuggling case after case out to the section, not as much for the money he makes as for the trouble it gives the man in charge. Isn't that right, Brian?" He turned to O'Hara for counsel.

"I know nothing about it," O'Hara answered curtly.

Kenyon bit his lip at the rebuff. "And the worst of it is," he continued, "that the Kapuskasing is a permanent residency."

"That's why Duncan has it," said Donald Ferguson.

"And Steve wanted it so," lamented Jean Feroux.

"Steve thought that if he'd get the Kapuskasing place, he'd—" Donald Ferguson halted his words with a sudden glance at O'Hara. The Irishman had spoken only in answer to Kenyon's direct question. Usually the quickest of them to speech, he had been strangely silent through the excited conference. Now he scowled at Ferguson. "He'd what?" he asked sharply. "I mean, he thought he'd like to stay up here in the Bush when the road's finished," Ferguson ended lamely.

"What'll we do to Duncan?" Randall demanded.

Four of them turned to O'Hara. He shrugged his shoulders. "Well, what can I do?" he asked petulantly without taking his pipe from his mouth.

Donald Ferguson frowned. "Even if you don't like Steve as well as the rest of us do," he said, "you know he's one of us, and we're going to stand by him. When any fellow strikes one of the men of Eight, he fights us all."

"Right-O!" said Kenyon. Randall and Feroux nodded solemnly.

"Besides," Ferguson continued, pushing back his chair from the table and reaching the door-way with one stride, "this is the time for all of us to prove up." He turned to O'Hara directly. "Steve's losing more than the residency with this," he said, "and you know it." With the cryptic utterance ringing behind him he stepped out of the shack to the brilliant sunshine of the northern May.

O'Hara stared after him consideringly. Then he laughed. Kenyon and Randall and Jean Feroux watched him disapprovingly. "Having fired the shot, he departed," he announced. "Does any one of ye know what he meant?"

No one of them answered. O'Hara set down his pipe, stretched himself, and arose. "I won't be back to supper," he said. "I've an engagement in Groundhog." At the door of the shack he paused, peering down the path toward the bridge over the Frederick House River. "Our old friend Fraser, the meanest man who ever worked on a railroad, has just descended from the steel train. He's coming to crow over us. I think I'll stay." He went back to his place at the table and had resumed his pipe when a tall, sandy-haired man in shabby khaki filled the door-way. "Girding for the war-path?" asked the stranger.

"Waiting to welcome ye," said O'Hara smoothly.

"Have dinner with us," Kenyon gave invitation, but Fraser declined. "Had my dinner with the trainmen." His explanations snapped jerkily. "Just ran in to take your congratulations on to Duncan," he taunted. "Lucky chap, Duncan."

"Very," said Kenyon dryly.

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"Surprised MacDonald failed. Thought he was doing wonders."

"He did well," Kenyon said.

"Front thought otherwise."

"We know he did well," said Randall.

"Too bad you're not running all of the National Transcontinental," Fraser observed.

"It is unfortunate," said Jean Feroux. "In this instance we could right an injustice."

"By the way," said Fraser, "I hear one of you threatened Duncan over the wire this morning. He's upset a bit, I fancy, for he telegraphed his father to have the sergeant of provincial police instructed to keep an eye on Number Eight."

"He did!" Five voices chorused the exclamation in varying degrees of surprise and anger.

"Oh, he's wise," said Fraser. "He knows the reputation of the Six Sons of Ossian."

"He'll know it better before we're through with him," said Randall.

"I told him when he spoke of the place," Fraser continued, watching O'Hara narrowly, "that if the six of you held together he might as well resign from the service before he even asked for the Kapuskasing residency. But he suggested the possibility of a break in your ranks."

"What does he think could cause it?" demanded Jean Feroux.

"Hard to say." Fraser scratched his head reflectively. "Association hasn't and ambition hasn't. You're that thick now that a knife couldn't come between any two of you. But a woman may."

"Rot!" Kenyon and Feroux and Randall yelled the word at their guest. But O'Hara kept his mouth closed tightly over his pipe. Fraser's eyes never left him. The unappeased hatred of three years—his feud with O'Hara began the day they met—dripped into his speech. "I'm sorry MacDonald's lost the place," he said. "I suppose he counted on it so that he could marry Molly Law. That's why he came back to the Bush, isn't it?"

"That is MacDonald's own affair," Kenyon told him.

"Oh, no offence," said Fraser easily, although he rose to go. "Fun on the T. C. R. if you take up the cudgels for Steve. Don't forget the sergeant."

"We'll not," promised Randall, following him.

Feroux and Randall went up to the grade with Fraser. "He'd steal the blueprints if they didn't watch him," Kenyon said. He cleared his throat nervously before he spoke directly to O'Hara. "Fraser coached Duncan to ask for that place," he assured him.

"Our enemies have combined against us," said O'Hara in a tone that mocked the words.

"Are you going to join them?" Kenyon tried to make his voice as unemotional as the other man's. "Going to desert?"

"Is there any desertion about it?"

"Yes, there is," said Kenyon decidedly. "You'd be the first to see it if it concerned any other man. Why don't you help Steve? You've used your wit and cleverness for every other man you've half-way liked on the Transcontinental. Why won't you use it for him?"

"How can I do that in honesty to myself?"

"What's Steve done to you, other than loving Molly Law before you did?"

"But he didn't!" O'Hara banged his fist on the table. "He doesn't even now. Steve never said anything or did anything to make Molly believe he cared for her. 'Twas when he was away that I started going to see her. 'Twas loyalty to Steve that took me. I was sorry for her and I was hoping all the time that Steve'd come back and marry her. And Steve came back and he didn't marry her. There were weeks and weeks when he never went near her. And just to make her feel that the men of Eight hadn't altogether forgotten her, I fell into the habit of going to see her oftener. I saw how she struggled to make a comfortable home up here in a Bush shack for that good-for-nothing old father of hers and I began to think of what home might be like. I hadn't had a home since I left Connemara.

"I knew that some day we'd break up this band of the six of us," he went on. He was not the O'Hara of whimsical humor Kenyon had long known, and the chief of the residency listened to him with the wonder he would have given a stranger telling him an impassioned tale. "Ye'll be marrying soon, Ken, and settling here. And Jean'll be going to the west and Ran'll

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drift with him. Don'll go back home. He's not made for the wandering. And Steve—well, it seemed to me that Steve would be going up and down the world, rejoicing and revelling, laughing that great joyous laugh of his, taking the best and never knowing it. And I saw meself driven like a leaf before every wind of adventure till one day I crumbled into dust with no one to care, no one to grieve. And thinking of it all, I grew weary of the way I'd lived. And Molly came to mean all the things I'd missed, home and happiness and love. And just when she was beginning to forget Steve MacDonald, he woke up to the fact that some one else appreciated her, and he's selfish enough to want to be first with her. And now it's come to this: If Steve gets the Kapuskasing, he gets Molly. For he'll tell her that he had nothing to offer her before and she'll forget the long months he gave no thought to her. That's the woman of it. But if he doesn't get it, he'll say nothing, and after a time she'll think kindly of me again. And now ye're asking me to help Steve MacDonald!" His laugh came harsh.

"It's for yourself that I'm asking it," Kenyon said. "You don't need to have me tell you that you and I are such friends as Steve and I could never be. And that's why I want you to work as we're doing, shoulder to shoulder for Steve. Don't take your happiness over the faith of the man who's been our comrade." He paused in sudden consciousness of the unwonted sentiment in his words.

O'Hara considered the problem a moment. "'Tis all between the three of us," he said, "Steve and Molly and meself."

"In the end," said Kenyon, "it will be up to you."

The decision pressed closer to O'Hara late that afternoon when he answered the ringing of the telephone bell in the office just before he went to Groundhog. The call came from Steve MacDonald at Number Eleven, and even over the wire the weariness and discouragement in his young voice struck cold on O'Hara's sensitized ear. "That you, Brian?" said the boy. "I'm ordered in, you know. I'm finishing my reports to-night. I'll be home to-morrow."

"And we'll be glad to see ye," O'Hara assured him impulsively.

"I knew you would," said Steve. There was a vibrant chord in the hurt courage of his voice that echoed in the other man's consciousness all the time he was pumping the hand-car toward Groundhog and Molly Law. The golden evening of the Bush seemed flooded with memories of those glorious times when he and Steve MacDonald had gone together to the little town that had been the scene of their most joyous revels.

He could not put the happier memories of Steve from his mind even when he came to the little shack on the other side of Groundhog where Molly Law held her courts. The girl welcomed him with a little restraint. Through the supper to which she had invited him she spoke seldom, leaving the conversation to her father's garrulous gabbling of youthful exploits and her guest's polite inquiries. After supper was over and she had cleared the dishes from the table she came into the parlor and without request played the piano fervently in butchery of a Chaminade reverie. Her father, impatient of the interruption to his tales, went out. O'Hara, sitting in the shadow, watched the gleam of the girl's bright hair under the red shaded lamp. His eyes shone with the content of the home feeling the little shack always gave him. Through the open window rushed the fragrance of the May time buds of the balsams. Darkness had not quite come and the silver of a northern twilight hung over the Bush to the westward. It was a time for dreams of young love, and Brian O'Hara, who had loved many women in many ways and who knew that Molly Law was the woman he loved so well that he regretted all the others, drifted into them as the reverie trickled on to an end.

He had come to the time of dreaming, when dreams slip into words as impalpably as dusk drifts into moonlight. "Molly, dear," he began.

Molly Law turned on the piano-stool. Her eager girlishness seemed glazed with an anxiety so visible that O'Hara wondered if she could have heard him. Then, "Did Duncan get Number Eleven?" she asked.

"Yes," O'Hara answered her.

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"Did Fraser help him get it?"

"I don't know."

"Fraser doesn't like you, does he?" she continued the examination.

"As well as we like him," the guest admitted.

"Why does he call you the Six Sons of Ossian?"

"To show off his book-learning," said O'Hara.

"Well, I have none." Her laugh accented her nervousness of questioning. "You might tell me what he means."

O'Hara grinned. The tender light had gone from his gray eyes with Molly Law's query of the Kapuskasing appointment, but a flash of humor went across them as he said, "Fraser means that we're an unregenerate crew of pirates, marauders, and highwaymen, and that he'd fight any one of us to the finish if he weren't afraid of the others. Y'see, Fraser knows enough of his poetry and enough of us to remember that the Sons of Ossian were the six in love and war akin."

"I never saw anything like the way you boys at Eight have held together," Molly Law went on. "Do you remember the first winter I was here when the six of you always came together to all the dances? That was the year you raided Fraser's residency, wasn't it? And Steve and Don and Jean wouldn't go home for Christmas because the rest of you had to stay?"

"I remember," said O'Hara.

"And the time Steve threw the Chinese cook in the river when he saw him drawing the knife on you, and then you had to fish him out for fear that Chinaman would just drown himself for spite?" She rambled on through reminiscence without heeding O'Hara's curt interjections, without seeing the shadows that lingered in his eyes. For every remembrance revealed the closeness of the bond between the men of Eight and tightened that bond into a pressure that demanded that he help Steve MacDonald to win the place back from Duncan. Quite suddenly he understood that Molly Law was talking of the comradeship of the six because she wanted to talk of MacDonald and couldn't speak of him directly. He took a long breath, looking around the room with the gaze a swimmer into strong waters gives the shore before he takes the plunge. "Did ye know that Steve comes to-morrow?" he asked her.

The quick color rushed to Molly Law's cheeks, but her voice was quiet as his own when she parried, "I'm sorry that Steve didn't make the grade. But you needn't tell him so."

"I'm thinking," said O'Hara, "that he's the one to be told."

"Oh, well, if you want to," she said, and went back to her Chaminade with staccato emphasis. She had hardly come to the final bars when O'Hara rose to go. "I've work to do," he told her. "What is it?" she asked, made curious by the earnestness of his tone. "My duty to the boys," he answered.

"It sounds like a pledge," said Molly Law.

"I'm not sure that it's not," said O'Hara.

The misty white moonlight of the North Country transfigured the Bush as he stepped out of the shack. The little twinkling lights of Groundhog lay under it with softened radiance. From the Widow's hotel floated the sound of a violin, played upon by some boy on his way to the camps who was sending out his soul speech to the mystic loveliness of the night. Listening to it, Brian O'Hara paused. From melody to melody the strains of the music drifted, coming to the man who heard them across the eerie space of the clearing as if they were inspired for the accompaniment of his mood. All the loneliness he had known came back with the sound of those notes of simple ballads. All the longing that had driven him from continent to continent, seeking something that he could never define but that he came so close to finding in the red glow of Molly Law's lamp, cried to him in those poignant reverberations. Under the spell of moonlight and music he turned back to where the square of the window still revealed the rosy glow. A bar, more familiar than those that had gone before it, fell on his listening and he murmured the words of a song that many a man of his people had sung before him,

> "For there's nothing half so sweet in life
> As love's young dream."

Brian O'Hara had come out of the shack without telling Molly Law of the love he held for her. The knowledge that she

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would care for Steve MacDonald, should he come back to her, had frozen the thought in his heart and resolved his decision to wait his pleadings till he and Steve should be on equal terms. But with the magic of the night, when the lulled winds brought their message of love and of loving that transcended all other thought, there came to him rebellion against the chains he was forging. He turned back toward the shack. "Why not?" he asked himself.

With the question came the answer, no theory now, but a memory of a time when Kenyon had taken his word in a matter of work. "I'll believe in you, Brian," he had said, "till you testify against yourself—and a little after that." The joy of that moment came warmly over him again, only to grow cold with quick contrast. And after it rushed other memories he would gladly have driven out, not of MacDonald and of Ferguson, but of Randall's friendship, of Jean Feroux's idealistic devotion, of Kenyon's faith in him. Elusive and embracing as the moonbeams, they flooded his brain, struggling with the shadows of his desires. There, in a white world of mist, while the music welled from pensive sadness to triumphant assertiveness, he stood alone, fighting his battle between love for a girl and a standard of honor in the friendship of men.

The music, vibrant with the thrill of youth in a land that is young, ended in that rising note that forever questions the one who hears. Just as it died the lighted square of the window of Molly Law's shack went into soft darkness. Brian O'Hara sighed. "Ye may be right, Tom Moore," he admitted, "but just to prove that ye're not, I'm going to do the meanest thing I ever did in all the bad days of me life."

He did not look behind him as he walked swiftly past the lower lights of Groundhog, hastening to the tower where Scotty held sway over the dispatch board to the westward residencies. From the windows above bright beams of light streamed, but the door was locked. O'Hara tried the window beside it, found it yielding to his touch, opened it noiselessly, and crept up the stairs.

At Scotty's desk a man, not the dispatcher, was seated. He was reading construction reports, scanning them carefully, and tossing them aside afterward with the impatience of a person in authority. O'Hara chuckled. The man at the desk whirled toward him with belligerent abruptness.

"I knew I'd find ye here," said O'Hara calmly. His host laughed. "There's not another man on the Transcontinental who'd have the courage to interrupt me when I'm trying to straighten this tangle," he said. "They didn't know ye in the west," O'Hara said, seating himself on the only other chair in the tower room. "Except when I meet ye on an inspection tour where ye have 'Chief Engineer' placarded in the front of your engine, I can never think of ye in any way but Neddie Bannister."

"What's the scrape now?" Bannister inquired.

"I'm in none—yet," said O'Hara.

Bannister went back to the reports, scowling over them fiercely while O'Hara watched him in silence. For a long time there was no sound, except the occasional scratching of a pen over heavy paper. Then Bannister, raising his eyes from his work, smiled at his guest. "Say it," he told him.

"I don't know how to begin," O'Hara said earnestly. "Y'know, Ned, don't ye, that I was never one to spy or tattle on me fellow workers in the vineyard of the railroad building?"

"There have been times enough when I wished you would," Bannister encouraged him.

"Then let me say with the Walrus that the time has come." He drew his chair closer to the Chief's. "In the long run," he asked, "isn't it yourself who's responsible for the entire conduct of this division?" Bannister nodded, watching O'Hara with unconcealed amusement. "'Tis not that I'm puzzled over the way to say this to ye," the Irishman continued, "but I'm doing something I don't like to do because there's no other way of righting a wrong. I'm informing on Duncan, that's what I'm doing, and I'm doing it not for the good of the service, nor because the blame might come on ye some time, but just because I want Steve MacDonald to go back to the Kapuskasing. Do y' know, Ned, why Steve MacDonald had the

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divvle to pay with the section men out there? 'Twas because every mother's son of them was soaked in the bad whiskey Duncan had been smuggling in to them. 'Tis safe to say that every 'bad soldier' ye'll find along the grade for those ten miles came in a case that was addressed to Duncan."

"Not surprising," was Bannister's comment. "Boys who know their fathers have influence are the most demoralizing element in the service."

"If 'twere just deviltry, I'd condone it," O'Hara went on, "but, sure, I know 'tis Fraser's meanness back of it. I don't need to be told that Fraser and Duncan thought out the plan to discredit Steve's work at Eleven, knowing ye so well that they were sure ye'd fight for the keeping of the man who could hold down that section after the discreditable pass Duncan's own crowd brought it to. Wasn't it because of the 'soldier-smuggling' that ye didn't fight for Steve?"

"It was," said Bannister. The amusement had flickered out of his eyes and his jaw had set into its more characteristic hard lines. O'Hara saw the signs of the sense of justice he had been trying to reach. "And if ye'd find proof that what I'm telling ye is true," he demanded, "wouldn't ye defy Duncan's influence long enough to send him out of the service?"

"Where's the proof?" demanded Bannister.

"'Tis yours for the asking," O'Hara told him. "The sergeant of police has it. The Groundhog agent has it in his bills of lading. Every section man on Eleven can be made to tell you that he's been buying whiskey from Duncan. 'Tis the joke of the line that the son of one of the men who made the prohibition law is the leading smuggler of the North."

"Why didn't you tell me this before Duncan was appointed?" Bannister asked.

"I wouldn't be telling ye at all," said O'Hara, "if something hadn't made me see that I'd never be able to shake hands with meself again if I didn't show ye the truth now. Will ye do something about it, Ned?"

Some of the old gleam of fun had come back to Bannister's eyes. O'Hara was one of the few men left in his circle of friendship out of a breezier time of life. "I'll do something," he promised. "I think I'll give all of you a surprise."

The sense of jubilation that came to him with Bannister's words was all gone before he had set his hand-car on the tracks. As he sped through the darkness of the Bush—for the moon had gone down and a colder breeze had dispelled the mists—he chilled in the dreariness of sacrifice. Self-disgust at his report to Bannister of Duncan's misdeeds alternated with faint hope that Steve would profit by his act. He knew that if Bannister made inquiry he would find the truth of his story, and that finding it the Chief would make every effort to right the injustice. And then MacDonald would be back at Eleven. After that—but Brian O'Hara refused to go beyond that point of thought. He had crossed Jean Feroux's bridge over the Frederick House when he saw that the only light in the shacks came from the office where Kenyon would be at work. O'Hara stopped before it, speaking to Kenyon through the open window. "I've started a little conspiracy against Duncan," he informed him.

Kenyon came to the door. "You're the real diamond, Brian," he said fervently.

"I'm not," dissented O'Hara with anger. "But d'ye think I'd let any two men from beyond the Firth of Clyde think they can outwit me?"

He refused to tell Kenyon what he had done, assuring him that he'd know soon enough if anything came of it. With the others he was silent, but when Steve MacDonald came back to Eight the next day he greeted him with more than usual cordiality. As soon as he found him alone he gave him Molly Law's message. Steve laughed uncertainly. The big fellow had a way of laughing when he was glad and when he was sad; but a world of emotion swung between the two, and O'Hara could not fail to recognize that this was a laugh of discouraged weariness. "Tell her when you see her that I'm grateful for the sympathy," said Steve.

"Tell her yourself," said O'Hara. "I don't know when I'll see her again."

He had not seen her a week afterward when he met Bannister on the grade.

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"You were right, Brian," the Chief told him. "I've all the necessary evidence in that case and I've forwarded it down to head-quarters with a recommendation."

"Then all we need do is wait for the fireworks?"

"That's all," said Bannister. "The evidence is conclusive. But it doesn't implicate Fraser."

"Of course not," said O'Hara. "Fraser's the craftier of the two." He waved aside Bannister's thanks to him for the information that had led to the Chief's discovery of the law-breaking on his work. "I'm ashamed of that," he said, "and I feel that some day I'll pay the price for the doing of it."

Bannister laughed at him and he went back to the residency with a lighter heart than he had felt since the day Steve MacDonald had been superseded at Eleven. To Kenyon and Feroux he confided that Bannister was making an investigation and that the results of it might be made evident at any time. "Fraser'll be along," he prophesied, "before the lightning strikes. But let none of ye say anything to MacDonald of the fact that Bannister told me of this."

Fraser did not come, but the lightning struck Eight less than a week from the day O'Hara had talked with the Chief. Scotty telephoned in haste to the Frederick House River residency. All of the men but MacDonald were in the office when Randall answered the summoning bell. "Duncan's fired," the dispatcher told Randall and all the other listeners out to the Missinaibi. "Head-quarters sustains Bannister's suspension. And, Randall, tell O'Hara that there's a young lady in Groundhog who was asking for news of him to-day. He'll know who. And, Randall, I've a special message for Kenyon. Bannister's sending it from here."

Kenyon took the receiver from Randall as Steve MacDonald entered the office. "Duncan's fired," they cried to him, joyfully watching the glow spread over his clean cut face. O'Hara held out his hand to the boy. "I am glad," he said. "Keep still, I can't hear," Kenyon ordered them. In the silence that followed Scotty's voice burred on, "Are you there? Here it is: Kenyon, Number Eight—Send Brian O'Hara to take charge of Number Eleven. Permanent appointment follows. Bannister."

Kenyon hung up the receiver without comment. He turned to the five who were watching him with aroused curiosity. "Bannister orders O'Hara to Eleven," he said tensely.

Steve MacDonald went white. Then he laughed foolishly. Ferguson clenched his fists. Randall tried to whistle. Jean Feroux drew breath sharply. They all looked at O'Hara, all but Kenyon, who went back to the desk where he had been at work. O'Hara arose as if to stand sentence.

"Where's Bannister?" he asked. "Groundhog," said Randall. O'Hara stared at him as if he had not heard. "I knew him in Calgary," he said. Then he left them.

No word went after him. The little clock on Kenyon's desk threw its ticking against the silence. Down the grade rushed the shriek of an engine whistle, trumpeting the coming of the train from the west on its way to Groundhog. Steve MacDonald rose wearily, stumbling across the bare floor in his heavy boots till he reached the door. Then just as wearily he went up the path to the grade.

Jean Feroux was the one to speak. "I would never have believed," he said bitterly, "that Brian O'Hara would be traitor to any one of us."

The silence of the others judged O'Hara. After a time that seemed hours to Kenyon, although the little clock counted but minutes, Ferguson and Randall and Jean Feroux went out while the train from the west grew vibrant on the rails. Kenyon waited till he saw them going, Indian file, on the path MacDonald had taken. Then he crossed to the shack that he had shared for three years with Brian O'Hara.

O'Hara was packing. He had set his trunk in the middle of the floor and was throwing his possessions into it with fine abandon of care. The while he flung his scanty toll of many lands into the worn box he crooned an old song. He did not cease from it when Kenyon came in and seated himself on his cot. Only when he was nearly done his task did he pause to speak. "Ye'll send this after me?" he asked of Kenyon.

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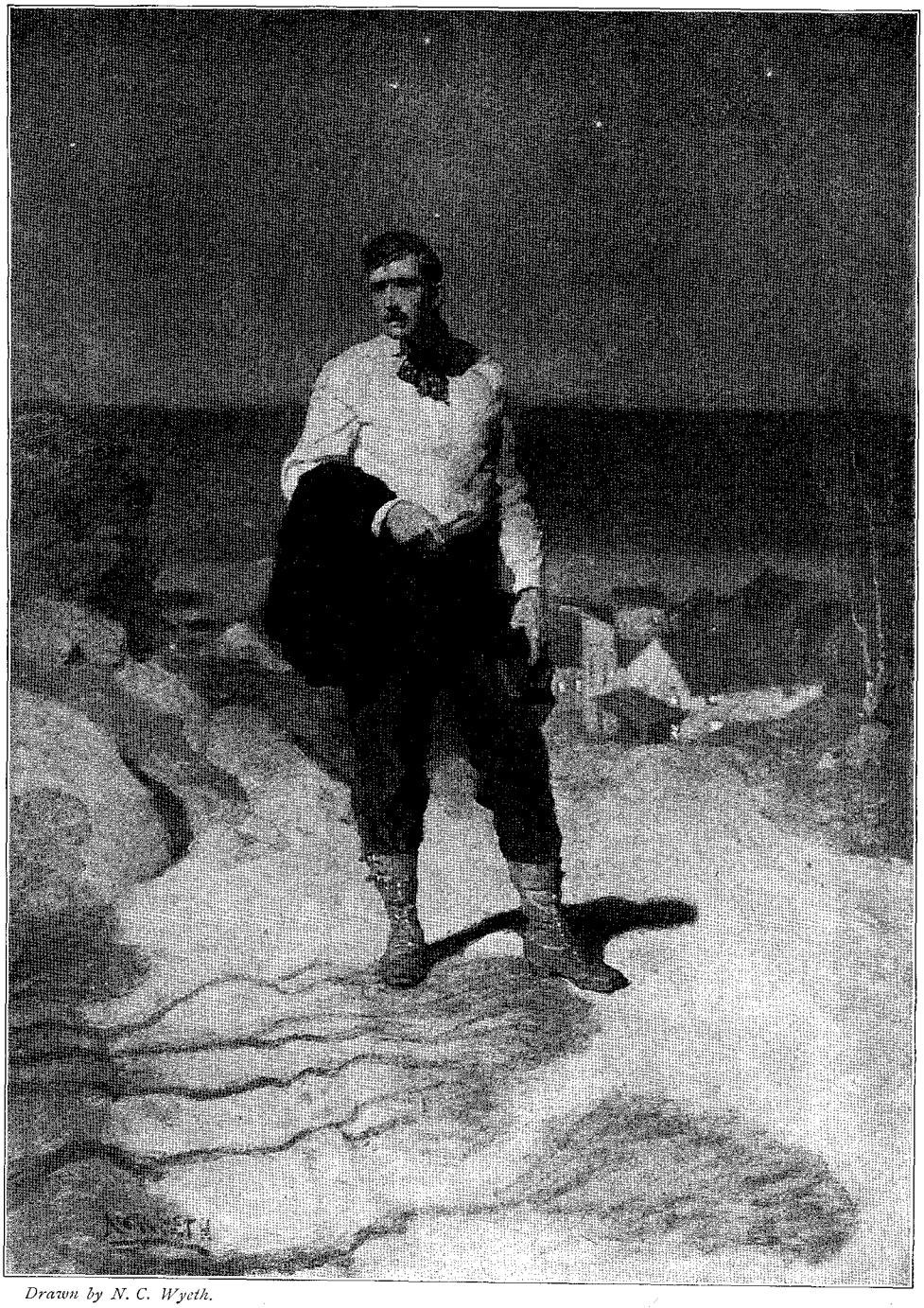

Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

There, in a white world of mist, . . . he stood alone, fighting his battle between love for a girl and a standard of honor in the friendship of men.—Page 86.

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"Oh, yes," said Kenyon scornfully. "You've plenty of time," he assured him. "The train to the Kapuskasing doesn't leave till to-morrow."

O'Hara was tying a tag on the trunk handle. Kenyon looked at it to keep his eyes from meeting the other man's. He had read only half of it when he voiced his amazement. "Brian," he cried, "you're not going there?" For the tag was addressed:

BRIAN O'HARA,
The Bund, Shanghai, China,
via Vancouver.
Hold till sent for.

"Why not?" asked O'Hara. "'Tis the only country I've never seen the inside of, and I won't be happy till I do. 'Free to love, free to hope, and free to wander,'" he quoted. "Sure, the wandering's the only thing worth while in all the wide world, Ken, ye auld fool, though 'tis yourself who's giving it up."

A sudden doubt assailed Kenyon. "Then, after all," he asked, "you don't love Molly as well as the open road?" An ink-well in O'Hara's hand fell noisily to the floor. "I wish to God I didn't," he said.

The whistle of the train on the grade above the shack sounded groaningly near. O'Hara tried to bang down the trunk cover. "Do it any time when I'm gone, Ken," he said, looking at his watch. "It has a way of finding me wherever I go. Give me the kit-pack." He stuffed clothes into the khaki bag hastily. "I'll catch the train at the siding," he said. "I'll say good-by to no one. I'll see Bannister to-night. 'Twas for the sake of the auld days in Calgary he gave me the place. Now for the sake of the same he'll give it back to MacDonald or me name's not O'Hara." The grinding of brakes warned him. "I'll write ye," he said, flinging his kit-pack upon his back.

"With me bundle on me shoulder,
Faith, there's no one could be bolder,"

he sang.

He was singing as he took his way to the siding. Once, at the beginning of the path through the sun-flecked greenness of the jack-pines, he looked back at the man who stood watching him. His song fell to a sudden husky quaver. "Cheer up, Ken," he tried to laugh. "'Tis but a little bit of an auld world and I won't be far across it."

It was Brian O'Hara's farewell to Residency Number Eight.

Only once again did the Six Sons of Ossian come together. On the next morning, ten minutes before the southern express from Groundhog was due to leave, a hand-car pounded furiously past Scotty's tower, almost telescoping the last car of the train as it swung around the curve and rocked up to the platform. Five men sprang from it, seeking O'Hara. They found him in the dim day coach.

"Did you think we'd let you go without a hand shake?" demanded Randall unsteadily. He and Ferguson and Jean Feroux shook their comrade's hand hastily, grippingly. "I want to thank you for the job—and all," said Steve MacDonald when his hand met O'Hara's. "Bannister telephoned last night after you saw him." Kenyon came last. "I want to thank you, Brian," he said, "for the faith you've given us in each other and in ourselves."

"Go to the divvle!" said O'Hara.

They were trying to sing, "For he's a jolly good fellow!" when Fraser's face appeared at one of the car windows. "If ye believe me your friend," said O'Hara, "I bequeath to ye Fraser's punishment." He nodded to him gayly. "Where are you going?" Fraser called. "To China," O'Hara told him. "The Viceroy's sent for me genius to aid him."

"Who gets the Kapuskasing?"

"MacDonald," five of them told him, routing him to flight.

On the hand-car, when the train to the southward noisily pulled away, Kenyon and Randall and Ferguson, Steve MacDonald and little Jean Feroux essayed a shout that died in their throats. Brian O'Hara was standing on the platform of the last coach, gazing past them to the clearing of the Right-of-Way. They thought he was bidding good-by to the old days of his joyous reign along the railroad to the westward. But his gaze went farther. For the west-going road was bright and beyond the Pacific lay untold miles of railroad Rights-of-Way. And O'Hara was young, and it was to that

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world that he was going, free to love, free to hope and free to wander. Even as the train passed the shack on the other side of Groundhog, where a bright-haired girl stood framed in the logs of the doorway, he did not look that way. But as the car swung around the bend, speeding its way to the Height of Land, Brian O'Hara saw five men on a hand-car, growing pigmies in the widening distance, waving tiny specks of white to him as he went out of the North Country.

DRAGONFLIES

By Madison Cawein

You, who put off the water-worm, to rise,
Reborn, with wings; who change, without ado,
Your larval bodies to invade the skies,
What Merlin magic disenchanted you,
And made you beautiful for mortal eyes?

Shuttles of Summer, where the lilies sway
Their languid leaves and sleepy pods and flowers,
Weaving your colored threads into the day,
Knitting with light the tapestry of hours,
You come and go in needle-like array.

Now on a blade of grass or pod, as still
As some thin shred of heaven, motionless,
A point, an azure streak, you poise, until
You seem a figment Summer would express
But fails through utter indolence of will.

Then suddenly, as if the air had news,
And flashed intelligence of fairy things,
You vibrate into motion, instant hues,
Searching the sunlight with diaphanous wings,
Gathering together many filmy clues.

Clues, that the subject mind, in part, divines,
Invisible but evidenced through these:
The mote, that goldens down the sun's long lines,
The web, that trails its silver to the breeze,
And the slow musk that some dim flower untwines.

Could one but follow! and the threads unwind,
Haply through them again he might perceive
That land of Fairy, youth left far behind,
Lost in the shadow world of Make Believe,
Where Childhood dwells and Happiness of Mind.

And, undelayed, far, far beyond this field
And quiet water, on the dream-road trail,
Come on that realm of fancy, soul-concealed,
Where he should find, as in the fairy tale,
The cap through which all Elfland is revealed.

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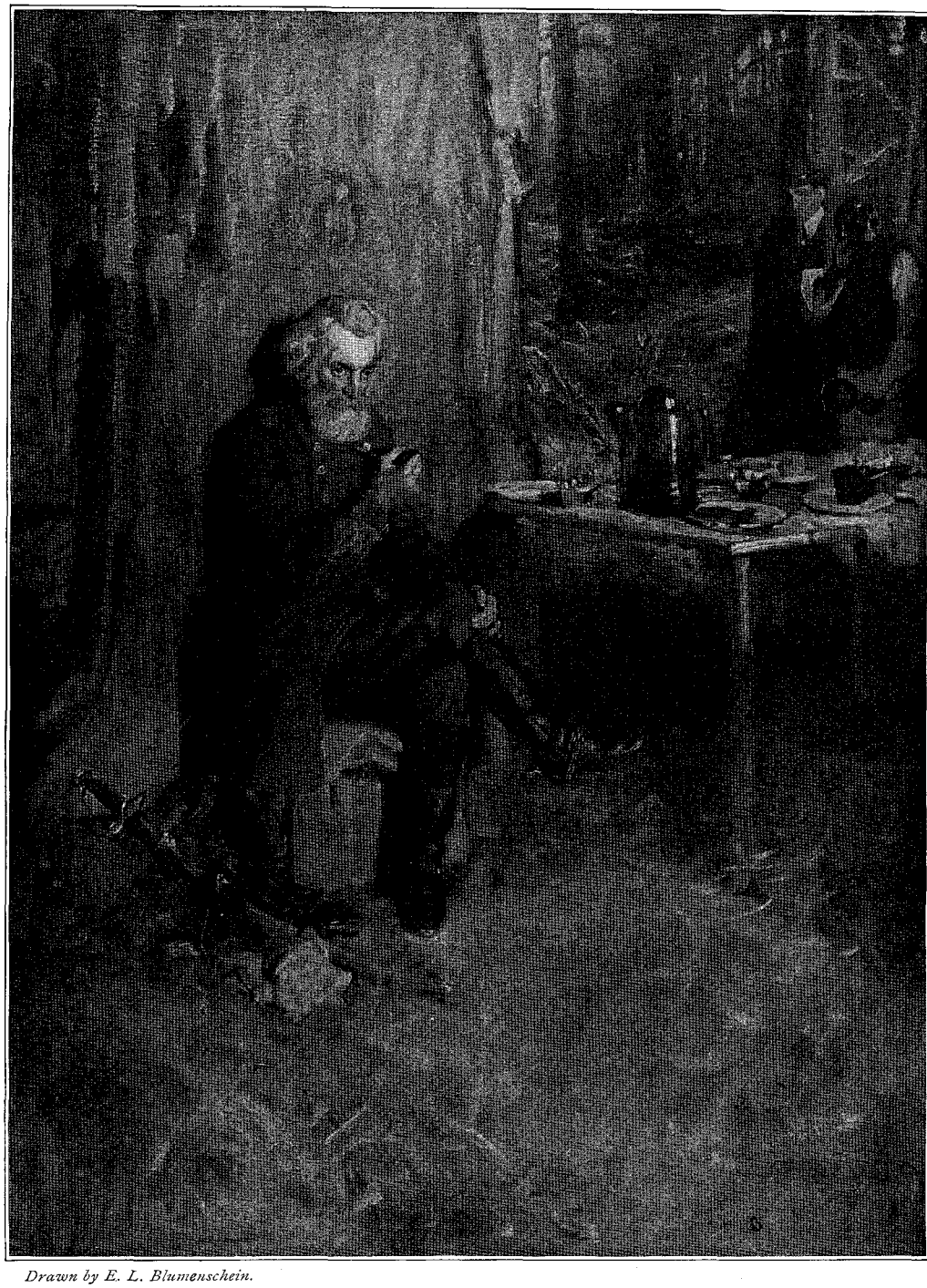

Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein.

He filled his pipe and leaned back against the cypress tree behind him. He seemed to be listening, pride and modesty in his blurred black eyes.—Page 95.

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THE LITTLE COLONEL OF LOST HILL

By Barry Benefield

ILLUSTRATION BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN

IT was my turn to go over and be Colonel Bascom's unseen guardian while he fought over once again the only fight the "Arkansas Hellions" had lost forty years before. The three boys in our family had assumed this annual duty in rotation. The colonel's farm and my mother's touched, and when Old Bailey brought the news that Marse Jack's mind seemed about to enter his eleventh mental eclipse I was ready to ride.

Coming up through the dim-shaded woods-lot, I saw him sitting on the right end of his long front gallery. The lifting of the oak latch at the yard gate did not bring him hurrying to the front steps to say how much an old bachelor appreciated a visit from his young friends of a Sunday afternoon, so I knew that his mind had already entered the twenty-day shadow that had always been so sad.

Telling Old Bailey to find the two younger negroes on the backsliding sandy land farm and attend to the usual preparations for the campaign leading up to Lost Hill, as we had come to call it, I seated myself at the left end of the gallery and watched the red sun slide down behind the blue-green cornfield.

Old Bailey drawing water from the well with the creaking windlass woke me the next morning. From my cot at the foot of the colonel's bed I saw him watering two horses and a mule. Out beyond, a white, steaming mist hung over the cotton field. With a new day's energy the chickens were scratching at the grassless ground near the tottering, weather-bleached bee gums. The cool, wettish breeze that came through the door from the other side of the house was heavy with the thick, sweet odor of flowering corn tassels.

The colonel sat up in bed, yawning. The treacherous, buttonless night-shirt flared open at the top to show a sunken, bone-riffled chest and slipped down over his poor little dead-brown arms to betray what sixty-odd years had done to them. I wished then that his mind might suddenly realize how many years had passed since the lost fight, and that it was irrevocably lost; for he was very weak, and I knew that since he had begun trying to change the issue of that June 14, 1864, he had fought more and more desperately on the quiet hill-side upon which he had always fallen just this side of the hill's crest, defeated. The silent suffering of the succeeding fortnight, while he recovered from the imaginary wound, had increased year after year, so that now it was next to impossible for my mother to bear it. She had always taken charge of him and his household until his mind came out of the shadow.

But the colonel did not look toward the chair that held his every-day suit of rusty blacks. Going on past that to the closet, he took down his war things and put them all on. He was breathing hard by the time he buckled on the silver spurs on which were engraved, "Never turn back." The huge, curved sabre that he had picked up early in the war and carried ever afterward dragged the belt far down on his waist, and I knew that this year he would have to use both hands to wield it.

Then he strode out into the hall, down the front steps and to the moss-green gate where Old Bailey stood holding the horses and his mule. Mounting his decrepit little bay, the colonel fox-trotted easily down through the woods-lot to the big gate, which a young negro held open.

With Old Bailey and myself a few yards behind, the aged little planter who had become a young soldier overnight cantered down to the corner of his field, turned into the blurred white road across the fenceless Shangi field, passed over the timbered hill and descended into the dim, damp bottom land by Big Cypress Bayou. Two miles brought us to Veal's Landing. The colonel trotted up to the tent that had been made

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ready for him the night before on the hard, high ground overlooking the water. Dismounting, he walked in, laid his coat, hat and belt on the cot and came out hurriedly.

"Well, what about breakfast?" he demanded fiercely of an imaginary figure that was Old Bailey at the age of eighteen.

"He gits fearsomer an' fearsomer ever' time he come down heah," mourned the real Old Bailey, shaking his head. "I bet he gwine to 'sault me next yeah—ef he live."

Cosey, one of the younger negroes from the colonel's farm who had been watching the wagon and tent through the night, already had a fire going, and presently the stooped and gray old negro carried to Marse Jack bacon, eggs, corn-bread and a pot of parched-corn coffee.

After breakfast the colonel came out in front of his tent and sat on a stump, smoking. From time to time he said "Yes" or "No," frowning.

"De young orficers is makin' a call on him," explained Old Bailey. "He was mighty pop'lar. Dey is funnin' wif him 'bout de name of his regiment, but he ain't studyin' dem young gent'men dis mawnin'. He got somethin' on his mind."

"I never named the regiment the Arkansas Hellions," the colonel stated after awhile. "The enemy did that."

"Oh, glory, look!" cried Old Bailey.

The colonel had smiled.

About nine o'clock he mounted the spavined little bay and moved off up into the woods. That was for the officers' conference; and, knowing that he would sit there in the shade listening and talking to the gray old oaks till nearly noon, I started away to inspect the hill of the ten lost fights.

Carrying an axe, and accompanied by Old Bailey, I went down the Bayou a half a mile and then walked eastward back toward the fallow Shangi field, following the course of a small branch that went singing insanely along to be swallowed up in the silent big water beyond. The huge-footed, spindle-waisted cypress trees came in from the Bayou's bank a hundred feet or so, giving way then to the great, heavy-headed oaks that shaded the ground underneath black.

For a quarter of a mile the land was low and level, and all about here long, funereal wreaths of gray moss hung despondently from the still, boding trees. Then the ground began rising slowly. A dogwood or struggling hickory sapling mixed in with the oaks, which commenced shaking off their noiseless moss. The boles of the trees kept getting more and more slender and shapely, their heads rising higher and higher into the air. The sifted sun speckled the vast black velvet of ancient leaf mold with spots of new gold. Ahead, where the ground rose sharply, the pines sighed and whispered over the hill of the ten lost fights.

My mother's orders were to smooth the way before the colonel, as well as to watch over and provide for him. Old Bailey kept talking about how the lay of this land in north-west Louisiana resembled that in Virginia where the "Hellions" had suffered their only defeat. He pointed out the way of the charge up the hill, and we labored up it, throwing aside stones, fallen limbs, and patches of dry pine straw upon which the colonel might slip.

Just this side of the hill's crest, about where the end had come on the Virginia hill, Old Bailey stopped to count the hacks on the pine tree with which the colonel had always battled desperately and against which, at the last, he had always fallen fighting. There were something over a hundred resined gashes, but the triumphant tree had grown larger as the colonel had grown weaker.

"Sometime he gwine to th'ow hisself 'gainst dat pine so hahd he break his heart," said Old Bailey. "Marse Jack gittin' mighty po'ly dese days."

So I chopped down the hacked pine tree close to the ground, cut its body into four-foot lengths that could be easily rolled aside, and cleared away the top. I cautioned Old Bailey that we must keep very near him the next morning when he got up to the site of the tree—if indeed he should be able to climb that far this year—so that if he still thought it was there we could catch him as he fell toward it.

We got back to the camp in time to hear the colonel speak to his regimental officers the invitation to the great dinner.

"Gentlemen, a certain black rascal with no morals and a wonderful memory has gotten together a goose, a guinea-hen, a turkey, and a ham, he tells me, this being the twenty-fourth anniversary of my birth. Won't you help me with it?"

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Then he walked out to the improvised table in the shade in front of the tent and went through with that marvellous dinner with his dear familiar shadows. He would not have noticed it if none of the things he had mentioned had been before him; his mind would have put them there; but my mother had always insisted on providing for just the dinner that Old Bailey had described.

The fierceness of the morning was still with the colonel, but now he was fiercely happy. Occasionally his red-brown face flamed a smile. He nodded and shook his head, carrying on a tense, gay conversation while he helped the plates Old Bailey passed. When the parched-corn coffee had come he filled his pipe and leaned back against the cypress tree behind him. He seemed to be listening, pride and modesty in his blurred black eyes. Once or twice he waved his hand impatiently, crying out, "It was the Hellions, not I."

"Dat wuz Cap'n Frank's speech 'bout him," explained Old Bailey.

Sitting ten feet away on a log, I could almost hear the songs that he then heard. All the tenseness and fierceness were smoothed and sweetened out of his face; he clapped his hands, shouting out heartily, as if to make himself heard above a babel of voices, "Good, Joe, good; you *can* sing." Then the whole table must have joined together after the soloist had done. The colonel laughed out loudly, shooting snatches of song about "My Bonnie lies over the ocean" into a riot of discord that was raging about him.

After a while, his face gentle and shining, he rose and lifted his tin cup to his lips.

"It's only tin cups and parched-corn coffee, gentlemen, but it's the best we've got. They never ask more; we never give less."

"Speeches 'bout de ladies back home," explained Old Bailey.

After having risen and touched the cup to his lips eight or ten times, the colonel stood straight, hesitated a moment and then said:

"To the sweetest rebel I know."

"Miss Lucy," moaned Old Bailey.

Presently, when all the things had been cleared from the table, the colonel leaned forward, his thin old face tense and fierce again.

"I believe all of us here are Hellions except Joe," began the colonel, "and he ought to be one. Gentlemen, there is a certain pine hill that the general wants before making any move. Ah, I see you know it. He is uncertain whether there are one or two Yankee regiments up there. He wanted to send along one of Jackson's old regiments also. I asked him to permit the Hellions to present him with the pine hill to-morrow morning to go with his breakfast. He inquired if I thought the Hellions could do it."

He waited, twisting at his mustaches that fifty odd years had thinned and grayed and grizzled, until the clamor that he heard had died down. Old Bailey groaned.

"I thought so," the colonel said, smiling. He hesitated a moment as if not sure about making another statement.

"Gentlemen, the Hellions have never yet turned back, but if in the morning they should come back down that hill—well, I am under promise never to turn back. Oh, no, not to the general."

A tender smile lighted his face for a second, and the dinner was over.

At two o'clock he began the letter. The peculiar calm of the summer afternoon settled down over the woods. The birds and squirrels, when they moved at all, seemed more to be playing than waging their little battles for food. Cosey was out across the Bayou in a bateau fishing in the shade of an overhanging tree. Old Bailey sat dozing near the front of the tent, inside of which the colonel was writing. From time to time he stopped, stared ahead of him, rubbed his chin, went on writing again. After a while I went down to the edge of the clear black water to fish for perch and to try to think if anything more could be done for the colonel's eleventh fight on Lost Hill. A little gasolene boat came coughing down the Bayou from Touraine, twenty miles up, on its way to Mooringsport, ten miles below.

At five o'clock Old Bailey, holding his head to one side, brought me the letter, folded and sealed in the fashion of the sixties. Saying nothing, he turned and crawled slowly back up the bank. The letter, as I knew without looking at it, bore the name of my mother's sister who had died shortly after Appomattox. Wrapping it in a handkerchief, I put it in my inside pocket to carry home, where the other ten, unopened, lay at the bottom of my mother's cedar chest.

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Night came on with its owls and wet odors and multitudinous little bodiless sounds back in the woods. Thirty minutes after supper Cosey was asleep under the wagon. Old Bailey was at his usual place before the tent dozing. The fire had been doused with water so as not to attract to the camp the few mosquitoes of the season. I wished hopelessly that the colonel might this year forego the walk on the bluff overlooking the water, for he was in need of all the rest he could get.

On leaving the tent he said tenderly to that Joe Castle that had sung so well at dinner, "Joe, if you don't mind, I'd like to be alone now. You understand, don't you?"

For over an hour he paced back and forth on the hard, high ground, his silhouette against the white moonlight a wrinkled line of gray. Now he sighed profoundly, again he went humming some old tune that was so blurred and low that I could not make it out.

Then he came back to the tent for the prayer. His prayer had always seemed very private to me, and so I strolled down the Bayou a piece and stood watching where a school of minnows flashed and played between the water and the light. When I thought the colonel must have finished his annual prayer, I walked toward his tent. As I neared it I heard him raise his voice sharply.

"Why, damn it, sir, General Lee wants the hill, and I have written Miss Lucy that I will take it."

But it had the sound of furious reverence.

When he had gone to bed I was free to lie down at the foot of his cot. I think my unspoken prayer was that he be given strength to fight once more on Lost Hill. The intense after-midnight stillness was in the woods. I fell asleep uneasily.

A groan woke me, and I wondered if the time had come to rise. Shoving my watch out under the tent's side wall, I saw by the paling moonlight that it was only 1.30 o'clock. Two or three times after that these unprecedented groans dragged me into a distressed wakefulness.

I was only dozing when I heard the thin, acid voice saying, "My God, what's the matter with me?" The front and back flaps of the tent had been left open for the breeze; the night outside, the moon gone down, had turned black. Lighting a lantern, I saw the colonel struggling to rise to a sitting posture. By the time I got to him he was sitting up, and there was a pained, puzzled, ferocious expression on his face.

But he got off the cot, slowly, and stood up unsteadily. Old Bailey's head, with its red-shot eyes and white side whiskers, came from the blackness outside into the dim, melancholy yellow light of the lantern.

"He ain't able to-day," he muttered, shaking his head. "Marse Jack jes' ain't able dis time."

The colonel slipped on his trousers, and that touch of passionate gray sent the fire of a great day flaming through him. Quickly he threw on the rest of his clothes, buckled on the belt and the silver spurs and walked briskly out in front of the tent. Hesitating a second, while his eyes accommodated themselves to the darkness, he went out among the loyal old oaks standing waiting anxiously for him.

While he gave the usual orders I roused Cosey, the little bay was saddled, and the negroes got out for use once again the stretcher that had borne him back ten times from Lost Hill.

Now he was striding in from the regiment, the darkness opening before his blazing eyes. Getting into the saddle, he rode carefully down the path by the Bayou, and I could almost see the great old oaks falling in behind him. It was sacrilege to intrude unnecessarily into that aged, ever-fighting regiment, and the two negroes and I started out two hundred yards behind.

The path was broad and safe; the colonel and the little bay did not rise high enough to strike the limbs of the cypress trees. When he had come to the branch he dismounted, tied his horse to a hanging limb and struck out eastward through the woods. The further he got in, the slower and more noiselessly he made his way.

Now he stopped, facing back toward us. I thought the dear silent regiment of faithful oaks drew up closer to him to feel the mighty thrill of his pounding, passionate heart. A thin, whitish powder of light was sifting through the trees. Old Bailey stood staring breathlessly at his master's flaming face. The wind stirred stealthily. A sweet, fiery smell of decaying things came creeping along the black ground. On our right a red bird hopped nervously about in a tree, a

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stream of blood pulsing on a field of gray. Out ahead of us the pines whispered and sobbed on Lost Hill.

The regiment was moving. The colonel, crouching low, went forward hanging in anguish between a run and a walk. We kept close to him now; he was panting hard.

We were at the foot of Lost Hill. The white light was thick in the woods. A blue jay shrieked the signal of discovery.

"Yeah! Hellions!"

One little man could not have yelled that. The pines up at the top of the hill started back affrighted.

The colonel went scrambling up the rising ground. The oaks came streaming after him. The huge, curved sabre, in two hands, whirred and hissed through the air.

Now the colonel fell to his knees. He dodged his head to one side and pushed the black blade upward in a tremendous burst of strength, and staggered to his feet, smiling terribly.

"That's for you, Mister Picket," he breathed hoarsely.

He suddenly found that he could not move forward. Hack, hack, hack, and every time the sabre fell a pine tree gaped a piteous wound.

And the way upward was clear to his eyes again. He started steadily ahead, turned and cried out, "My God, they're falling back."

He ran stumbling down the hill ten or fifteen feet. He beat at a dozen trees with the flat of his sabre.

"Yeah! Hellions!"

He was charging up the hill again, his eyes flashing victory, his mouth twitching at a smile. Unexpectedly, unprecedentedly he fell forward on his face.

"Here with the stretcher," I bellowed to Old Bailey and Cosey, who were not ten feet away, bellowing because it seemed that the air was thick and greasy with screaming bullets.

But the colonel was dragging himself upright. His breath was tearing itself out of his chest. The sabre trailed on the ground.

"Yeah! Hellions!"

Up and up and up the hill he went, bent half over. Slowly—oh, how slowly! He could hardly walk; some invisible weight was crushing down upon his poor little wasted shoulders. He was approaching the spot where he had always fallen, defeated.

"Yeah! Hellions!"

There was no breath in him now. Only a blazing whisper came out of his lips, but it was a battle cry.

"Yeah! Hellions!"

The sobbing pines cried louder than he. His charge was the pace of a funeral, but it was a charge.

He was there! Before him the obstruction where he had always lost the fight! Here the blue giant that had ever struck him down! Gripping the sabre with both hands, he raised it tremulously and with a tremendous groan swung at the air.

The sabre wrenched itself free and slid rattling down the hill. The colonel did not fall. He stood with his hands pressed to his head, puzzled, groping in his mind. His face cleared suddenly.

"Cut him through and through," he whispered triumphantly.

He charged on past the place where he had always fallen.

Hatless, he stood on the very crest of the hill, and the sun striking his face was dimmed.

"My boy," he whispered to an imaginary orderly. "Tell General Lee the Hellions have the honor to present him pine hill for breakfast."

But in all the five years that he lived after that his mind remained as it was on that morning, and there was always with him in his house a figure he called Lucy; so we knew why he had fought so long on Lost Hill.

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STANDARDS OF A BOURGEOIS FAMILY

A FRENCHWOMAN'S LESSONS TO AMERICAN GIRLS

By Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant

Plus me plaist le séjour qu'ont basty mes ayeux
Que des palais Romains le front audacieux.

MADAME RAVIGNAC would be called in Maine "a plain family woman"; in Paris I have heard her labelled, by the more intellectual of her acquaintance, "the true type of a bourgeois housewife." For all that, when I received, a few days ago, a letter announcing that she had decided to sell the fine old house and garden above the Seine, and move to a flat where there would be no place for *pensionnaires*, the news came like an international calamity.

Who now, I wonder, will help American girls to catch a glimmer of the significance that a commonplace surface may conceal? By living out her busy, self-forgetful days before their eyes, Madame Ravignac somehow invested simplicity and the dull domestic round with a new meaning and an unaccustomed charm. It was not merely that economy bloomed in her hands into a subtly creative art; more important was the sense, which she unconsciously conveyed, that the roots of her average family were nourished, in this supposedly inconstant Paris, too, by the rich soil of a consistent and nobly serious theory of life. An impersonal theory, it seemed, which tested the passions and aims of mere individuals by their conformity to the established laws of a great civilized society. Yet it obviously yielded such deep personal satisfactions that the most empty-headed of *pensionnaires*, who began by pitying Madame Ravignac's limitations, found herself, sooner or later, examining in their light the foundations and rewards of her own restless and uncharted activities.

What "theory" or system could possibly underlie the kaleidoscopic existence of the daughters of liberty to whom they have opened their doors so generously in the last few years has, I know, been a constant puzzle to the logical minds of the Ravignacs, and I fear that Monsieur Ravignac, poor man, was summing up his final conclusions on the occasion of his naming it, as he rose from the lunch table, "*une idée colossale de pique-nique.*" A huge picnic! The moment was one of supreme exasperation, when logic will out, and it struck me at the time as portentous. Madame Ravignac, though she thoroughly agreed with him, hastened to take the part of the picnickers. But indeed she always found excuses for them—they had not been taught as French girls are from early childhood, she used to tell her husband, to consider every day as a link to be carefully wrought into the chain of the years—and she spoiled them, dear madame, quite too much.

How many times I have seen her mending the clothes of the heedless! "Why, it's just a stitch," she would defend herself, "and I can't let a good frock go to pieces." How many times I have heard her explain American customs to friends who dropped in on purpose to remark that Mademoiselle Smith seemed to be a charming girl, but what a pity she should go motoring alone with young men! The extravagant had only to express an intention of patronizing one of the Immortals on the rue de la Paix, and madame bestirred herself to secure a discount, by the influence, perhaps, of an acquaintance who had a cousin in the cloth business. "No use in spending more than you need, my dear," she would say, and sit down to write several notes. But she was even more ready to help the economical to bargain for a "model," or a bit of old lace, and summoned an infinite variety of *petits fournisseurs* to their service. At Madame Ravignac's the belle always found a rose on her table when she

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was dining out; the invalid always had a special dish; the literary aspirant was taken to distinguished salons on Sunday afternoon. Monsieur Ravignac himself not infrequently left his sculptor's studio to escort deputations of the "artistic" to private views, or make a *petit tour* with them in the Louvre or the Cluny.

That none of these privileges were "nominated in the bond"—for in principle the Ravignacs merely offered a home to girls who were old enough to be learning their Paris independently—makes one regret the more that the picnickers have proved unworthy of them. It was not hard to read between the discreet lines of Madame Ravignac's letter. "You may not be surprised," it ran, "though I know you will grieve with me about the change. *Mais, que voulez-vous!* My husband feels that not only the material but the spiritual education of our daughters demands a quiet place by ourselves. Their future and their *dots* will, moreover, be secured by the sacrifice of the house. This does not mean, however," the letter ended, "that there will not always be a room for our friends. How long it seems since you, *chère amie*, ceased to be a *pensionnaire!* We understood one another, I believe, from the moment when I found you in that *triste* place, and decided to make you our first guest."

"That *triste* place"—the words recall the involuntary exclamation wrung from Madame Ravignac by the aspect of my sanitarium room. I can see her standing there in the middle of the floor, a slight figure in heavy mourning, holding the hand of a solemn small daughter, dressed likewise in black, and hear her cry, as her penetrating glance turned dubiously from the green calcimined blankness to the young American, "*Mais—c'est lugubre!*" *Lugubre*—that single adjective was a final appraisement.

"Dismal indeed, my strange young lady from over the sea," repeated Bette—though in silence, for even at three years old she was well disciplined to polite usage—drinking in my strangeness from under the stiffly rolled brim of her patent-leather hat, whose shiny surface, broken only by a ribbon that hung straight down behind, struck me as mirroring inflexibly the general dreariness of my abode. Bette's great brown eyes were relentless mirrors too, and I remember just how she looked, to the last detail of her plump red cheeks, her long black lashes, and the curls arranged with such glossy coquetry over her shoulders. But it is significant—since even now her mother's spirit is more vivid to me than her features—that I should have kept no such definite first impression of Madame Ravignac beyond her general air of capacity and the light in her gray eyes. It was a soft light as well as a keen one that flashed at me from their oddly tilted corners, and an impulse of generous devotion, which I was soon to recognize as her dominant characteristic, sounded in her next words:

"You may come to-morrow—do come to-morrow! I must, of course, speak with my husband first"—this phrase became as familiar as the unselfishness—"but I am sure he will agree with me. *Il faut s'arranger:* one must take life as it comes. The house is too expensive for us with our small family; and besides, it is so vast, so solitary since my father's death! And I have so much the habit of illness that I can massage your knee myself, and give you a régime which will set you up at once. My poor father"—her narrow eyes grew misty—"was often tempted by my little dishes. You must tell your relatives," she concluded, with the smile at once caustic and tender in which one seemed to detect the perpetual struggle of her heart to modify the native dryness of her judgment, "that I shall take great care of you. *Chez moi*, let me say in passing, only the best materials are used. It is a home we offer, and the tradition of our food, inherited, of course, from my mother, cannot injure the most delicate stomach. *Viens, ma fille,*" she said, turning to Bette, "tell mademoiselle that she will be welcome in your parents' house."

The Ravignacs, looking facts in the face, had accepted in theory the necessity of *pensionnaires*, and my semi-invalidism went far to make the first practical application of the theory endurable to Madame Ravignac. But neither I nor the two or three other American girls who soon made their appearance at the old house can have realized, at the time, the cost to a family of this type—a family of

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bourgeois and intellectual inheritance—of taking strangers into their midst. What is customary in Germany and not unknown in England and America, violates in France an intimacy prized above anything in life. But the Ravignacs' delicate hospitality, once their decision was made, gave no hint of intrusion. Madame made light of the criticism of her friends: "*Cela m'est bien égal!* How, pray, can I give up the house that my father built, the house where I was married, the house, too, where my own children were born? You will notice," she continued, as she showed me about, on the first day, through the four stately, high-ceiled apartments on the ground-floor, "that these rooms are all connected? It was for my sake, mademoiselle. 'It's for the day of your marriage, my child, that I have built the house thus,' my father used to say to me, when I was quite a little girl, 'so that all our friends may celebrate with us the consummation of your happiness.' Ah, mademoiselle, that was a beautiful day when it came—as yours will be," she added inevitably. "The studio had already been built, down there in the garden, for my husband was glad to help me not to desert papa."

We had been standing at a long window which opened on a narrow balcony. The front windows faced a quiet avenue where chestnut trees bloomed in the spring; but from those at the back, one looked far over the intimate enclosure of the garden and down upon the Seine, as it flowed under its arching bridges: the eye could follow its silver windings all the way from the close-built, towered region of the town's gray heart, on the one hand, to where, in the other distance, beyond pale reaches, the blurred outlines of wooded heights announced the park of St. Cloud. No *pensionnaire* could help blessing madame's father for remaining *campagnard de cœur*, as she put it, in spite of his laboratory, and choosing such a site in memory of Burgundy. Everybody enjoyed the spacious rooms, with their solid, carved furniture, their hangings which madame had herself embroidered in her *jeune fille* days, and their polished floors which reflected so brightly the gleam of the open fires.

It was tradition again that gave us our polished floors. The family purse might be slim, but a meek little personage known as *le frotteur* never failed to glide in with his heavy brush on Saturday, to rub them into a state of waxed perfection over which high "American" heels must pick their way with care. If the heels, as the young ladies asserted, were "French" rather than "American," then America, madame declared, was perpetuating the outworn absurdities of Queen Marie Antoinette, which the ancestors of her good shoemaker, down there on the *Quai*, had discarded at the time of the Revolution. Madame Ravignac had never displayed a heel above two inches high in her life, and obviously considered those of her *pensionnaires* unbecoming to the simplicity that nature and society demanded of young girls.

The theory of the *jeune fille* as a creature altogether innocent and obliterated was, however, far from being that of Madame Ravignac. Her father, a good Catholic bourgeois citizen, turned scientist and professor, had married, as she said, "the sort of woman such a man chooses," so that conventions which prevail alike in less cultivated and in smarter circles had not narrowed her upbringing: she had read a great deal, and gone out alone, as a matter of course, after the age of eighteen. In her father's set greater "protection" would have seemed prudish affectation.

"You foreigners," she once exclaimed, "have indeed an odd conception of well-brought-up girlhood in France. I know what you say: 'Poor little French girls, never allowed to amuse themselves, never free to make use of their own legs and eyes!' It's no more true of our friends than the *mariage de convenance.*"

Madame Ravignac herself, as she often told us, had made, rather late, a *mariage d'amour*, after having freely refused several unimpeachable *partis*, and this marriage was undoubtedly tending to emphasize more and more her temperamental bent toward an absorbed and circumscribed domesticity. For her children were exacting, her husband was not an "intellectual," and since her father's death there was little to bind her to his world of ideas but ties of long-established use and affection. Yet her liberal youth had re-

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vealed to her the meaning of intellectual curiosity and artistic ambition; she could understand very well what called young America to cross the sea. But for a nice girl of twenty to wear rustling silk linings, striking furs, a red coat, or pearl ear-rings —this was incomprehensible, this seemed to her almost disreputable.

"*Ah, vous êtes belle, mademoiselle, il ne faut pas faire tant de frais pour nous*—you must not be so formal with us simple folk," was her greeting to Mademoiselle Jones, of New York, when that pretty young person appeared at dinner in a very elaborate evening gown. It was lightly and graciously spoken, but Mademoiselle Jones looked down, as with new eyes, on her frills, and from them to madame's plain, tight-fitting black. And she was not long in discovering that in the authentic Paris, as the Ravignacs understood it, the boulevards and the café concerts were no less banal and factitious than the frills.

One of madame's favorite stories, indeed, related how, at a scientific congress, an American professor of physics had asked her father to show him "Maxim's." "*Pensez donc, mon ami,*" she would say to her husband across the table, laughing heartily for the thousandth time at the incomparable humor of the suggestion, "Just think, *papa* at Maxim's! Papa who had to be dragged from his test-tubes to his meals, and even resented the time he gave to his lectures at the Collège de France!"

"But don't painters and poets go to the cafés, monsieur?" asked one bold young woman.

"Not to those commercialized boulevard places, mademoiselle, you may be sure," replied Monsieur Ravignac with finality. "They have something better to do," he ended, proceeding to replenish Bette's plate, and mix her wine and water, and looking up, surprised, at the general laugh.

"You don't make much of a bohemian, my poor Jean," said madame, happily accepting her spouse anew—his stout awkward figure, his square-cut black beard, his honest black eyes, which held no shadow of humor or irony—with her smile of cherishing devotion.

Monsieur Ravignac might be a sculptor, but family affection and bourgeois conviction were indeed written large on his every feature and attitude. *Un brave homme*—a fine sort, you would call him on sight: industrious and hard-working to the point of bustle, and fundamentally kind and good in spite of a hot temper. When one read his favorite journal, *Le Temps*, his very words seemed to repeat themselves down the page, and I doubt whether he would have admitted the validity of any political or social theory not summed up in those well-bred, conservative columns. If socialism was abhorrent to his soul, so also was any revolutionary principle in art; he preferred the Français to the Théâtre Antoine, and, as regards the Salon, stood with the old Society against the new. Madame echoed his convictions with the intellectual submission that is entirely sincere in the French wife, even though her more flexible intelligence very evidently made her not only the practical administrator of her husband's daily life, but an infallible counsellor in his own province, as well.

A new conception of the relation of the sexes, founded on a new definition of equality, was, then, one of the ideas that took shape in the heads of the *pensionnaires* during those long slow meals in the panelled dining-room, which proved their chief hours of illumination. Against this sombre background, the changing shades of comment and criticism in Madame Ravignac's colorless mobile face, the quick sure movements of her slender hands, became peculiarly impressive, and not one of her unrelenting analytical phrases missed fire, even if she seemed, when she let it fall, very much engaged with her youngest, the mischievous Jacqueline, whose high-chair touched her elbow. Her husband, on the other side of the table, was flanked by the high-chair of his adored Bette; and as this delicious *plat* succeeded that, under madame's watchful eye, and monsieur, for his part, pressed red wine upon his guests—the wine, like the cherries in May, came from a rustic Burgundian estate of which one heard a great deal—there was much time for mutual understanding.

Too much! complained those of the young ladies who were above international comparisons, and did not relish the familiar flavor of these pleasant, leisurely

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occasions. Of course, the most interesting revelation, to some of us, was the one which proved the compatibility of economy and generosity: dishes tempting and bountiful beyond the dreams of *gourmands* were here achieved, it was evident, by an art which took exact account of every cheese paring, and calculated the value of a lettuce leaf; the lights were extinguished there during dinner, but the salon was always gay with fresh flowers; and though a white blouse might seem a luxury to our hostess, there was no doubt that she considered real lace a necessity.

The presence of the admirable Bette and her more vivid younger sister was a grievance to Mademoiselle Jones, who felt ill-used if they spilled wine on their bibs, and failed to understand that French manners are acquired, precisely, by a long familiarity with the uses of good society. Her nerves were upset by the constant jumping up and down; her sensibilities were shocked by the French habit of calling a spade a spade. And as for hearing over and over again that madame's mother used only the best butter, or that *monsieur son père* preferred a cutlet to a steak! "It's like living with ghosts," she grumbled.

When remarks of this sort were exchanged, under the breath, perhaps, and in a language which she was supposed not to understand, Madame Ravignac made no comment whatever. The language of *la politesse* was to her the universal tongue, so she kept those narrow tilted eyes of hers firmly fixed on her plate, knowing full well that if her husband, fuming in his chair, caught the least response in them, he would more likely than not jump to his feet and order the young woman incontinently out of the house. But though the lines about her mouth tightened, Madame Ravignac never lifted her eyes till the danger point was past.

Then, with the quaint smile which, because it brought out such tender sparkles of light in their opaque gray, seemed to defy one to find a hint of criticism there, she would begin to tell us still another anecdote of her dear ghosts. Most of us had a great affection not only for hers, but for monsieur's ghosts, too; we felt them as much our intimates as madame's brother the witty journalist, or any other of the artistic and scientific familiars who were always dropping in to lunch. No wonder their friends liked to come to the Ravignacs', for even if we were half-way through a meal, they were greeted with shrieks of joy from the little girls, monsieur reinforced his exclamatory welcome by pumping their arms up and down, and madame, after kissing them on both cheeks, would hurry off, enchanted, to make them another omelet with her own hands.

The cook was used to these frequent invasions of her domain. Madame Ravignac could not be called an easy mistress; she would teach her servants to *faire des économies*, or nurse them if they were ill; but they did not stay long under her roof unless they proved themselves as nimble and executive and self-forgetful as herself. Work, not idleness, was the end of life, so she told her household and her children. Bette, at a very early age, was trained to be a *petite mère de famille*. And as for Madame Ravignac, she was never too tired to spend her whole being in generous service; the more she could do for you, the better she loved you, as I who have been ill under her roof have reason to know. Her heart and will responded to every new obligation as to a trumpet blast, although, between her household and social duties, and the lessons and pleasures of the *pensionnaires*, there was not a moment she could call her own from nine in the morning, when she started off so gayly to do her marketing, wheeling Jacqueline in the go-cart, with Bette trudging alongside under the patent-leather hat, till she came down to dinner at seven, an unusual color in her long pale face, her straight brown hair falling down a little over her eyes, after bathing her pair and tucking them up for the night.

In the evening, if Mademoiselle Robinson did not have to be chaperoned to her dancing class, and there was nobody to dinner, Madame Ravignac really had her husband to herself for an hour or so. And how she did count those hours! "*C'est si gentil, le soir*," she would say to me, "when we sit together in my father's study under the lamp, his books all about us, the children asleep in their beds in the

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next room, my husband reading *Le Temps* to me as I sew, and discussing his work and public affairs—ah, mademoiselle, these are the rewards of marriage, these hours of intimate talk. My husband has the highest respect for my opinion, and you may guess what his wise guidance is to me." A husband was not a *beau chevalier*, who heaped roses in one's lap and spread a purple cloak for one's feet—that she made clear to romantic America. He was, rather, a constant weight, pressed close against one's heart, a *souci* which now and then made this same heart bleed. But it was worth what suffering it brought, the marriage relation, and the things that hurt most were, after all, the non-essentials—the childishness, the small stupidities of man. That was what men were like, especially the clever ones.

Monsieur Ravignac's cleverness was one of the things that his wife loved to dwell upon. "*On demandera ça à mon mari*" was a phrase often on her lips. His sense for color—to take an instance—was impeccable. "Let's ask my husband; he'll know in a minute," she would suggest, when some girl was hesitating over the shade of a garniture. And monsieur, the kind soul, would be summoned, all in his blouse, from his studio, a little bored to be disturbed, but on the whole rather flattered, and cast a critical eye on the costume before the long mirror. Monsieur liked pretty frocks as well as another of his race, and sometimes shook his head over his wife's hats in those later years when there came a *petit Jean*, and finally a *petit Philippe* to lessen her already faint interest in her own person, by adding to the duties as well as to the joys of life.

If Madame Ravignac vaunted the "duties," it must not be thought that she did not also adore a certain sort of break in the domestic round. I am sure that I cannot be the only friend of the family who, on a fine Sunday morning in spring, wakes with a sigh for Paris, and—remembering that this is the day sacred to excursions—sees the dear things starting out of the front door, madame deftly tying the last cap, monsieur faithfully buttoning the last coat, both of them hurrying Bette and Jacqueline and Jean and Philippe down the steps of the "Métro," dumping them breathless in their seats, and a little later lifting them out as breathlessly at some ugly station in a remote square. At the station door, I say to myself, their great friends, the painter Jolier and his wife, will be waiting impatiently with the tickets and the morning papers, and they will all run down the platform, excitedly chattering, climb into a compartment—possibly third class—and after an half hour or so, alight at a little white village on a river bank. There will be, of course, poplars along this calm bank, and patient immovable figures holding fishing-lines, and, for the eye of the gentlemen, who never forget the approach of *midi*, an inn or two in the distance. One inn has a garden set with little tables—that looks a bit expensive, so why not try the other, which offers a more sociable long table, under an arbor?

Every detail of the meal comes back to me: the teasing humors of Liline, always naughty and *spirituelle;* the whispered reproofs of Bette, over whose serious maternal care for her sister and brothers the two ladies exchange a moved look; the bewilderment of the *gauche* country waiter, jolted out of his week-long sleep, and tormented by the jokes and the demands of these Parisians. There are ruminative pauses, anecdotic interludes, and deep degustations. Over the coffee, the gentlemen, mindful of their professions, discuss the *nuances* of the view: how it has been "done"; how the present school is doing it; how it may be done in next year's salon. Then there is the afternoon, with its adventurous essay of the stream in a row-boat, the long slow walk along a dusty ribbon of white road, Jean and Philippe trailing more and more behind till they are lifted to well-cushioned masculine shoulders; the drinking of pink *grênadine* in another garden, full by this time of other family parties; and finally the return to Paris, after a day in which nothing intrinsically interesting has been said or done, with a conviction of high holiday and achievement.

Such diversions, be it clearly understood, have their established place, like marketing, or going to school, or making your first communion, in the scheme of bourgeois existence, and do not turn life itself into a picnic in the sense used by

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Monsieur Ravignac at the meal which his wife's letter recalls. By way of further elucidation of his dictum, and of the loss it brings, in my opinion, to the young Americans who should have been the future generations of *pensionnaires*, I must revert to the occasion in question.

Though time had changed me from a *pensionnaire* to a friend with all the privileges of "dropping in," I realized when I arrived at the house that day and found the family, with Alice White, the tall American blonde of the moment, already assembled in the dining-room, that my hour had been ill-chosen. Something had gone wrong. Madame Ravignac embraced me warmly, nevertheless, and said, as if she were not perturbed, and as if her husband were not obviously out of sorts, that it was delightful I had come, for my old friend, her brother Jacques, had arrived the night before from his *mission* in the East, and was stopping with her till his own flat should be prepared. They were waiting for him now; Liline had been sent to call him. "While we stifle the pangs of hunger," added monsieur, sharply reproving the two little boys who sat opposite him, for shaking their yellow heads, wriggling in their chairs, and showing their bare knees above the table's edge. Bette, whose nine years and whose rôle of *fille ainée* now made her quite equal to any situation, tossed her curls over her shoulders and inquired, in a politely conversational tone, whether Mademoiselle Alice had enjoyed her morning's work. Madame was just poking her head down the dumb-waiter to summon the omelet anyhow, when Liline burst into the room.

"I think he has a toothache, poor Uncle Jacques," she began, in her monotonous childish treble, climbing into her chair, and backing around mechanically, so that her father might tie her bib, "I opened his door"—"You didn't knock?" exclaimed Madame, "will nothing teach this flyaway manners!"—"and he had a funny bandage over his mouth *comme ça*"—she seized two forks and held them against her thin cheeks with her most self-like expression—"and he seemed very cross, and told me to say he was coming at once."

Monsieur Ravignac took away the forks, and his faithful black eyes asked his wife a troubled question. The witty perceptions and volatile ways of his second daughter were a perpetual trial; Bette's calm good sense and her tact seemed to him a much safer feminine endowment. Madame raised her eyebrows in response. She did not understand the toothache either.

We were just finishing our omelet when the door opened and Monsieur Jacques appeared, correct and ironical, a heavy lock of gray hair carefully arranged over his forehead, and his grizzled mustachios screwed into the sharpest of military points. Four pairs of childish eyes —for even Bette, the paragon, yielded to temptation—examined his cheeks for a possible swelling, as he shook hands all round, and made a polite apology.

"*Mon oncle*," began the irrepressible Jacqueline, "haven't you—" "*Tais-toi, ma fille*," interrupted madame, conquering a smile. For she had at once related the bandage to those impeccable mustachios: a lovely American blonde was worth the trouble of a thorough metallic curling, it appeared.

"*Eh bien, mon vieux*," began Monsieur Jacques easily—he had a gift of turning the tables—looking from Monsieur Ravignac, who was pouring out the wine with an abstracted air, to his sister, as she skilfully dissected the fowl—"well, you two, what is the matter? You look, both of you, my excellent brother and sister, as if you were of Gautier's opinion—isn't it Gautier?—about the futility of existence. '*Rien ne sert à rien, et tout d'abord, il n'y a rien*—'" he quoted. "I, for one, can't agree with him, not when I am visiting my best friends and drinking their *vin de bourgogne*," and he sipped his wine with a pleasurable indrawing of the lips, tossed his gray lock, twisted his mustachios, and regarded me quizzically across the table.

"That's all very well for a successful journalist with no responsibilities," retorted madame, helping herself to the last and least promising portion of the fowl; "but if you had four children to provide for, a big house on your hands, and Mademoiselle Marsh, one of your two guests of the winter who has gone off in a huff——"

"And why," interrupted Monsieur Ravignac, fiercely pulling his square black beard; "why, do you suppose? Because we won't allow her to spoil our children, our well-brought-up children!"

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"Now, now, *mon ami*," corrected madame gently, "you must remember that the poor woman is very much alone and *deséquilibrée*. My heart aches for the poor dear—no wonder she loved our four too well. Here she is, Jacques, sufficiently pretty, rich, well educated, but her parents are dead, her sisters are married, she hasn't a single binding tie. She didn't marry, all because her father wanted to keep her at home, if you'll believe it! He was lonely, and said there should be one old maid in every family—ah, I must say I don't understand it!"

"Papa, I shall marry at eighteen," announced Liline, with conscious virtue.

"Parents," continued Monsieur Ravignac impatiently, "who don't look forward to the day when they will be no more are no parents at all, in my opinion. Young girls don't always think ahead, naturally, and it is therefore the parents' duty to point out, at the suitable time, the only road to happiness—what is it, Marie?"

"A big bundle from the Bon Marché, for Mademoiselle White," replied the red-cheeked *bonne*, returning from one of her periodic journeys to answer the door; "fifty francs to pay."

"*Ne vous dérangez pas, mon enfant*," cried Madame Ravignac. "I have the money in my pocket," and she had hurried out before the young American had turned her pretty head.

"Are you getting the moral, mademoiselle?" inquired Monsieur Jacques mischievously of his vis-à-vis. Nothing really escaped her, but with an air of graceful and innocent detachment from mundane discussion, she affected not to hear, and continued to dip the leaves of her artichoke in the thick yellow sauce.

"Thank you *so* much, dear madame," she said very prettily to our returning hostess. "How do you always manage to have money on hand? I never have a *sou!* I am so enjoying this delicious sauce—was it a rule of your mother's? Will you give me the recipe?"

"Yes, indeed, *ma chère petite*," replied madame. "I am too delighted to teach you any art I possess. Who knows but your husband will have a liking for French dishes! The most important thing for a sauce, as *maman* used to impress upon me, is to use the very best butter. Well, well, Marie, what is it this time?"

"A monsieur for Mademoiselle Alice"—(Marie's cheeks flamed as she fell to clearing the table)—"he is waiting in the salon, but he said I was to whisper to mademoiselle that the train goes soon."

Alice blushed a little, too, but explained, with great self-possession, in spite of a sort of solidifying of the family surface: "It's only my friend Jack Brown, madame, and we are going sketching at Versailles," and rising, she kissed Liline, smiled a general good-by from her blue eyes, and swished nonchalantly through the door.

"*Jolie fille!*" remarked Monsieur Jacques, with appreciation.

"Yes, indeed," said his sister eagerly; "we are devoted to her, aren't we, Jean?" But monsieur muttered something about spoiled children, and there followed rather a dismal pause. It was not, indeed, until madame had made the coffee over the gas-jet in the corner, and the children, replete with *petits canards*, had been sent upstairs, that conversation was resumed.

"*Eh bien?*" asked Monsieur Jacques, "now that we are by ourselves, what is it, really? This friend here," he added, turning to me, "your American interpreter; can't she clear up the difficulty?"

"Poor mademoiselle," agreed madame; "we do consult her like a hand-book! But it's really nothing but the cantankerousness of Mademoiselle Marsh, which I have already described, and the admirers of Mademoiselle White, of whom you have just had a specimen."

"A charming creature, too." Monsieur Jacques twisted his mustache.

"And obviously made for marriage," continued Madame Ravignac. "She is lovely, clever, utterly adorable, *enfin*, and twenty-two years old—careless and unformed yet, but capable of the most beautiful development. This is evidently the time for her to be settling the lines of her life, but is she thinking seriously of matrimony? No, indeed, she's having far too good a time!"

"Seeing, even here in Paris," interjected her husband, "at least a dozen different young men. She enjoys them all, she tells us, each for a different reason——"

"Do not suppose," put in madame a little anxiously, "that we question the propriety of her behavior. Her conduct is irreproachable, but all the same, and

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even though I have her mother's consent that she shall go out with them, it makes me uncomfortable, the neighbors and servants gossip, and, worst of all, it's exciting for the girl without leading anywhere."

"That is just what I maintain," Monsieur Ravignac asserted, with an emphatic gesture. "Why should not Mademoiselle Alice's superfluity of gallants have the same result in the end as Mademoiselle Marsh's lack of opportunity? If she waits and waits for the knight of her dreams! Well, I declare I understand this American system less every year."

Monsieur Jacques, the ironist, who liked nothing better than to stir up his matter-of-fact brother-in-law, said something about his sister's having married for love. But Madame Ravignac did not allow any jokes on that subject, and pointed out that if her marriage had succeeded it was because she had known how to adapt herself to its conditions, and had had a sound training in good house-keeping.

"Just so," agreed monsieur, not to be distracted from his thesis. "There, on the contrary, is a girl who can't mend a stocking, and doesn't know beef from pork."

"Ah, Jacques, it's pathetic!" cried madame. "I take her to market, and explain how, when one pays a little more for the cutlet, one pays a little less for the fish; how, if one wants strawberries, one doesn't buy early asparagus the same day, since the allotted amount for a meal must not be exceeded, and she is so interested! 'If one keeps house this way,' she says, 'there's some fun in it; it's a sort of game. We just order by telephone, you know, and father pays the monthly bills.'"

"Yes, indeed, ordering by telephone, that's typical!" Monsieur Ravignac threw up his hands expressively. "And the poor child has no idea what she ought to spend, having, if you'll believe me, no knowledge of the family resources, one day reproached for extravagance, the next day called miserly!"

"A contrast, indeed," remarked Monsieur Jacques more seriously, "to our childish share in the financial responsibilities of the household. Do you remember, *ma sœur*," he said, with a reflective smile, "how enchanted we were to work out the possibility of a journey to the Cévennes, the year you made your début? After all, life is more amusing when lived with an eye on its central facts."

"*Bien entendu*," ejaculated monsieur, "with apologies to you, mademoiselle," —he turned to me,—"for I know I can speak as I should to a friend of our nation; most of your countrywomen treat the universe as a playground. With their journeys, and their bookbinding, and their metal-working, and their frocks, and their sketching, and their lectures, and their '*beaux*'! Far be it from me to refuse woman a place in the arts, or even in the learned professions, if she has the requisite earnestness of purpose and a real talent—though, of course, for her nothing can take the place of marriage," he was constrained to add. "But I can't see that most of our young friends have any end in view but activity itself! And what permanent satisfaction, I ask you," he ended rhetorically, brushing the crumbs off his knees as he rose with flashing eyes from the table, "do they get out of an existence founded on *une idée colossale de pique-nique?* A fine example for my daughters!"

This sounded ominous: yet the news of Alice White with which I was greeted several months later, on my arrival at la Sapinière—the estate so often vaunted in Paris for its homely *sauvagerie* on its hill-top above the rich vineyard land of Burgundy—was of a reassuring nature. Alice had written from America of her engagement to one of the admirers: "*Celui qui fait la peinture, un garçon très bien*," madame joyously announced.

It was Alice again who made the climax to the charming last afternoon of my visit. We had all been, as usual, for a long ramble on the *montagne*—the *montagne* was a rocky ridge that stretched back into wilder country behind the farm, and its furze-grown open spaces, and its adventurous herb-like tang always led us farther than we planned. When we turned back, at last, toward the plain and the sunset—the rich Burgundian scene again spread out for our eyes—a sense of wide peace was in the air. The children wandered off to hunt rabbits in brushy tangles marked "*chasse réservée*," and I, too, followed my own way. But as I finally emerged on the slope that led precipitously down to the walls and sheltered the white house and vines of la Sapinière, I came

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upon my host and hostess, sitting together on a flat rock, with the sunset light in their faces.

"We were talking of dear Alice and her happiness," said Madame Ravignac in a moved voice, making room for me beside her.

"*Ce n'est pas grande chose, un mari, mademoiselle,*" said monsieur—his rare jokes were always a sign of emotion—"*mais c'est, je crois, ce qu'on a trouvé de mieux jusqu'ici!*—a husband doesn't amount to much, but he's probably the best invention that's been made up to now."

"Alice declares," Madame Ravignac hesitated, "that it is all my doing. Of course, that's nonsense, but if I've been able to show her what makes life worth living—" and she looked up toward her four, who were slowly ambling over the ridge in our direction, down toward the farm, and then again cherishingly to her husband, whose face held the same transfigured sense of mercies too deep for speech, yet counted to the utmost.

Heureux qui, comme Ulysse, a fait un beau voyage,
Ou comme cestuy là qui conquit la toison,
Et puis est retourné, plein d'usage et raison,
Vivre entre ses parents le reste de son age!

quoted Monsieur Ravignac. But there he stopped, and the images of the unclassified activities and the still less classified admirers seemed to pass before his eyes. "'*Plein d'usage et raison?*' '*Vivre entre ses parents le reste de son age?*'" he queried. "I wonder, I wonder!"

"Come along, everybody," cried madame gaily. "*Depêchez-vous donc, les petits,*" she called to the children. "Look, the chimney is smoking away. That means baths and bedtime, and I must hurry to see that Marie puts the chicken into the oven when she should."

Monsieur Ravignac must nevertheless have continued to "wonder" as he watched the bewildering activities of the picnickers, and the long and the short of his conclusions is that the idolized house which madame's father built above the Seine must go. Bricks and mortar are transitory, after all. The real inheritance for grandchildren and children is a point of view and a standard; standards are worth the sacrifice of frail personal attachments—the Ravignacs probably reasoned something after this fashion, and I believe that their act of allegiance to a transcendent "system" will raise them above idle regret.

THE RIDDLE

By Charles F. Lummis

I PLANTED a seed in my neighbor's garden
(Fair, wee garden where Wonder grows)
Wet with a tear, that it may not harden,
Seed of a Hope that the dear God knows—
And for its cover,
I folded over
Five slim petals of a little Wild Rose.

O, Lady-Liege of the Wonder-Garden,
Riddle me, how is that seed to be—
Quick with the sun of thy smile and pardon,
Or dead and dust for despair of thee?
Wilt thou it bloom as a flower in Arden?
Wilt thou it perish before we See?
Will thy palm forget
Where my kiss was set
To grow for a thought of me?

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"CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH"

By Katharine Holland Brown

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALONZO KIMBALL

CALM and exalted as the red-granite charioteer who guides his steeds on the red-granite pylon of Queen Hatasu, these thirty immemorial centuries gone, the chauffeur loomed behind his broad glass shield. Sumptuous as Queen Hatasu's own chariot, from ponderous tires to glittering crested door, the great car rolled through the college gates, and stopped portentously before Cliffe Hall.

Apple-cheeked Seventeen, tripping down Cliffe steps, nudged Angel-eyed Sixteen at her side.

"That's Mrs. Cornelius Brinckerhoff's car. The Mrs. Brinckerhoff who gave Burnbrae School their gymnasium, ninety-foot pool and all. My—Oh!" Apple Cheek's dove-blue eyes grew very round. "Don't you hope she's brought a gymnasium in her carriage-bag for us too?"

Angel Eyes nodded, her rose-leaf mouth being inconveniently full of panocha.

"Yeth. 'Specially if it puts it over Burnbrae. Why, Martha, can that be the majestical Mrs. Brinckerhoff? Why, what a very old lady!"

With pretty deference, Apple Cheek and Angel Eyes hastened to assist the very old lady just alighting. Rather, the very old empress; for Mrs. Brinckerhoff, short, stout, white-haired and rosy, yet transcended her background of lordly chauffeur and imperial car.

"You young ladies are students?" She fixed her escort with a terrifying although a tremulous lorgnette. "I wish to see your head mistress, Mrs. Stanton-Chase. She resides in this building?"

"Yes, ma'am. This is her receiving day."

"Ah!" Her keen blue eyes lighted eagerly. "Then I shall go up unannounced. We are very old friends."

She gave the girls a brisk, pleasant nod, and swept away toward the long marble flight, her sable cloak flowing regally from her plump shoulders.

"Nice old party, Pat."

"Um h'm." Angel Eyes took another large, placid bite. "But wouldn't you simply shrivel up and expire if you thought you'd ever live to be an old, old lady like that?"

"Wouldn't I!" Apple Cheek sighed, with tragic eyes.

A slow, commanding rap fell on the head mistress's study door. The mistress rose from her low chair, her beautiful ethereal face smiling with flower-like welcome, exquisite, formal, remote.

Then, as she saw the figure at the door, all that fine ivory punctilio melted and fell away. She stood motionless, wide-eyed. The elder woman, pink and flustered, laughed unsteadily: "Guess who!"

"Molly—Eliza—McClintock!"

"Yes, it's Molly McClintock. Didn't you know me, Barby? You darling, blessed girl!"

A moment the two old ladies stared, trembling. Then they stumbled into each other's arms. The mistress's waxen cheek burned crimson, her soft eyes flashed with tears, when at last she drew back to look on her friend. Mrs. Brinckerhoff's plumed bonnet tipped rakishly over one eye. She was sobbing and laughing in a breath.

"Molly! It has been so long!" The mistress clung to her tenderly, her voice catching between the words, her beautiful, fair old face vivid. "Molly, it can't be forty years!"

"It can't be anything else," Mrs. Brinckerhoff gave her patrician nose a final vicious dab, which left it pathetically luminous. "My last glimpse of you was in April, '71. On your wedding-day, child."

"I remember. Yours was the last face I saw as we drove away." The mistress drew her plump hand close. "Little 'Lizabeth, all starched and ruffly, was hanging to your skirts, and you had set baby Richard on your shoulder. He was pulling

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Apple-cheeked Seventeen, tripping down Cliffe steps, nudged Angel-eyed Sixteen at her side.—Page 108.

the cherry wreath in your hair, and you were laughing up at him. You looked like a Madonna. And I looked back at you as long as I could see you." A shadowy pink warmed her soft, withered cheek. "It seemed like a good omen, somehow."

"I'd like to see myself hoist baby Richard to my shoulder nowadays."

"He hasn't really grown up, Molly?"

"Not unless you call forty-two years, and two hundred pounds, grown up. How he does despise being overweight! He takes right after me, poor boy."

"You!" The mistress scoffed, doting. "You're just as lovely as you were in '71."

"More lovely." Mrs. Brinckerhoff settled back, comfortably. "Sixty pounds more. But you keep your nymph look, Barby. You little, spooky, pretty thing! Do you mind the valentine James J. Duckworth made you, our first year at Oberlin? Lace-paper, with stuck-on red hearts, and

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'Queen and Huntress, Chaste and Fair,' three verses, written in red ink? And how he let you imagine it was his own, and that you'd inspired it, till the day Professor Leach gave us Ben Jonson in rhetoric class?"

"Do I remember? The great *sap-head!*" The mistress's angelic old face crimsoned. The shocking word slipped from her sainted lips utterly unnoticed. "*You* can't say much, Molly Eliza! You know well that you were his first choice. Can't I see him, goggling those pale-blue eyes across the classroom at you? And his pale-blue crochet nuby, that his mother made him wear, because his chest was tender. And his hair, slicked into a roach, with two ear-scallops——"

"With bears' grease, and spearmint for scent." Mrs. Brinckerhoff broke in, giggling rapturously. She sat with her plump feet tucked on the chair-round, her plump arms hugging her knees. Her blue eyes danced, her cheeks burned deep rose-red. She looked like an impish girl, masquerading in frosty wig and fairy-godmother wrinkles. "Wasn't he the beatenest for perfumery! Mind how he'd philander around at our students' socials at Masonic Hall, and let us girls sniff his handkerchief? He always allowed me two sniffs, as a particularly tender attention. 'Balm of a Thousand Flowers——'"

"No, that was the label on his hair-oil bottle. I know, because your brother Samuel once stole the bottle from his room. And filled it up with whale-oil. I suppose Samuel's sons never stoop to such atrocities?"

"His grandsons stray, occasionally. Little Samuel—The Infant Samuel, they call him at Yale—stampeded the Freshman banquet at Wherry's with a fake bomb, last week. Little Samuel is the image of his grandfather. Remember that curly red head?"

The mistress's lips quivered into a shy smile.

"I remember that curly red head quite well. Perhaps Samuel has never told you, Molly. But we—we carried on a correspondence all through the war, from the day he left college with his regiment. And he sent me a lock of his hair——"

Mrs. Brinckerhoff jumped. A wave of pink streamed to her crisp pompadour.

"A lock of his hair? I—I wish I could see that lock, Barby. Of course it's long since thrown away?"

The mistress looked at her reproachfully, then with a glint of mischief. She stooped over a great cedar chest.

"Why, Barby! Have you kept your treasures, too?"

"Some of them." She lifted out a heavy old velvet album and unfastened the broad gilt clasps. Gently she drew from it a yellowed, embossed envelope, which revealed a lock of auburn hair, quaintly mounted on bristol-board. A languishing curlycue, fine and soft as a girl's.

Mrs. Brinckerhoff seemed to be controlling herself with difficulty.

"Barbara! Did you ever notice anything odd about this curl?"

"Why, no. Only it seemed a shade lighter than Samuel's."

"It is. Far lighter." Mrs. Brinckerhoff choked. "Barby! Didn't you ever guess"—then giggles overpowered her, "that—that all those lovely ringlets were my hair?"

"*Your hair!*"

Mrs. Brinckerhoff confessed between shamed chuckles.

"It was j-just Samuel's wicked deception. He came home on a furlough the day they shingled my hair. I'd had malarial fever. And Samuel pounced on four long curls, and cut them up into rings. And I mounted them for him. With flour paste. And he took four dozen ringlets back to camp with him. The other girls were always plaguing him for curls, and it kept the poor lad's head shaven tight. He was always having colds in his head. But he hated to say no."

"'The other girls!'" The mistress sat quite rigid. "Then he sent locks to other young ladies—besides myself?"

"D-dozens of 'em. To girls he'd never even seen, his comrades' sisters and cousins and sweethearts. Oh, Barby, don't look so shocked! All the soldier boys did it. I've heard Sam tell how the whole regiment used Irving Cobb's tintype, because he was the handsomest man in the service. They used eleven hundred copies one year."

The mistress returned the fond memento to its case with unnecessary vim.

"Well! If I'd dreamed——!"

"There, Barby! Don't be so techy.

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Think how you treated poor Samuel! What about John? There, now!"

What about John!

The mistress caught up the album and turned hastily to her chest. A lovely flame-pink glowed in her cheek; her eyes grew veiled and soft.

"Molly Eliza, did you ever see this before?"

She held out a mass of rosy, changeable silk, brocaded in huge palm leaves. An incredible garment, shaped like a Titan's lamp-shade, flowing in shining billows over her slender arms.

Mrs. Brinckerhoff considered.

"I should say I had. You wore that dress the night of the party *his* folks gave me. Six starched and fluted petticoats; and a red rose in your hair. And your bodice laced so tight that I had to pin the rose on for you—Mercy, Barby! Somebody rapped. Hide it, quick!"

Pale and panting, the mistress thrust the gleaming mass into the chest, and slammed down the lid as if she slammed it upon the fragments of a murder. Then, her gentlest dignity robing her, she trailed to the door.

A soberly pretty young girl awaited her; small, fair, dainty, with a sweet little gosling face. Meekly she made her request; permission to go to the city shopping, accompanied by a chaperon.

Graciously the mistress gave permission. With a dutiful little gosling courtesy, the child tripped away.

"So you let them go to the city, Barby?"

"Yes, with a suitable chaperon. By the way! Do you remember Susan Pearmain? That little girl is Susan's granddaughter."

"Susan Pearmain? A great, fat, blowsy girl?" Mrs. Brinckerhoff chuckled. "I should think I did. Don't I remember seeing her eat half a pumpkin pie at a Sunday-school barbecue? And here comes her granddaughter, asking for a chaperon —H'm. I mind that when Susan and Eph first married and went to Nebraska, Susan used to shoo Indians off her front porch with a rolling-pin. She wasn't more than seventeen, then, but she didn't need a chaperon for that. Pull out that silk again. I want to see. My, my, that waist! Do you let your girls wear party dresses like that?"

The mistress twinkled.

"Not in these athletic days. You could hardly bribe a girl to try that bodice on."

"That reminds me, I want to build a gymnasium for them, Barby. Like the one I gave Burnbrae."

The Mistress twinkled again.

"A gymnasium! Molly, do you remember how we two used to sweep our own room, and carry up wood, and even split our kindling—except when somebody else did it for us?"

"Oh, and wasn't it fun!" Mrs. Brinckerhoff's round face shone. "Do you mind the fall we started to college together, driving all the eighteen miles in your father's grand new Dearborn? I wore a purple merino, and you had a spandy new buff delaine with cinnamon dots. My, weren't we fine! And the wagon bed was crammed with baskets that our mothers had fixed; eggs packed in oats, and a boiled ham, and a whole jar of your Aunt Emeline's ginger cakes, and a cheese, and honey; for board at Oberlin was two dollars a week, and we mustn't dream of such sinful extravagance. And our elegant new hair trunk, lashed on behind. My, how my neck cricked, spyin' for fear that trunk would fall off! And can't you see the walnut grove, where we camped for nooning, and your father shot a squirrel, and broiled it over the coals? And then the long, long white road, winding on through the beech woods, and the windy red sunset beyond? Oh, Barby, why can't we two drive that road again?"

Their eyes met in wistful question. Again the September wind blew in their faces, pungent, autumn-sweet. Instinctively they leaned, listening. Across that far unfathomable river of years, they heard the fretful call of the quail through hot, dry stubble, the long sigh of the prairie grass, as it swept the wheels of the grand new Dearborn; that endless drowsy tide of the prairie sea.

"And the folks in our class. Remember Adoniram Jones? He planted fruit-trees through the woods, like Johnny Appleseed."

"And Lissy Hunt. She married a missionary to Ceylon. She and her lisp and her curls—and her spruce gum! Did anybody ever see Lissy and that gum apart! S'pose she taught the natives to chew gum too?"

"And little fat Drusilla Weed. She was so bashful she couldn't recite her declensions without pigeon-toeing. She went

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"It doesn't pinch. Not a mite."—Page 114.

down to Georgia after the war and started a Freedmen's School, and the Ku Klux burned her out twice, but she'd set right to and build it up again. Little scared, plucky, fat thing! And Peter D. Freeman. His father was a Grahamite, poor boy. They never had anything to eat at home but raw meal, and apples, and water. My, how he used to enjoy pork-and-bean night at Oberlin! He was the smartest scholar in our class. Unless—it was—John."

Again that swift irradiation gleamed on the mistress's tranquil face. She would not meet her friend's eyes.

Mrs. Brinckerhoff looked keenly at that flushed, musing face, that lovely, drooping head. Suddenly her fine old face grew very white. A curious tension narrowed her steady mouth.

"Barby, there's something I want to tell you. Something I ought to have told you . . . forty years ago. But I never did.

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I've let it stand between us all these years. Something about—John."

Then the mistress wheeled and faced her, blazing, passionate. Her wide eyes darkened. Her hands clenched, cold.

"Something about John? You need not tell me, Molly. We always understood each other, John and I."

"I know." Mrs. Brinckerhoff's face grew older, strangely gentle. She tried to speak. The words would not come. The mistress confronted her, moveless. Her pale lips set. Between the two women there seemed to rise a mysterious wall: shadowy, intangible; impassable as a wall of ice.

Mrs. Brinckerhoff put out her hands, with a quavering laugh.

"Don't look at me that way, Barby. I ought to have told you long ago. It has been a sore spot for us both. And it was all my hateful silliness. But—but I was dreadfully put out with you that year. Because you had more beaux than I had. My brother Samuel, and both the Jones boys, and John too. It truly wasn't fair, Barby. And you led them a dance. 'Specially John. He was desperately in love with you, and you snubbed him cruelly. And, poor boy, he took me for his confidante. He was forever tagging me about, to tell me how wonderful you were, and I got some tired of it. So—I let you think he liked me—a little. I liked him myself, anyway."

"Yes," pondered the mistress, quite without mercy. "Yes; I know you did."

Mrs. Brinckerhoff swallowed hard. She spoke unflinching on.

"So I—I pretended. Right along. Though he never gave me a thought. Except when you had a contrary streak, and wouldn't write to him. Then I'd get a frantic scrawl, begging for news of you. And then I'd obligingly tell you, what a nice letter I'd had from John. Oh, I should have been smacked and set in a corner. I know that. But it wasn't fair, Barby. You with four beaux, and I with only three, and one of them James J. Duckworth! And you just more than crowing over me!"

She stopped, gulping. Angry tears stormed into her blue eyes.

The mistress caught her arm.

"Crow? Of course I did. *I had to!* It was my one chance to keep my own head out of the dust. For I was mad over John, Molly. From the first hour. I'd have followed him barefoot through the world. But he was so splendid, so far above me, that I couldn't believe he really loved me. And I wanted to be so sure! Little goose that I was, I kept trying him, testing him, pushing him away. . . . No wonder it nearly killed me to see him look at anybody else!"

There was a silence.

"You poor little simpleton! To throw away all those years!"

The mistress drooped like a scolded child.

"I know. Wasn't I foolish! Wicked, too. And I was punished, Molly. For, after we were really engaged at last, we had to wait, and wait in earnest, till John could get his start. Six long years! Yes, I was punished."

Mrs. Brinckerhoff looked on her with tender mother-eyes.

"But it was worth waiting for. Wasn't it, Barby?"

"Worth waiting for!" The mistress locked her frail old hands. The great betrothal pearl shone white on the veined waxen flesh. All the ecstasy of her brief, exquisite wifehood glowed upon her, luminous, transfiguring. Old and frail and childless; yet she stood there, lovely with the loveliness of an embodied hope, crowned, triumphant. For her and for her lover the great stars had been lighted. Their radiance could never quite go out, their glory dim.

The elder woman leaned to her. Silently their lips met, across the fading shadow of that childish barrier.

At last Mrs. Brinckerhoff broke the silence with a sad little laugh.

"Ah, well, you had it all, Barby! And I have my children. I ought to be content. But I'm not. For Elizabeth and Richard are both so wise and grave and grown up, and they think, just because I'm past seventy, that I ought to stay in the chimney-corner and knit. And I just won't. There, now!"

"And you just sha'n't!" The mistress hugged her belligerently. "Much they know about it! You're younger and prettier than Elizabeth ever dared be, this minute. What wouldn't I give to see you in that peach barége with flounces that you wore to our class-night party! And your

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little tiny feet in clocked stockings and peach satin shoes! Look, Molly. Here!"

She snatched a silver-paper roll from the chest. Mrs. Brinckerhoff cried out, delighted. There lay two satin slippers, vivid pink, their gilded buckles hardly tarnished.

"I gave them to you! Because you were so bewitched with them. I'd forgotten."

"Could you squeeze them on, Molly?"

"Well, I'd hope so." With a daring fling of silken skirts, Mrs. Brinckerhoff tore off her sedate boot. Puffing and tugging, she crowded her plump foot into the slipper. "You haven't a shoe-horn? No, they're perfectly comfortable. They always were too large. Nonsense. It doesn't pinch. Not a mite. Where's your pink silk? Look!"

Twinkling, her plump cheeks scarlet, she threw off her rigorous tailored gown, and struggled into the wide swirling robe. Flowing skirts held high, she swept a dazzling courtesy to the enchanted mistress.

"Molly, you darling! Wait!" The mistress dived wildly into her chest. "I'm going to dress up too. Help fasten this, quick! And here's my sunshade, and my hat!" Sparkling with mischief she perched a flat straw object, the size and aspect of a waffle, high on her soft braids. "Put on these velvet bracelets, Molly. And this torty-shell comb. Oh, dear, you look precisely like Miss Abigail Peabody, when she'd dance the lancers with Captain Tucker. Don't you remember? She with her sausage curls, and her green morocco shoes, and he with his brass-buttoned coat, and his fierce glass eye? Here, I'll be the captain, and you can be Miss Abigail. Turn out your toes and simper, Molly. Now!"

"'Tirra, lirra, toora, loora,
Far beyond the Northern Sea!'"

Flushed, laughing, they minced and swaggered through the quaint old steps. Down the middle and back again, they pranced and languished; then, with one last flaunting courtesy, one pompous pigeon-wing, they stopped short, laughing into each other's eyes.

Absurd every step had been, delicious the caricature. Yet in that masque there glinted something finer, rarer, sweeter than mere burlesque. Standing here in the faded robes of their youth, it was as if they threw down the gauntlet to all the golden promises of youth . . . then paid their challenge in full, with noble, ripened hopes; with brave and lovely years.

And as they stood, glowing, mirth-ful-eyed, across the park there echoed an ominous note: a distant, summoning bell.

"Oh, oh! The first Vespers bell! I always preside. And—Oh, *look* at me!" Panic-smitten, the mistress stared at her frivolous image. Frenzied, she tore off her billowing finery. "It's all your fault, Molly Eliza. You—you Ninkum! To come here and turn my silly head, talking old times! Oh, oh, *where* is the button-hook!"

"There, take this hairpin." Mrs. Brinckerhoff struggled madly to escape her smothering flounces. "How did we get in to the wretched things! Oh, Barby, in pity's name, take this hook out of my hair!"

Blindly they flung on decorous garments. Wild-eyed, they fled down the long hall. At the Chapel door there sounded an anguished moan.

"Barby! I forgot! I can't sit on the platform. I've got on that miserable pink satin shoe!"

"Sit on the shoe, then," hissed the mistress, grimly. "March right along!"

Seven hundred girls filed into the great, dim Gothic hall. The organ droned through a mellow prelude. Fair, grave, stately in her trailing black, the mistress rose and spoke with all her tender grace, her sweet spiritual authority.

Beside her on the platform, majestic as an aged empress, sat her honored guest. Her handsome, highly colored face took on a soft, deepened flush when the mistress closed her talk with a brief touching reference to her visitor, and to the dear memories of their lifelong friendship.

Seven hundred girls hearkened to the mistress with their unvarying, adoring awe. Seven hundred girls, with faces of young-eyed cherubim, looked upon Mrs. Brinckerhoff, first with solemn admiration, then with pale, young sympathy. For, at the mistress's pensive references, her plump hand was seen to tremble on the chair-arm; a hint of tears clouded her clear, old eyes.

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. . . (A twitching pang leaped through her, a poignant terror. Warily she glanced down. But the long skirts safely hid the cruel pink shoe, still nipping, implacable.)

And on the rear seat, Apple Cheek heaved a gusty sigh, and punched Angel Eyes with a powerful thumb.

"They're two old dears. But just think! Isn't it too cruelly awful to have to be old, old ladies like that?"

"Awful!" sorrowed Angel Eyes.

A WOMAN OF MAIDSTONE

By Robert Shackleton

TO be born blind, to live for thirty-six years in darkness, and then to look out for the first time upon the great, bright, glowing world—there are few things more tragic, more dramatic. There is awe in the very thought of it: awe, and an infinite pity.

Yet to say this is not to express a mere possibility; it is to speak of an actual case. In the town of Maidstone, so I learned, was a woman who had been given this marvellous experience, and I found myself insistently wondering how she was adjusting herself to the world that she had just discovered; what she was seeing, doing, thinking. Was it to her a world of phantasies or one which measurably fitted with her notions preconceived? So I went down from London to meet this woman of new sight.

There is old-fashioned charm about much of Maidstone, but the part of the town to which I was directed is a district of bare streets, of humble modern homes, of small houses built close together; it is not precisely disagreeable, yet it is without attractiveness. And in one of the plain little houses I found the woman of experiences—a little house, part of which is devoted to a little shop, kept by her mother, a busy, earnest woman who strives hard to keep herself and her family from dependence.

I explained to the mother that I had read of the case, and had come to Maidstone on that account, whereupon she called Annie down from an upstairs room.

Annie Hubbard; age, thirty-six; an intelligent, quiet-faced woman, composed, placid, self-possessed, calm. She was looking out upon the whole world as something to be learned, but her appearance and demeanor gave no indication of it as she spoke a good-morning. She was merely a quiet and self-possessed woman.

From her mother's tone, in the first minutes of talk, Annie understood that she was to consider me as a friend, and it was interesting to notice how she gradually warmed and glowed.

Mrs. Hubbard wished me first to see how much her daughter had learned while blind; whereupon Annie, with eyes shut, walked about the room with perfect ease, perhaps more easily than when peering her way. She opened a crowded drawer of the bureau and lifted and named article after article. "Annie knows where every single thing is in that bureau! And she knows every corner of the house!"

"Now, read your Longfellow." And Annie, at this, took up a book of print for the blind, in Braille, and with swift deftness of touch went over "The Old Clock on the Stairs," reading aloud, with proper emphasis and real feeling, as her fingers sped; and I think it was more than fancy that her voice quivered a little at the line: "And as if, like God, it all things saw."

"'Horologe' is from a French word, meaning 'clock,'" she said calmly, in the pause that followed her reading; and she added, deprecatingly: "I read it in one of the notes."

Except in Braille, she cannot even yet read, except the largest of letters. Only one of her eyes has been given sight, and that not of the most perfect. She told me that the surgeon, within some months, was to make an attempt to gain improvement; and she let me know, too, that instead of assurance of gain, there was danger in this necessary further operation, that what had

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been won might be lost. Yet she was no more morbid with fear than she was elated with sight. Nor, throughout, was there a word of repining over the long years lost. There was only gratitude for being permitted to see the splendor of the world, and a humble and almost unspoken hope for the future. Unpretentiously brave, she was equal to either fate.

For a time, at the first, I talked with the mother rather than the daughter, to pave the way for natural confidences later, and it was pathetic to see that Annie, so far from feeling that her remarkable experience gave her the right to be noticed and made much of, felt a humbleness in very wonder that she should be given any particular attention at all.

Some cattle were driven past the window. She looked intently, to be sure of identifying them. "Cows," she said, but more to herself than to us. And then she laughed. "Mother has always been afraid of cows," she said. "They are often driven through the streets and mother always wants to get right over a hedge. But I always say to her: 'Don't be afraid, mother; they won't hurt us; you know, nothing will hurt blind people.'"

Throughout, her command of language and her choice of words were astonishing. And for much of the time I could almost have believed, had I not known to the contrary, that I was talking with one who had always had normal sight.

She looked after the cows till they disappeared, and then said: "But I was always afraid of horses, though I suppose I ought not to have been. It was their kicking. I could hear their feet striking, and the sound seemed to threaten something dreadful." And she added: "Do you know, horses are so much smaller than I thought! I used to think them, oh! ever so large!" She waved her hand explanatorily. "I suppose it was because they frightened me. They don't frighten me now; not if I can see them, that is. But if I just hear the sound of their feet, and don't see them, it scares me. And it's funny about the cows, that I didn't use to be afraid of at all. For now I am really frightened—just as frightened as mother ever was!" She laughed a gentle, quiet laugh. "When I first saw one it was much larger than I expected. It was a big tall thing, all hairy, and there were two things sticking out at the sides of the head. Oh, I just wanted to run away!"

I asked her about automobiles. "They frighten me so much!" she cried. "They always seem to be coming right at me!"

To me, throughout, the most astonishing feature of it was that she herself was not more astonished. I expected to find things more pregnant of perplexity for her. But here she was, slipping naturally into her newly revealed environment and just taking things for granted. But, after all, I reflected, it is essentially the same with all of us, for we all take the wonders of nature and of science for granted, and it would be the extreme of unfairness to demand continued cries of amazement from Annie Hubbard. One comes quickly to the limitations of human feeling, and still more quickly to limitations of the expression of feeling.

Her first desire, she told me, after learning that the hospital surgeon had some hopes of giving her sight, was to see her father and mother, and she grieved that her father died before sight came.

After quite a while I suggested that she go out with me into the town, and she eagerly expressed her delight, but—having in darkness learned the restraints of womanhood—turned to her mother for approval.

She was in a flutter of expectation as we started off. It was the first time since gaining her sight that she had been out alone with a stranger. But she astonished me by saying: "I know the town so well! When I was blind I could guide people about." Then she said: "But I never used a stick. People don't notice you so much without a stick." (How had she learned that?) "And a stick isn't necessary. Don't you always hear people when they are walking toward you? And doesn't the sound tell you when you are at a corner or a crossing?"

Assuredly, no one noticed her now, the town being quite large enough and busy enough for the people not to notice every one on the streets, and her own bearing being quite natural and unmarked. And how, I wondered, had she learned to be so conventional and sophisticated?

I found that there is much to learn from one suddenly put into the world of sight. We passed the high wall of a school-yard. "The boys are drilling in there," she said;

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and indeed there was the sound of soft-shuffling steps, hardly perceptible above the noise of the rattling of wagons on the cobble-stones.

"There are so many people!" she exclaimed, in an awed murmur.

And after some dubitative moments she went on: "I don't understand much about people yet, so mother tells me, for I don't judge at all by faces. Faces all seem to look so much alike! Clothes are different, but I don't know about them yet, except whether they are ragged or not. And I don't understand how to tell the rich from the poor. I judge people altogether by the sound of the voice."

Some of her remarks were in response to suggestions from me, but most of them came naturally from the sense of communicative companionship.

The busy streets were a constant fascination. There was such amazing multiplicity of objects, such plethora of things to see.

"At the very first, when I would wake in the morning, I would begin to think what I should see that day for the first time! I would decide: 'To-day it will be a dog, or a new shop-window, or a new color.' Oh! it was so exciting! Some things came easy. Tables and chairs I knew almost at once. I had so often touched them that I almost knew them. One morning I would study out the pattern of the wall-paper. Another, I would find myself studying the pattern of the counterpane. When I first saw the counterpane I was astonished!"

We went on silently; then: "I haven't really learned, yet, what people mean by 'ugly,'" she said; "nothing seems to disappoint me."

Her certainty of step was astonishing. She moved with spirit, with eager expectation. There was nothing doubtful or timorous. She was every moment alert, every moment on the watch for something new. I have seen the same manner in eager tourists seeing Europe for the first time—and this was a woman seeing the world for the first time.

"People are larger than I expected," she remarked; and then her attention went again to the vehicular variety in the streets. "Do you know, it seems so strange to see the wagon wheels going round. I don't know exactly why—it seems strange," she added, shyly. A bicycle rider went whirling past, and she drew in her breath with excitement. "It seems so wonderful to see him sitting so quiet and going so fast." And then, as another wagon went by: "It seems so strange that the little wheels go just as fast as the big; but of course I have been told—" a little shamefaced lest she should be deemed too ignorant.

Continually recurrent to my mind were the words of garrulous old Pepys: "To Maydstone, which I had a mighty mind to see, having never been there; and walked all up and down the town"—for here was one who had an infinitely greater desire to see Maidstone than had the diary-making official of King Charles. And Pepys, I remembered, mounted to the top of the church tower, and wrote that he found there "a noble view"; and it was a suggestion to me—for what would this long-blind woman think of that view? It was certainly worth trying for.

It is a charming church, five centuries old, set in the midst of grass and shrubs and flowers beside the quiet river that goes by in a great sweeping bend. "The river is so pretty," said Annie. "But I used to think it would be very dark!" A boat came into sight, around the curve, and I looked at her to see if she was surprised at the apparition. But she only looked at it quietly for a moment and said, like a pupil giving an answer to a question: "Boat." And in a few moments: "I know boats—I have touched them."

We turned toward the church and she approached it with gentle awe. Passing beneath the trees of the church-yard, she touched with her fingers the leaves of a low-hanging branch. "I feel as if my fingers will always be my eyes," she said.

There were flowers, and she bent toward them fondly, lovingly. "I so longed to see flowers!" She knew them all as she touched them, and geraniums she knew by sight.

We walked slowly on through the church-yard, and I noticed that she said not a word of the gravestones.

"Next to seeing father and mother, my greatest wish was to see this church," she said. "But I never really thought I could see it!" It had been her own church, and many and many a time she had sat there and listened in darkness to the service.

We entered, and the silent hush of it all seemed to affect her deeply. She walked

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to the pew in which she had so often sat. She told me of how sweet and sad the music had sounded, and of how it seemed just as sad even now, though she could not understand why, for everything ought to seem joyful to her.

We sat together for a while, in the dim cool building, and then I suggested going to the top of the ancient tower.

She gave a gasp of joy. "Oh!" she breathed. And then: "Will you really, really take me up there?" It made me feel ashamed, to think how easily a pleasure may be given to those whose pleasures have been few.

She was almost frightened as we entered the narrow stairway and began to ascend the winding steps of stone. But she put her hand in mine and in a moment went on with absolute confidence, though it was too dark to see well even had her sight been perfect.

She went up and up, keenly pleased, keenly anticipatory of what she was to find in the undiscovered country at the top. Nearing the summit, I stopped at the bell-room, and told her that there the bells were hanging, each with its dangling rope. Her pleasure was pathetic. She stepped inside the room and went from bell to bell, touching them, each in turn. "You see, I still see with my fingers," she said, wistfully.

We were starting again toward the top, when the bells began to ring, and she stood there in a perfect agony of joyful excitement, hearing the bells as they had never sounded to her before. We stepped back into the room, and in wonder she watched them swaying as they chimed and sang. But her intensity of emotion was almost silent; there was scarcely a sound or word to express it. But when the bells finally ceased, and the vibrant humming died away, her face was beaming with a marvellous happiness. "I have known the bells all my life," she whispered, "but I never thought I'd be up here."

We went on to the top and stepped out upon the little square roof of the square tower, and she gave a cry of surprise. It was her first experience of a wide view. For a moment she was frightened, but almost instantly steadied herself.

It was a supreme experience. But she said little. Her range of ideas, her range of experiences, had not taught her much of what she ought to feel on the top of a church tower. She was awed, and her face flushed, and she breathed a little more quickly, and turned now in one direction, and now in another.

I knew that she could not see very much of the view; it must have been to her a sort of glorified indistinctness, in the mild glitter of sunlight.

After the first moments of deep-breathed wonder she began eagerly to try to pick out what she could, with her still defective sight and her inexperience. She said nothing of a few rooks circling gracefully; she said nothing of a few flying and fleecy clouds. But she slowly studied the trees, which she was looking at for the first time from above, and with a little laugh of satisfied triumph exclaimed: "Trees! Those must be trees! But before, they have looked like tall things with sticks standing out, and now they look so different!" Constantly, I was amazed at her vocabulary and the correctness with which she used it.

"What is that white thing?" she asked; and when I said it was the bridge she nodded comprehendingly: "I know it very well; I've often been over it."

There was higher ground, rising indistinctly in the haze of distance, beyond the town, and she looked long toward it, as if striving to see into a remote mystery. "Are there hills there?" she said. And then: "You remember that verse, 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills'?" And I thought I knew somewhat of what she was thinking. From suggestions now and then, I had seen that she was deeply religious and that religion was a profound comfort to her.

She looked again in silence, and then, reminded by her verse, said: "When I left the blind school, they let me choose four books of the Bible to take home with me, at half price. And I thought and thought, for they cost so much money I wanted to choose right. They cost five shillings apiece!—but I could have the four for ten shillings. And I chose St. John—and St. Matthew—and Isaiah—and Revelation." There came into her face the brightness that it was a pleasure to see, as she added: "I don't understand Revelation, but I like it; it's such fine reading."

"I read a newspaper every week," she went on, proudly. "It's a London newspaper, and a blind friend that I knew at

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school takes it, and then sends it on to me."

We went down again, and it was surprising how readily she picked her way. She barely needed my hand out-stretched behind me to assist her. "At the school they taught us to be as self-reliant as possible," she said, answering my unspoken thought.

We went out again into the streets, and this time to the busier ones. But even here she was undisturbed. Even the electric trams did not frighten her, with their rush and clangor. She had been told what they were, long before, and while blind had become accustomed to their sound. That the cars were not nearly so large as she had imagined them to be marked the limit of her words.

Never, indeed, was there superlative in expression. A thing was larger or smaller than she had supposed; darker or lighter; it frightened her a little or it did not—generally not. And there was nothing that she disliked. Everything that she could see was a thing to be thankful for.

There was much that she did not need to be told. She knew the chemist's shop; she knew the green-grocer's; she knew the shoeshop. And these, without the glance of inquiry, the eager straining look—for she knew them by smell!

I noticed that her sense of color was rapidly developing, and that she was especially beginning to pick out reds and greens. She could recognize oranges even on the farther side of a glass show-window. Vegetables she could not differentiate by sight alone, but knew each kind by touch. And always, she was the eternal feminine: "I like to look in shop-windows!" she exclaimed.

"The buildings are so high—so high!" she exclaimed several times, in astonishment. There was no difficulty in realizing that buildings of two or three stories must indeed represent to her the extreme of loftiness, and assuredly I left it for some one else to tell her about skyscrapers.

In the restaurant she was as outwardly composed as if she had been sitting in such places all her life; and again I wondered how she could have learned sophistication.

Evening was coming on as we turned homeward. I wondered if the darkling twilight bore for her a message of sinister menace. How could it help doing so? "At school, they taught us to be as self-reliant as possible," she said quietly, as she had said once before to me, and as if subtly discerning my unspoken fears for her. A brave woman, this, certain not to fall into vain repinings even if evil should befall; certain to glory forever in the splendid vision given her of the world—to be by the vision splendid, on her way attended—and to be among the happiest and helpfullest of the earth if the Power in which she profoundly but unobtrusively believes shall utter for her the world-old dictate: Let there be light.

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IN THE MANSION YARD

By William Hervey Woods

THERE'S no need now to look about my feet,
  Or lift a cautious chair,
But uses of old years my senses cheat,
  And still I think him there,

Along the hearth-rug stretched, in full content,
  Fond of the fire as I—
Ah! there were some things with the old dog went
  I had not thought could die.

The flawless faith mankind not often earn
  Nor give, he gave to me,
And that deep fondness in his eyes did burn
  Mine own were shamed to see.

And though to men great Isis Isis is
  But while she wears her veil,
This love looked on my stark infirmities
  Life-long, and did not fail.

And is it clean gone? Nay, an Indian's heart
  Have I, and even in heaven,
If heaven be mine, I pray some humble part
  To earth-joys may be given—

Far down the ringing streets, some quiet yard,
  Drowsy with afternoon
And bees, with young grass dandelion-starred,
  And lilacs breathing June—

Across whose mossy walls the rolling psalms,
  Like dream-songs, come aloud,
Shall float, and flying angels vex our calms
  No more than flying cloud—

Some nook within my Father's House, where still
  He lets me hide old toys,
Nor shames me even if foolish Memory will
  Play with long laid-by joys.

There may my friend await, as once on earth,
  My step, my hand's caress,
And naught of Heaven-town mingle with our mirth
  But everlastingness.

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· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

IF it is true, as has been so often asserted, that we bring away from a book practically what we take to it, it is easy to see why most critics have overlooked that one of Dickens's characteristics which looms largest before me when I think of my own row of dog-eared volumes. The majority of critics have not taken long years of house-keeping to his novels, and they have brought no housekeeping away. They could never feel the keen delight of stopping in the midst of a morning's dusting to snatch a friendly copy of the Beloved Boz from the shelves in order to extract from his inexhaustible stores a recipe for a rechauffé, a prescription for a tonic, a suggestion for a menu, a hint on the management of servants, a warning against personal incompetence, or an inspiration to all the housewifely virtues. These are all to be found there, and every novel-loving housewife knows that romance and housekeeping are as inextricably interwoven in his books as in the pages of the modern women's magazines.

What Every Housewife Knows

If his intense interest in house-keeping represented some special movement of his age, I should marvel less, but the attitude of his contemporaries puts this theory to rout. I remember that George Eliot spent hours in the dairy, and I look for traces of her experience in her novels, but I find that most famous of housewives, Mrs. Poyser, giving no specific advice about household matters, and confining herself to frequent scoldings about the delinquencies of the "gells," scoldings of no practical service to the present-day reader tossing on a troubled domestic sea. I recall that Thackeray, the social registrar, described many a formal dinner and "swarry," but I turn his pages only to discover that Miss Fotheringay, cleaning her white satin slippers with bread crumbs, is one of his few incidents which could be adapted to human nature's daily needs. I admit that Meredith has given us one immortal house-keeper, Mrs. Berry, "that bunch of black satin," who assures us that "kissin' don't last. Cookery do"; but Mrs. Berry is remembered as a culinary philosopher rather than a practical demonstrator of the art, and Mrs. Todgers is her undeniable prototype.

Dickens seems to stand alone in making his plot develop by means of cooking, meals, and household tasks. Despite his delightful pages where Bella Wilfer administers a knock both figurative and literal to the "Complete British Housewife," the cook-book of his day, he himself is often as explicit about matters of food as the cooking manuals of the present year of grace. In nearly all his longer stories someone's house-keeping is carefully, not always agreeably, delineated and its influence upon the home is given full emphasis. His two most famous house-keepers are those that might be denominated destructive housewives—Home Wreckers—Mrs. Jellyby, the Inefficient, and Dora Copperfield, the Incompetent. The keynote to Mrs. Jellyby's house-keeping is disorder, and it requires a full half-page to enumerate the conglomeration of heterogeneous articles collected in one of her closets. Whenever I open at this page, I invariably cast everything else aside and devote the day to the cleaning of cupboards! Dora and her house-keeping, superintended by Jip, is one of the most pathetic histories in any literature, yet when I realize what material havoc Dora wrought I almost forget her pathos in my haste to make my own account-books balance. A thorough study of these two characters would, I believe, do more for the future happiness of any Young-Woman-About-To-Be-Married than an entire course in that comparatively new branch which the students call "Dom Econ;" and here one great artist might outweigh several exact scientists.

In direct contrast to these are the beautiful portraits of two constructive housewives—Home Builders—Agnes Wickfield, the Efficient, and Esther Summerson, the Competent—and in both cases their vocation is continually suggested by the introduction of a bunch of keys. When David first sees Agnes she has a "little basket trifle hanging at her side with keys in it," and these keys appear again and again all through the nar-

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rative until its happy climax when she looks down at them and says, "They seem to jingle a kind of old tune!" Esther Summerson's first experience at Bleak House is the presentation of the keys, and after this they are constantly in evidence while she is portrayed as the busy young house-keeper, making lists of her preserves, balancing her neat accounts, serenely pursuing her household tasks, until to the most casual reader they eventually become the symbol of tender household ministrations. I know of no better incentive to order and devotion in home life than the example of these two young women.

They are not the only instances, however, for all through the books we catch glimpses of successful and attractive housewifery. There is Traddles's Sophy, "the dearest girl!" "her punctuality, economy and order!" there is Betsy Trotwood, washing the teacups and folding the cloth; there is gentle Florence Dombey sweeping the hearth at Captain Cuttle's; there is pretty Mary rolling the rugs with some aid from Sam Weller, and there are many, many more. On almost every page food is served in one form or another, and some of the most distinguished characters are introduced through the medium of a meal. Mrs. Jarley, Dolly Varden, Mrs. Maylie and Rose, the Father of the Infant Phenomenon, and Mr. F.'s Aunt, all make their initial entrances at the table.

There is a continuous performance of tea drinkings. Over the Squeers's teacups, Nicholas Nickleby meets John Browdie; with the aid of the teapot Mrs. Harris's fate is forever settled; in a tea-room Flora Casby makes her great confession to Little Dorrit; steeping the fragrant leaves the Heeps first assert their oppressive humbleness, and "with a little more flip" in her cup Mrs. Micawber avers that she "will never desert Mr. Micawber."

Through "Our Mutual Friend" more than all, are carried two great domestic strands. From the beginning to the end of the book the Handford-Hexam murder mystery is expanded by the discussions at the Veneering dinner-parties under the shadow of the "camels." The romance of the fascinating Bella Wilfer, on the other hand, from the time she first appears as a wilful girl, tossing her curls, until she becomes the Mendicant's Bride, is developed in a series of purely domestic scenes. When she finally leaves us, the Inexhaustible Baby in her arms, she is dreaming of the furniture in the new nursery.

The supreme use, perhaps, which Dickens makes of cookery is where the romance actually turns upon the concoction of a beefsteak pie. Peggotty was famous for her beefsteak pie, and it was a favorite dish of Vincent Crummles, but with Ruth Pinch and John Westlock it becomes the tissue from which love is woven. When I open at this passage, I lay down my duster and hasten to the pantry, hoping and expecting to find Cupid perched on the bread-board or hovering over the flour-barrel. Thus far his actual presence has not been vouchsafed me, but I feel that I have found something just as valuable.

No! It was no mere chance that prompted Dickens to call his magazine "Household Words." He was and is saturated with them, and the youngest housewife may perceive this more clearly than the oldest critic.

The Dash

HAVE you not noticed, in our current literature, the wide-spread epidemic of dashes that has broken out upon the printed page? In books and in periodicals it is alike prevalent; treatise, essay, and story are equally subject to it. I sometimes wonder, in picking up one of the more popular magazines, if an editorial fiat has gone forth that no tale shall be accepted unless it contains at least one dash to each sentence. Do they pay by the dash, one wonders, as the eye follows gap and hiatus in line after line and column after column? True, these blank spaces often constitute the best part of the page, and the grateful eye sometimes rests upon them with relief, but so plentiful and so unnecessary are they that one wonders if they point to a gradual but sure elimination of the text itself, in deference to a generation whose animal energies so far outstrip the mental. Are we going back to that long howl or bark, innocent of words and of ideas, which Mr. Jesperson, in a learned essay, assures us was the origin of human speech?

The dashes are of as many kinds as are the kinds of style that they decorate. Most common, perhaps, is the dash of inexpressible emotion.

"'Real love is—'" she broke off and returned suddenly to her light tone. . . .

"'Don't you know—haven't you seen—that—that I've always loved you?'

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"'It doesn't seem as if it could be a real, grown-up love——'

"Their eyes met and glanced away.

"'Can't you understand——'

"'You are sorry you said it. You would take it back if you could——'"

Then there is the psychological-subtle dash.

"These words, he was well aware, left his wife—given her painful narrowness—a bristling quiver of retorts to draw from; yet it was not without a silent surprise that he saw her, with her irritated eyes on him, extract a bolt of finest point. 'The pleasure then, in her view, you make out—since you make out such wonders—is to be all for us only?'"

Space forbids further quotation; one need but turn to our more serious writers of fiction to find instances innumerable of this baldly apparent, self-conscious device for securing piquant effects.

Closely related to the first class, the dash of inexpressible emotion, possibly also, though I should hardly dare suggest this, to the second class, is the plain-lazy dash. This hardly needs illustration; it confronts us everywhere. Naturally, it is easier to draw a line upon the page than it is to write out even the very obvious words that go with the plain-lazy style. In all these types there is a fundamental insincerity, whether the author is trying to suggest more emotion than is really there, or to hint a deeper meaning than is in his mind. By this device he imposes upon the reader, making him supply what the author lacks, suggesting, by this hiatus and that long pause, unspeakable things that he may have been, but probably was not thinking or feeling, but which he apparently hopes the reader will take the trouble to think and to feel.

I do not object to the dash as a dash, but to its excessive and inappropriate use. There are places where it serves a real need, as, for instance, in the essays and the letters of Charles Lamb. When, as in his case, the style is full of sudden quips and cranks and turns, it is well for the printed page to bear some device that meets the inner need. The charm of his thought is that it comes in flashes; and the imaginative suggestions are so diverse and so various that they are best indicated by this symbol of sudden break. In the case of the majority of those who use and over-use it, however, there is no such reason. What quips and sudden turns of thought are to be found, may I ask, in the prose of Mrs. Humphry Ward that she should thus disfigure her even, straightforward sentences? For the amiable mental processes of Richard Meynell no such device is needed to suggest complex mentality, and seeing his plain thoughts thus tricked out makes upon me an impression of as great incongruity as it would to see Matthew Arnold jumping rope.

Any amount of extraneous material can be thrust into sentences so made. It is as easy as throwing miscellaneous articles into the waste-basket, and in much of the writing employing this device the relation of the component parts is about the same. With this freedom, what mark or measure is there for the sentence? Why should it ever begin or ever end? I object to this impressionist punctuation, this chaotic and emotional kind of expression, this exclamatory and fragmentary thought. It is hard to have the meaning of a sentence, just as you were about to grasp it, *dashed* away; to have, if I may change the figure, the clew to the labyrinth break in your hands; to find yourself, if I may change it again, brought up standing, with a sudden wrench, as if some one were jerking the reins, and to find all meaning thrown violently out of your mind. When this happens, you naturally think that something in the thought has changed, and that you are to turn in another direction. But no! In nine cases out of ten you find yourself at exactly the same point in the same old subject, and you find it far harder to get back into the rut than it would have been to stay in. You lose mental confidence and grow nervous, as one who feels that a leg of the chair in which he is sitting may at any moment come out, or the wheel of his carriage roll independently away.

No good tailor would think of leaving an inch gap between sleeve and arm-hole, nor would a decent carpenter leave yawning pauses between his shingles. My chief objection to the dash is that it acts as a disintegrating force upon both form and subject-matter. The integrity of the sentence is disappearing before it, and with it is disappearing that skilful adjustment of minor phrases to the main phrase which alone can achieve delicate gradations and shades of meaning. The art of modifying your idea and explaining it in a fashion that brings out the relative values of the more and the less important parts is becoming a lost art, and the mastery of conjunctions, so marvellous in Newman's closely knit and logical prose, has already largely disappeared. Instead of a finely wrought bit of architecture, where every

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atom is in its rightful place, you are given, in the typical modern sentence, a heap of rolling stones, whose harsh sides grate one against another, as the meaning scatters everywhere and nowhere, the little clause that might mean so much in the right place tumbling over the larger clause and so being lost to sight and sense. Of what use is our alleged modern development in complex, many-sided thought, if subtlety of cunning sentence-structure, whereby this may be wrought out, is beyond us? Often in coming upon one of these long, meaningless dashes one feels as if, in some delicate triumph of architecture, one had discovered a sudden gap in arch or pillar. It achieves the impossible, substituting a hole where nothing but firmest substance would suffice.

My wrath is greatest when I find these marks thrust into my own writing, by dashing editor or proof-reader, anxious to keep up with the times; for I have resisted temptation, have struggled to manipulate my adjectives, my participles, my conjunctions so that definite design may be visible in my sentences. To have my careful dove-tailing torn asunder and wide spaces thrust between maddens me. Great also is my wrath when I find the tendency working unconsciously within me, with the subtle temptation to escape trouble. You would be distressed to know how many times, in writing down the foregoing brief remarks, I have found myself using it, and have removed it with maledictions.

Dash take the Dash!

THE FIELD OF ART

THE MUSEUM AND THE TEACHING OF ART IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

IN discussing the uses of the museum in connection with the teaching of art, the most important things to consider are, first, what we mean by "the teaching of art," and, second, what purpose is to be subserved by such teaching. Of course, in the strict sense of the words, art cannot be taught at all, but what we ordinarily call the teaching of art may be classed under three heads. In the first place we can teach *about* art. A great deal of the teaching in our schools and colleges, a great deal that appears in books and lectures everywhere, is, I think, rather teaching about art than teaching art. It is teaching the history of art; to some extent the theory of art. It is a very useful kind of teaching in its place, and for its own ends, but it is to be clearly distinguished from the other two kinds of teaching—the teaching of, or the assistance and encouragement in, the appreciation of art, which is the rarest kind of teaching; and the teaching of the use of the tools of art, which is what all teachers of drawing or of modelling are engaged in.

Now, it is obvious that in this teaching about art—this teaching of the history or the theory of art—a museum is a tool of the highest utility. It is possible, as we know too well, to teach something of art history by lectures and text-books without the use of concrete examples; but such teaching is pretty sure to degenerate into a teaching of names, or about names, instead of a teaching about things. It is a little pathetic to see the hunger for such teaching—to note how many people go to lectures on the history of art, or read books on that history, without ever realizing that they know nothing—really nothing—about the things of which they are hearing or reading.

But whatever you may learn of the history of art without seeing the actual objects which are the subject of that history, you can learn not at all to appreciate art without studying the objects themselves. The best that you can get outside of a good museum is a limited supply of photographs or of illustrations in books—and these are a very poor substitute. One really good picture of almost any school or epoch, one fragment of Greek sculpture or of Gothic carving, is a far better introduction to the enjoyment of art than all of the illustrations in all of the illustrated books on art that have been printed. In the attempt to teach appreciation the museum is not merely a valuable aid, it is an absolute necessity.

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In the third form of teaching—the teaching of the use of the tools of art—the museum is less obviously necessary; and as a matter of fact such teaching, whether in the professional art schools or in general schools, has made little use of the museum. I think it can be shown, however, that even in this part of the teaching of art the uses of the museum are many and its facilities should be taken advantage of.

As to the purpose of art teaching in our schools, I imagine it to have two principal aims or ends. I imagine art to be taught in the schools, first, for the sake of general culture; and, second, for the training of eye and hand, and for the providing of a valuable tool for use in the future life of the students.

It is almost impossible to exaggerate the importance of art teaching for the diffusion of culture. Our general school training becomes of necessity more and more a matter of utility. The necessarily, obviously useful things that will help a student to gain a living are insisted upon; and what used to be called the "humanities" are perforce more and more neglected. We all know how much regret has been felt and expressed at the gradual decay of the study of Greek in our institutions of learning. Now, it seems to me that in the teaching of art there is a pretty good substitute for some of the more humane studies that are being discontinued. The tendency to do away with the study of Greek is lamented by scholars because, they say, the Greek spirit is of the utmost importance to our general culture and to our finer and higher education; but, as long as there is Greek sculpture and Greek architecture to be studied in our museums, it seems to me we need not despair of arriving at some very tolerable notion of the Greek spirit. I have always been interested in the story that has been told of Goethe, who, when he was about to write his "Iphigenia," wished to fill himself with the Greek spirit and did it, not by reading Greek tragedies, but by taking a course of drawing from the antique.

The theory of art, I think, we can dismiss from this discussion as a thing hardly to be taught in the ordinary schools. The theory of art, or what we know as æsthetics, is a branch of metaphysics—a thing only to be understood or enjoyed by very advanced students—by mature minds. And, on the other hand, if a child or a young person in the high-schools can be brought to take a natural and healthy interest in art—the concrete thing as it exists—I think he need not be troubled much about the theory of it. He can be allowed to take that for granted—leaving it as a matter for the metaphysicians and the æstheticians to discuss.

Of the teaching of the history of art there is much more that is favorable to be said; but that teaching has also its dangers. I think there is always a little danger that in studying and in teaching the history of art we shall get too much into the scientific frame of mind—shall get to thinking too much of the importance of things as specimens. Thinking scientifically, rather than artistically, we shall classify and pigeonhole and come to treat a work of art as if it were an insect with a pin through it. If we are to gain much for culture out of the study of art we have got to know it as something alive—not as something in a cabinet with a label on it. In studying the work of art as if it were conveniently dead, we are studying, in reality, archæology rather than art, for archæology does not necessarily confine itself to the study of the work of extinct peoples. There is Egyptian archæology and Greek archæology, but there is also, nowadays, a good deal of Renaissance archæology. Even the study of modern art may reduce itself to what one may call a sort of premature archæology. The archæologist looks at a work of art for the light it throws on history or the life of man, on customs or costumes, on religion, or a thousand other things, but he sometimes forgets that the one important thing about a work of art is its beauty. We should remember that the teaching of art history is, after all, less a branch of the teaching of art than a branch of the teaching of history. As a branch of the teaching of history it has very great importance; but for those specifically engaged in trying to get some idea of the meaning of art into the minds of the young, such teaching should take a minor place.

The important thing about a work of art, then, for us is not its country or its date, or the name of its author—not its authenticity or any other fact about it—the important thing is its beauty. If it have not beauty it is useless for our purpose, however

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authentic and interesting it may be as a specimen. And that is one of the things that makes it necessary to use a museum with discretion—for a museum necessarily contains a good many specimens which have their interest of one or another sort, but which are not beautiful. They may not be beautiful, possibly, because the whole art of a certain period or school was unbeautiful; or they may be unbeautiful because they are the inferior works of a given period or the failures of a particular artist. But the things which in themselves intrinsically possess beauty are the only things which should interest us. If it have real beauty it does not much matter when a work of art was made, or where or by whom it was made—its beauty is its reason for existence; and the best we can do for the young people over whom we may have an influence is to try to encourage, and as far as possible to train, their appreciation of the beautiful. It is, therefore, the second kind of art teaching, the training in the appreciation of art, that is most important for our first purpose —that of the diffusion of culture.

Now, it is not an easy thing to do—to train the appreciation of art. As far as it can be done at all it can be done in a museum, and hardly anywhere else; and it becomes of the utmost importance, therefore, that relations between the museums and the schools should be systematic, and should be kept constantly in view.

I should like not only to see regular trips to the museum at certain intervals by classes under the direction of their teachers, but I should like to see the school children encouraged to go to the museum of their own volition—to go in their spare hours and on their holidays. I should like to see some reason given to them to do this; some question asked them that they could there find an answer for. I should like to see anything done that might tend to give them the museum habit—a habit which is lamentably lacking in a large class of well-to-do and well-educated people.

But I think it might be rather dangerous to try to give too much direction at first to these young people. I can imagine that if one took a class through the rooms of a good museum, carefully pointing out the best things and explaining why they should be admired and why they are the best, one might readily produce the result that a good many teachers of literature produce—the result of making the pupils hate the best things forever. My notion would be to take the horse to water, but not at first to try too hard to make him drink. Take the children to the museum. Let them range a little. See what they like. Find out, if you can, whether they really like anything; and when they like something, find out why. Then, it seems to me, if you can find out why any child or young person has liked a particular work of art, you can begin to point out the quality he has liked in other things, in better form and in higher degree; and you can gradually produce a very decided impression on the taste of the student.

To this end we must specially guard against the old error of thinking of art as a thing made up of pictures in gold frames and statues standing on pedestals. We must not forget the great number and variety of objects collected in a museum of art, and the genuinely artistic nature of almost all of these objects. Take, for example, a collection of musical instruments, and I can imagine a sense of line being awakened for the first time by the study of these instruments, just as I can imagine a sense of color being awakened by the study of the deep tones and rich glazes of some piece of oriental pottery.

In the first place, many of these things, by their associations, are more likely to interest the young than the pictures and the statues —certainly than the statues. And, in the second place, I am not at all sure that the purely artistic sensations cannot be given more directly by some of these works of minor art than by works of painting or sculpture, because the artistic element is less entangled with the question of representation. When we look at a picture we are inevitably thinking somewhat of the subject; we are inevitably thinking of the things represented, and the color of the picture, as color, does not come to us with anything like the force and the clearness and simplicity of appeal that it might have coming from some oriental plaque. So with beauty of line, which it is hard to disentangle from representation, but which is entirely disconnected with representation in the fine forms of a musical instrument or of a beautiful piece of furniture. Therefore, in trying to cultivate artistic appreciation in the young, I should, especially in the begin-

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ning, allow them a wide range of choice of subject, trying, little by little, to lead them to a finer, higher appreciation of the qualities they had first shown a liking for, taking them from the line of a fiddle neck to the line of a drawing by Botticelli, and from the color of a tile to the color of a Titian.

If this could be done—if the pupils of our public schools could be brought frequently to a museum and encouraged to come oftener by themselves until they became pretty familiar with its contents, there seems to be no real reason why, in a few years, such pupils should not have a really sounder, better-based, and more cultivated taste in the fine arts than many of the members of our highly educated classes.

The third form of the teaching of art, the teaching of the use of the tools of art, reduces itself, for our purpose, practically to the teaching of drawing. I do not think painting can be profitably taught in our public schools, and I shall not now consider the teaching of modelling, though much of what I shall say of the teaching of drawing would apply to the other study. This form of art teaching is especially fitted to promote the second of our aims, the training of eye and hand and the providing of a useful tool for the life work of the student. Drawing as a training of eye and hand is a kind of physical culture. It sharpens the senses, broadens the powers, and stimulates the observation and the intelligence, making of the student a finer and every way more efficient being than he could become without it. Drawing is also, in many walks of life, an indispensable tool, and I can imagine no walk of life in which the power of expressing oneself with lines might not occasionally be of the utmost service. Therefore, I consider the teaching of drawing a most important part of a good general education.

Now, the highest possible material for the study of drawing is undoubtedly the human figure; but I take it that very few of the pupils in our schools are at all likely to become professional artists, and I am quite certain that the amount of time which can be given to the teaching of drawing in the schools is utterly insufficient for any useful attempt at the mastery of the human figure. Therefore, I should eliminate at once from such teaching any attempt to draw the human figure, either from life or from casts or copies. Landscape is poor material for the training of the sense of form. The whole tendency of the study of landscape is necessarily toward the perception of color, of light and shade, and of effect, and toward the neglect of the precise study of form. Whatever may be proper for the education of the artist, I am quite certain that for the education of the artisan, and for the general training of eye and hand which is good for every one, any impressionistic work, any work that attempts "effect" or concerns itself with the subtleties and intricacies of light, is work in a mistaken direction. Therefore, as far as the teaching of drawing in the public schools is concerned, I should say at once, don't try to connect this teaching of drawing with pictures, or even to any great extent with figure sculpture. What you want for the kind of study of drawing that is necessary to the training of eye and hand, and to the forming of a useful tool, is something precise, definite, and simple in its forms. There can be nothing better for the purposes in view than the study of ornament and of the minor and decorative arts—the arts of pottery and furniture and the like—and good material for that kind of study may be found in the museum. For the future use of the pupil he has no need of effect, of mystery, of all that impressionism deals with. What he wants is a tool that will lend itself to the mastery of concrete facts. He wants to be able to see what the shapes of things and the makes of things are, and for his general training it is even more important that he should learn to see the facts of form and construction before thinking of effect. Let the teacher, therefore, discourage anything more than clear outline drawing, with a minimum of light and shade, making the attainment of exact proportion and construction the principal aim.

It is to be remembered that many of the pupils in the public schools are likely to practise one or another trade or handicraft in which not only will drawing be useful to them, but in which a knowledge of what has been done in the past in the way of artistic handicraft will also be of inestimable advantage. Now, such things, for instance, as the beautiful furniture and mural decorations of the eighteenth century can only be really understood by drawing them; and for the general cultivation of the pupils, for providing them with that power to draw, which will be a useful tool for them, and for

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the incidental gaining of some real understanding of the various styles of historic ornament and of some appreciation of the beauty of workmanship to be found in work in the minor and decorative arts of past times, I should wish that all classes in drawing connected with our public schools should have a certain regular allotment of time for work in the museum, where, instead of drawing from insignificant objects or from copies of one sort or another, they should be able to draw from really fine specimens of decorative art.

One thing more as to the methods of such study and I shall have done. I think in almost all modern study of art there is a lamentable neglect of the training of the memory. But perhaps even more than to the artist is it essential to the artisan that his memory be trained. Certainly a stone-cutter should be able to carve an acanthus leaf "out of his head," and not have to go and look it up somewhere, and a wood-carver should surely "know by heart" most of the ornamental forms he is in the habit of employing. I should feel that half the value of a sound training in drawing was lost if it were not made to include a training of the memory as well as of the eye and hand. Therefore, in working with a class of pupils in drawing in a museum, my idea would be to set them to drawing selected objects in the museum, and then to ask them to reproduce these drawings from memory when away from the objects. As the pupils became more used to the work and more able to analyze and to remember the forms of things, I should set the more advanced among them to study the objects in the museum without drawing at all—simply making mental notes and deciding upon the height and width and construction of the thing on its form and on its ornament; and then I should ask them to make their drawing in the absence of the model, at school or at home, returning as often as necessary to the museum to correct their impressions, but never touching the drawing in the presence of the object. In working either from memory of a previous drawing, or from direct memory of the object itself, the student should, of course, have the aid of the instructor in comparing his work with the original in the museum, and should be shown where his drawing is wrong, and what is the nature and the importance of his mistakes.

I do not believe that every one can learn to draw. I think there are people without eye as there are people without ear. There are people who will never draw, just as there are people who will never be able to play an air by ear or from memory. But such a course of training the eye and the hand by drawing from objects of decorative art, and of training the memory by constant practice of the sort here recommended—all this done definitely and decisively, without sketching and scrawling, or impressionistic treatment of light and shade, but with a constant insistence upon clear statement of form—such a course should put into the hands of some considerable part of the class a fundamentally better and more generally available knowledge of drawing than is possessed by many a well-known artist to-day.

KENYON COX.

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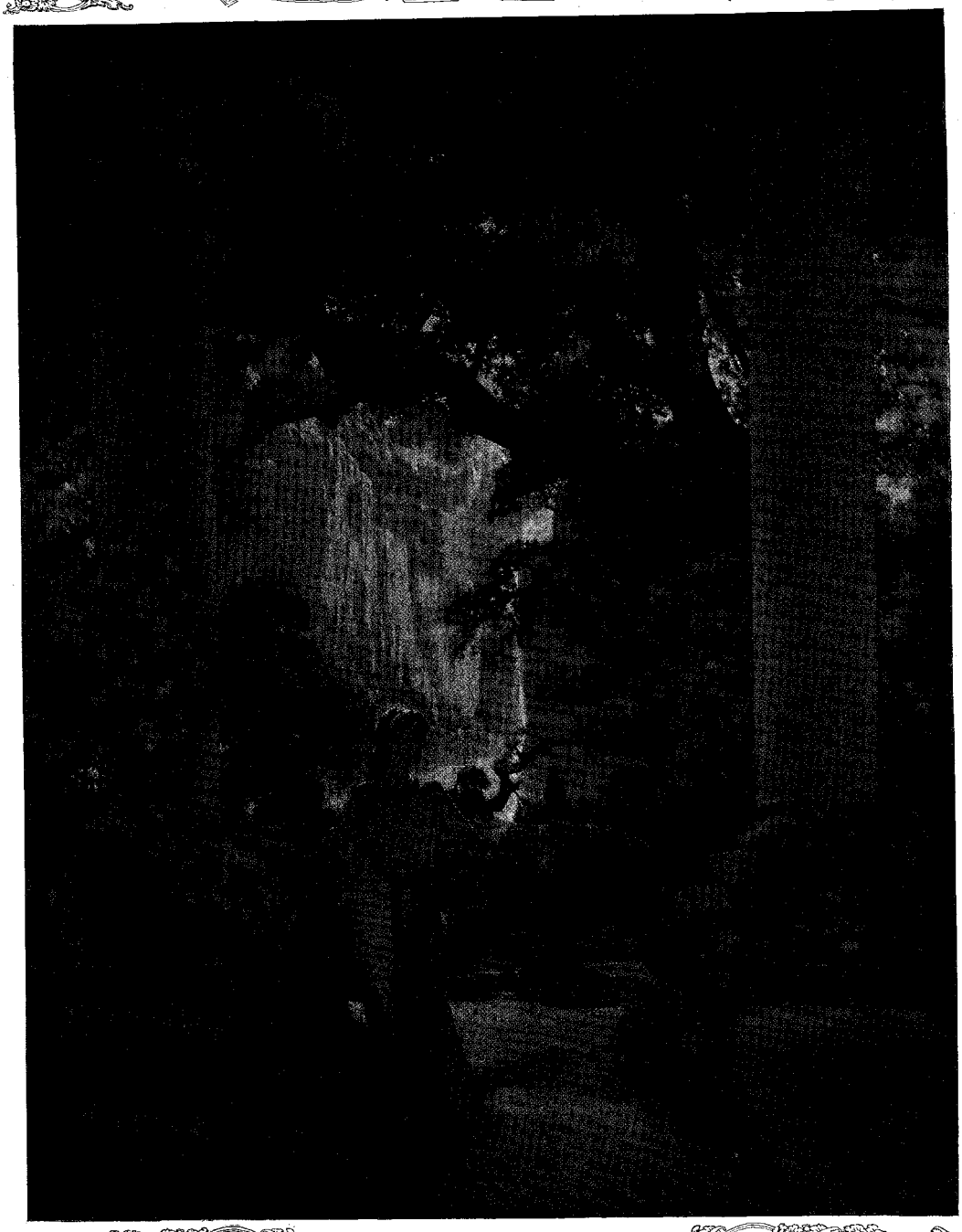

"LETS PRETEND THE PARTING HOVR
NEVER MORE SHALL FIND VS"

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